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to front Vol. II.

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MISCELLANEOUS

WORKS

Of His late Excellency

MATTHEW PRIOR Esq;

Consisting of

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

VIZ.

EPISTLES, TALES, SATIRES, EPIGRAMS, *&c.*

With some Select LATIN PERFORMANCES.

Now first published from His

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS.

Revised by Himself, and Copied fair for the Press

By Mr. *ADRIAN DRIFT*, His Executor.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for the EDITOR. MDCCXL.

Price Six Shillings.

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TO

HIS GRACE

LIONEL

Duke of *DORSET.*

My LORD,

A Dedication is usually a Free-will Offering of the Writer, whose Choice of a Patron depends entirely on his own Opinion, or that of his Acquaintance. Had this Liberty of

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chuſing been left me in the preſent, tho' the Common Senſe of Mankind would have furniſhed me with a Thouſand Motives for fixing on Your Grace, I ſhould yet have enjoyed the Satisfaction of applauding my own happy Ambition, while all the World had acknowledged it could not be more juſtly directed. But this, my Lord, is ſo far from being the Caſe, that I might even have been accuſed of hazarding the Reputation of the following valuable Remains, notwithſtanding their intrinſic Merit, and the diſtinguiſhing Marks they bear of the inimitable Hand which produced them, had I prefix'd to this Collection any other Name than that of the Duke of DORSET. It is owing to the ſolemn and public Aſſignment of their immortal Author, and not to any Judgment or Care of an obſcure Editor, that theſe Miſcellaneous Pieces of the late Mr. PRIOR are made to ſhelter

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ſhelter themſelves under Your Grace's Protection.

So much is Your Grace the known Friend of Mankind, that it would be an Injuſtice to queſtion your being pleaſed with this Publication, from which ſo much Pleaſure muſt accrue to all the Admirers of True Senſe and Delicate Wit. I will not detain You therefore with an Apology, for what I cannot imagine You will think has need of any. Happy as You are in having grown up to that Standard of Virtue, (a Standard ſo much above the Common in this or any other Age) which was many Years ago marked out for You by that Excellent Perſon whom we now commemorate, and who lived Himſelf to ſee his Wiſhes herein accompliſhed, I have only to join my Prayers with Thoſe of all honeſt *Britons*, that You may long continue a Bleſſing to your Country, and

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and an Ornament to the High Stations You were born to poſſeſs; and to ſubſcribe Myſelf,

My LORD,

Your Grace's

Moſt Obedient, and

Moſt Devoted

Humble Servant,

J. Bancks.

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POEMS

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POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

A

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DAPHNE and APOLLO.

TRANSLATED

By Mr *DRYDEN.*

Nympha, Precor, PENEI *mane.*——
OVID. Met. Lib. I.

STAY, Nymph, he cry'd, I follow not a foe.
Thus from the lion, trips the trembling doe;
Thus from the wolf the frighten'd lamb removes,
And, from purſuing faulcons, fearful doves,
Thou ſhunn'ſt a God, and ſhunn'ſt a God that loves.
Ah, leſt ſome thorn ſhould pierce thy tender foot,
Or thou ſhou'd'ſt fall in flying my purſuit!
To ſharp uneven ways thy ſteps decline;
Abate thy ſpeed, and I will bate of mine.
Yet think from whom thou doſt ſo raſhly fly;
Nor baſely born, nor ſhepherd's ſwain am I.

Perhaps

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DAPHNE and APOLLO.

IMITATED

By Mr *PRIOR.*

Nympha, Precor, PENEI *mane.*——
OVID. Met. Lib. I.

APOLLO.

ABATE, fair fugitive, abate thy ſpeed,
Diſmiſs thy fears, and turn thy beauteous head,
With kind regard a panting lover view,
Leſs ſwiftly fly, leſs ſwiftly I'll purſue;
Pathleſs alas, and rugged is the ground,
Some ſtone may hurt thee, or ſome thorn may wound.

DAPHNE. (*Aſide.*)

This care is for himſelf, as ſure as death,
One mile has put the fellow out of breath;

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Perhaps thou know'ſt not my ſuperior ſtate,
And from that ignorance proceeds thy hate.
Me Claros, Delphos, Tenedos obey,
Theſe hands the Patareian ſcepter ſway.
The King of Gods begot me: what ſhall be,
Or is, or ever was, in fate, I ſee.
Mine is th' invention of the charming lyre;
Sweet notes, and heav'nly numbers I inſpire.
Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart;
But ah more deadly his, who pierc'd my heart.
Med'cine is mine; what herbs and ſimples grow
In fields and foreſts, all their pow'rs I know;
And am the great phyſician call'd, below.
Alas that fields and foreſts can afford
No remedies to heal their love-ſick Lord!
To cure the pains of love, no plant avails:
And his own phyſic; the phyſician fails.

She

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He'll never do, I'll lead him t' other round,
Waſhy he is, perhaps not over ſound.

APOLLO.

You fly, alas, not knowing who you fly,
Nor ill bred ſwain, nor ruſty clown am I;
I Claros-iſle, and Tenedos command——

DAPHNE.

Thank ye, I wou'd not leave my native land.

APOLLO.

What is to come, by certain arts I know:

DAPHNE.

Piſh, PARTRIDGE has as fair pretence as you.

APOLLO.

Behold the beauties of my locks. (DAPH.) A fig—
That may be counterfeit, a *Spaniſh*-Wig;
Who cares for all that buſh of curling hair,
Whilſt your ſmooth chin is ſo extremely bare.

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She heard not half; ſo furiouſly ſhe flies;
And on her ear, th' imperfect accent dies.
Fear gave her wings; and as ſhe fled, the wind
Increaſing, ſpread her flowing hair behind:
And left her legs and thighs expos'd to view;
Which made the God more eager to purſue.
The God was young, and was too hotly bent
To loſe his time in empty compliment.
But led by love, and fir'd with ſuch a ſight,
Impetuouſly purſu'd his near delight.

As when th' impatient greyhound ſlipt from far,
Bounds o'er the glebe to courſe the fearful hare,
She in her ſpeed, does all her ſafety lay;
And he with double ſpeed purſues the prey;
O'er-runs her at the ſitting turn, and licks
His chaps in vain, and blows upon the flix,

She

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APOLLO.

I ſing. (DAPH.) That never ſhall be DAPHNE's
choice,
SYPHACIO had an admirable voice.

APOLLO.

Of ev'ry herb I tell the myſtic pow'r,
To certain health the patient I reſtore,
Sent for, careſs'd; (DAPH.) Ours is a wholſome air,
You'd better go to town and practiſe there:
For me, I've no obſtructions to remove,
I'm pretty well, I thank your father JOVE,
And phyſic is a weak ally to love.

APOLLO.

For learning fam'd fine verſes I compoſe,

DAPHNE.

So do your brother quacks and brother beaux,
Memorials only, and reviews write proſe.

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She 'ſcapes, and for the neighb'ring covert ſtrives,
And gaining ſhelter, doubts if yet ſhe lives:
If little things with great we may compare,
Such was the God, and ſuch the flying fair.
She urg'd by fear, her feet did ſwiftly move;
But he more ſwiftly, who was urg'd by love.
He gathers ground upon her in the chace:
Now breathes upon her hair, with nearer pace;
And juſt is faſt'ning on the wiſh'd embrace.
The Nymph grew pale, and in a mortal fright,
Spent with the labour of ſo long a flight:
And now deſpairing, caſt a mournful look
Upon the ſtreams of her paternal brook:
O! help, ſhe cry'd, in this extreameſt need,
If Water-Gods are Deities indeed:
Gape earth, and this unhappy wretch intomb;
Or change my form, whence all my ſorrows come.

Scarce

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APOLLO.

From the bent yew I ſend the pointed reed,
Sure of its aim, and fatal in its ſpeed.——

DAPHNE.

Then leaving me whom ſure you wou'd n't kill,
In yonder thicket exerciſe your ſkill,
Shoot there at beaſts, but for the human heart
Your couſin CUPID has the only dart.

APOLLO.

Yet turn, O beauteous maid, yet deign to hear
A love-ſick Deity's impetuous pray'r;
O let me woo thee as thou wou'dſt be woo'd,

DAPHNE.

Firſt therefore don't be ſo extremely rude;
Don't tear the hedges down, and tread the clover,
Like a hobgoblin rather than a lover;
Next to my father's grotto ſometimes come,
At ebbing tide he always is at home.

Read

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Scarce had ſhe finiſh'd, when her feet ſhe found
Benumb'd with cold, and faſten'd to the ground:
A filmy rind about her body grows;
Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs:
The nymph is all into a laurel gone:
The ſmoothneſs of her ſkin, remains alone.

Yet Phœbus loves her ſtill, and caſting round
Her boll, his arms, ſome little warmth he found.
The tree ſtill panted in th' unfiniſh'd part:
Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her heart.
He fixt his lips upon the trembling rind;
It ſwerv'd aſide, and his embrace declin'd.
To whom the God, becauſe thou can'ſt not be
My miſtreſs, I eſpouſe thee for my tree:
Be thou the prize of honour and renown;
The deathleſs poet, and the poem crown.

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Read the Courant with him, and let him know
A little politics, how matters go
Upon his brother-rivers Rhine or Po.
As any maid or footman comes or goes
Pull off your hat, and aſk how DAPHNE does:
Theſe ſort of folks will to each other tell
That you reſpect me; That, you know, looks well:
Then if you are, as you pretend, the GOD
That rules the day, and much upon the road,
You'll find a hundred trifles in your way,
That you may bring one home from Africa;
Some little rarity, ſome bird, or beaſt,
And now and then a jewel from the eaſt,
A lacquer'd-cabinet, ſome China-ware,
You have them mighty cheap at Pekin-fair.
Next, *Nota Bene*, you ſhall never rove,
Nor take example by your father JOVE.

Laſt,

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Thou ſhalt the Roman feſtivals adorn,
And, after Poets, be by victors worn.
Thou ſhalt returning Cæſar's triumph grace;
When pomps ſhall in a long proceſſion paſs.
Wreath'd on the poſts before his palace wait;
And be the ſacred guardian of the gate.
Secure from thunder, and unharm'd by Jove,
Unfading as th' immortal pow'rs above:
And as the locks of Phœbus are unſhorn,
So ſhall perpetual green thy boughs adorn.
The grateful tree was pleas'd with what he ſaid;
And ſhook the ſhady honours of her head.

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Laſt, for the eaſe and comfort of my life,
Make me your, lord what ſtartles you, your wife;
I'm now, they ſay, ſixteen, or ſomething more,
We mortals ſeldom live above fourſcore;
Fourſcore, y' are good at numbers, let us ſee,
Seventeen ſuppoſe, remaining ſixty-three,
Aye, in that ſpan of time, you'll bury me.
Mean time if you have tumult, noiſe, and ſtrife,
Things not abhorrent to a marry'd life,
They'll quickly end you ſee, what ſignify
A few odd years to you that never die;
And after all y' are half your time away,
You know your buſineſs takes you up all day,
And coming late to bed you need not fear,
Whatever noiſe I make, you'll ſleep, my dear.
Or if a winter-evening ſhou'd be long
E'en read you phyſic book, or make a ſong.

Your

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Your ſteeds, your wife, diachalon, and rhime,
May take up any honeſt God-head's time,
Thus, as you like it, you may love again,
And let another DAPHNE have her reign,
Now love, or leave, my dear: retreat, or follow,
I DAPHNE, this premis'd, take thee APOLLO,
And may I ſplit into ten thouſand trees
If I give up, on other terms than theſe.

She ſaid, but what the am'rous GOD reply'd,
So fate ordain'd, is to our ſearch deny'd,
By rats alas! the manuſcript is eat,
O cruel banquet which we all regret;
BAVIUS, thy labours muſt this work reſtore,
May thy good will be equal to thy pow'r.

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Conſiderations on part of the 88th Pſalm.
A College Exerciſe. 1690.

I.

HEAVY, O Lord, on me thy judgments lie,
Accurſt I am, while God rejects my cry.
O'erwhelm'd in darkneſs and deſpair I groan;
And ev'ry place is hell; for God is gone.
O! Lord, ariſe, and let thy beams controul
Thoſe horrid clouds, that preſs my frighted ſoul:
Save the poor wand'rer from eternal night,
Thou that art the God of light.

II.

Downward I haſten to my deſtin'd place;
There none obtain thy aid, or ſing thy praiſe.
Soon I ſhall lie in death's deep ocean drown'd:
Is mercy there; or ſweet forgiveneſs found?

O ſave

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O ſave me yet, whilſt on the brink I ſtand;
Rebuke the ſtorm, and waft my ſoul to land.
O let her reſt beneath thy wing ſecure,
Thou that art the God of pow'r.

III.

Behold the prodigal! to thee I come,
To hail my father, and to ſeek my home.
Nor refuge could I find, nor friend abroad,
Straying in vice, and deſtitute of God.
O let thy terrors, and my anguiſh end!
Be thou my refuge, and be thou my friend:
Receive the ſon thou didſt ſo long reprove,
Thou that art the God of love.

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ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR, 1692.

THE town which Loüis bought,
NASSAU reclaims,
And brings inſtead of bribes avenging flames.
Now Loüis take thy titles from ABOVE,
BOILEAU ſhall ſing, and we'll believe thee JOVE.
JOVE gained his miſtreſs with alluring gold,
But JOVE like THEE was impotent and old:
Active and young he did like WILLIAM ſtand,
And ſtunn'd the DAME, his THUNDER in his HAND.

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PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY

Lord BUCKHURST,

AT

WESTMINSTER-SCHOOL,

At a Repreſentation of Mr DRYDEN'S *CLEOMENES*, The Spartan HERO.

At CHRISTMAS. 1695.

PISH, lord, I wiſh this PROLOGUE was
but GREEK,
Then young CLEONIDAS would boldly ſpeak:
But can Lord BUCKHURST in poor ENGLISH ſay,
Gentle ſpectators pray excuſe the play? *

No,

* Mr PRIOR made uſe of a few lines in this PROLOGUE, in ONE made for Lord DUPLIN, who acted the PAGE in the ORPHAN, 1720. See his Poems, Vol. III. pag. 50, 12mo.

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No, witneſs all ye GODS of ancient GREECE,
Rather than condeſcend to terms like theſe,
I'd go to ſchool ſix hours on CHRISTMAS-DAY,
Or conſtrue PERSIUS while my comrades play.
Such work by hireling actors ſhould be done,
Who tremble when they ſee a critic frown.
Poor rogues that ſmart like fencers for their bread,
And if they are not wounded are not fed.
But, Sirs, our labour has more noble ends,
We act our TRAGEDY to ſee our FRIENDS:
Our gen'rous ſcenes are for pure love repeated,
And if you are not pleas'd, at leaſt your treated.
The candles and the cloaths our ſelves we bought,
Our TOPS neglected, and our BALLS forgot.
To learn our parts we left our midnight bed,
Moſt of you ſnored whilſt CLEOMENES read;
Not that from this confeſſion we would ſue
Praiſe undeſerv'd; we know our ſelves and you:

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Reſolv'd to ſtand or periſh by our cauſe,
We neither cenſure fear, or beg applauſe,
For thoſe are WESTMINSTER and SPARTA's laws.
Yet if we ſee ſome judgment well inclin'd,
To young deſert, and growing virtue kind,
That critic by ten thouſand marks ſhould know,
That greateſt ſouls to goodneſs only bow;
And that your little HERO does inherit
Not CLEOMENES more than DORSET's ſpirit.

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WRITTEN at the HAGUE,

In the year 1696.

WHILE with labour aſſid'ous
due pleaſure I mix,
And in one day atone
for the bus'neſs of ſix,
In a little Dutch-chaiſe
on a Saturday night,
On my left hand my HORACE,
a NYMPH on my right.
No Memoire to compoſe,
and no Poſt-Boy to move,
That on Sunday may hinder
the ſoftneſs of love;

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For her, neither viſits,
nor parties of tea,
Nor the long-winded cant
of a dull refugée.
This night and the next
ſhall be her's, ſhall be mine,
To good or ill fortune
the third we reſign:
Thus ſcorning the world,
and ſuperior to fate,
I drive on my car
in proceſſional ſtate;
So with PHIA thro' Athens
PYSISTRATUS rode,
Men thought her MINERVA,
and him a new GOD.

But

But why ſhould I ſtories
of Athens rehearſe,
Where people knew love,
and were partial to verſe,
Since none can with juſtice
my pleaſures oppoſe,
In Holland half drowned
in int'reſt and proſe:
By Greece and paſt ages,
what need I be try'd,
When the Hague and the preſent,
are both on my ſide,
And is it enough,
for the joys of the day;
To think what ANACREON,
or SAPPHO would ſay.

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When good VANDERGOES,
and his provident VROUGH,
As they gaze on my triumph,
do freely allow,
That ſearch all the province,
you'd find no man there is
So bleſs'd as the *Engliſhen Heer*
SECRETARIS.

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TO

A CHILD of QUALITY,

FIVE YEARS OLD,

The AUTHOR FORTY. 1704.*

I.

LORDS, knights, and squires, the num'rous band,
That wear the fair miss MARY'S † fetters,
Were summon'd by her high command,
To show their passions by their letters.

My

* Mr PRIOR was born in the year 1664.
† We presume this young LADY was one of the DORSET-FAMILY.

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II.

My pen amongſt the reſt I took,
Leſt thoſe bright eyes that cannot read
Shou'd dart their kindling fires, and look,
The power they have to be obey'd.

III.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell,
Dear five years old befriends my paſſion,
And I may write till ſhe can ſpell.

IV.

For while ſhe makes her ſilk-worms beds,
With all the tender things, I ſwear,
Whilſt all the houſe my paſſion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair.

V.

She may receive and own my flame,
For tho' the ſtricteſt prudes ſhou'd know it,
She'll

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She'll paſs for a moſt virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

VI.

Then too alas! when ſhe ſhall tear
The lines ſome younger rival ſends,
She'll give me leave to write I fear,
And we ſhall ſtill continue friends.

VII.

For as our diff'rent ages move,
'Tis ſo ordain'd, wou'd fate but mend it,
That I ſhall be paſt making love
When ſhe begins to comprehend it.

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THE

MICE

A

TALE.

TO

Mr *ADRIAN DRIFT.*

TWO MICE (dear boy) of genteel faſhion,
And (what is more) good education,
Frolic and gay, in infant years,
Equally ſhar'd their parents cares.
The ſire of theſe two babes (poor creature)
Paid his laſt debt to human nature;
A wealthy widow left behind,
Four babes, three male, one female kind.

The

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The fire b'ing under ground, and bury'd,
'Twas thought his ſpouſe would ſoon have marry'd;
Matches propos'd, and num'rous ſuitors,
Moſt tender huſbands, careful tutors,
She modeſtly refus'd; and ſhow'd
She'd be a mother to her brood.

Mother, dear mother, that endearing thought,
Has thouſand, and ten thouſand, fancies brought;
Tell me, O! tell me (thou art now above)
How to deſcribe thy true maternal love,
Thy early pangs, thy growing anxious cares,
Thy flatt'ring hopes, thy fervent pious pray'rs,
Thy doleful days, and melancholy nights,
Cloyſter'd from common joys, and juſt delights:
How thou didſt conſtantly in private mourn,
And waſh with daily tears thy ſpouſe's urn;

How

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How it employ'd your thoughts, and lucid time,
That your young offspring might to honour climb;
How your first care by num'rous griefs oppreſt,
Under the burthen ſunk, and went to reſt;
How your dear darling, by conſumption's waſte,
Breath'd her laſt piety into your breaſt;
How you alas! tyr'd with your pilgrimage,
Bow'd down your head, and dy'd in good old age.
Tho' not inſpir'd, O! may I never be
Forgetful of my pedigree, or thee,
Ungrateful howſoe'er, mayn't I forget
To pay this ſmall, yet tributary debt,
And when we meet at God's tribunal throne,
Own me, I pray thee, for a pious ſon.

But why all this? is this your fable?
Believe me MATT, it ſeems a bauble,

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If you will let me know th' intent on't,
Go to your Mice, and make an end on't.

Well then dear brother, ——————
As ſure as HUDI's * ſword could ſwaddle,
Two Mice were brought up in one cradle,
Well bred, I think, of equal port,
One for the gown, one for the court:
They parted, (did they ſo an't pleaſe you)
Yes, that they did (dear Sir) to eaſe you;
One went to Holland, where they huff folk,
T' other to vent his wares in Suffolk.
(That Mice have travell'd in old times,
HORACE and PRIOR tell in rhymes,
Thoſe two great wonders of their ages,
(Superior far to all the ſages.)

Many

* *i. e.* HUDIBRAS.

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Many days paſt, and many a night,
E'er they could gain each other's ſight;
At laſt in weather cold (not ſultry)
They met at the Three-Cranes in Poultry.
After much buſs, and great grimace,
(Uſual you know in ſuch a caſe)
Much chat aroſe, what had been done,
What might before next ſummer's ſun;
Much ſaid of France, of Suffolk's goodneſs,
The gentry's loyalty, mobbs rudeneſs,
That ended; o'er a charming bottle,
They enter'd on this tittle tattle.

Quoth Suffolk, by preheminence
In years, tho' (God knows) not in ſenſe;
All's gone dear brother, only we
Remain to raiſe poſterity;

Marry

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Marry you brother; I'll go down,
Sell nouns and verbs, and lie alone.
May you ne'er meet with feuds or babble,
May olive-branches crown your table,
Somewhat I'll ſave, and for this end,
To prove a brother, and a friend.
What I propoſe is juſt, I ſwear it,
Or may I periſh by this claret.
The dice are thrown, chuſe this or that,
('Tis all alike to honeſt MATT)
I'll take then the contrary part,
And propagate with all my heart.
After ſome thought, ſome Portugueze,
Some wine, the younger thus replies.

Fair are your words, as fair your carr'age,
Let me be free, drudge you in marr'age,

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Get me a boy call'd ADRIAN,
Truſt me, I'll do for't what I can.
Home went well pleas'd the Suffolk tony,
Heart-free from care, as purſe from money,
Reſolving full to pleaſe his taudy,
He got a ſpouſe, and jerk'd her body;
At laſt when teeming time was come,
Out came her burthen from her womb,
It prov'd a luſty ſqualling boy,
(Doubtleſs the dad's and mammy's joy.)
In ſhort, to make things ſquare and even,
ADRIAN he nam'd was by DICK, STEPHEN.
MATT's debt thus paid, he now enlarges,
And ſends you in a bill of charges,
A cradle (brother) and a baſket,
(Granted as ſoon as e'er I aſk'd it)
A coat not of the ſmalleſt ſcantling,
Frocks, ſtockings, ſhoes, to grace the bantling,

Theſe

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Theſe too were ſent, (or I'm no drubber)
Nay add to theſe the fine gum-rubber;
Yet theſe wo'nt do, ſend t' other coat,
For (faith) the firſt e'nt worth a groat,
Diſmally ſhrunk, as herrings ſhotten,
Suppos'd originally rotten.
Pray let the next be each way longer,
Of ſtuff more durable, and ſtronger;
Send it next week, if you are able,
By this time, Sir, you know the fable;
From this, and letters of the ſame make,
You'll find what 'tis to have a name-ſake.

Cold and hard times, Sir, here, (believe it)
I've loſt my curate too, and grieve it,
At Eaſter, for what I can ſee,
(A time of eaſe and vacancy)

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If things but alter, and not undone,
I'll kiſs your hands, and viſit London;
MOLLY ſends greeting, ſo do I Sir,
Send a good coat, that's all, good b'ye Sir.

Your's entirely,

MATTHEW.

Wedneſday Night,
10 *o'Clock, Feb.* 16, $170\frac{8}{9}$.

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TWO
RIDDLES.

1710.

SPHINX was a monſter that would eat,
Whatever ſtranger ſhe could get;
Unleſs his ready wit diſclos'd
The ſubtle riddle ſhe propos'd.

OEDIPUS was reſolv'd to go,
And try what ſtrength of parts would do:
Says SPHINX on this depends your fate;
Tell me what animal is that,
Which has four feet at morning bright,
Has two at noon, and three at night?

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'Tis MAN, ſaid he, who weak by nature,
At firſt creeps, like his fellow-creature,
Upon all four, as years accrue,
With ſturdy ſteps he walks on two:
In age, at length, grows weak and ſick,
For his third leg adopts the ſtick.

Now in your turn, 'tis juſt methinks,
You ſhould reſolve me, Madam SPHINX,
What greater ſtranger yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loſes one, then gets two more,
And runs away at laſt on four. *

* A Prime-Miniſter.

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A

FABLE.

Personam Tragicam forte vulpes viderat,
O quanta species, inquit, cerebrum non habet!

PHÆDR.

THE Fox an actor's vizard found,
And peer'd, and felt, and turn'd it round:
Then threw it in contempt away,
And thus old PHÆDRUS heard him say:
What noble part can'st thou sustain,
Thou specious head without a brain? *

* Author of the MEDLEY. 1710.

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THE VICEROY.

A BALLAD.

TO

The Tune of The Lady ISABELLA's Tragedy:
Or: The Step-Mother's Cruelty.

I.

OF NERO, tyrant, petty king,
Who hertofore did reign
In fam'd Hibernia, I will ſing,
And in a ditty plain.

II.

He hated was by rich and poor,
For reaſons you ſhall hear,
So ill he exercis'd his pow'r,
That he himſelf did fear.

Full

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III.

Full proud and arrogant was he,
And covetous withal,
The guilty he would ſtill ſet free,
But guiltleſs men enthral.

IV.

He with a haughty impious nod
Would curſe and dogmatize,
Not fearing either man or God,
Gold he did idolize.

V.

A patriot of high degree,
Who could no longer bear
This upſtart Viceroy's tyranny,
Againſt him did declare.

And

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VI.

And arm'd with truth impeach'd the Don,
Of his enormous crimes,
Which I'll unfold to you anon,
In low, but faithful rimes.

VII.

The articles * recorded ſtand,
Againſt this peerleſs peer,
Search but the archives of the land,
You'll find them written there.

VIII.

Attend, and juſtly I'll recite
His treaſons to you all,
The heads ſet in their native light,
(And ſigh poor GAPHNY's fall.)

That

* *Sabbati* 16. *die Decembris* 5 *Gulielmi & Mariæ* 1693.

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IX.

That trait'rouſly he did abuſe
The pow'r in him repos'd,
And wickedly the ſame did uſe,
On all mankind impos'd.

X.

That he, contrary to all law,
An oath did frame and make,
Compelling the militia,
Th' illegal oath to take.

XI.

Free-quarters for the army too,
He did exact and force,
On Proteſtants, his love to ſhow,
Than Papiſts us'd them worſe.

On

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XII.

On all proviſions deſtin'd for
The camp at Limerick,
He laid a tax full hard and ſore,
Tho' many men were ſick.

XIII.

The ſuttlers too he did ordain
For licences ſhould pay,
Which they refus'd with juſt diſdain,
And fled the camp away.

XIV.

By which proviſions were ſo ſcant,
That hundreds there did die,
The ſoldiers food and drink did want,
Nor famine cou'd they fly.

He

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XV.

He ſo much lov'd his private gain,
He could nor hear or ſee,
They might, or die, or might complain,
Without relief pardie.

XVI.

That above and againſt all right,
By word of mouth did he,
In council ſitting, helliſh ſpite,
The farmer's fate decree.

XVII.

That he, O! Ciél, without trial,
Straitway ſhou'd hanged be,
Tho' then the courts were open all,
Yet NERO judge wou'd be.

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XVIII.

No ſooner ſaid, but it was done,
The Borreau did his worſt,
GAPHNY alas! is dead and gone,
And left his judge accurſt.

XIX.

In this conciſe, deſpotic way,
Unhappy GAPHNY fell,
Which did all honeſt men affray,
As truly it might well.

XX.

Full two good hundred pounds a year,
This poor man's real eſtate,
He ſet'led on his fav'rite dear,
And CULLIFORD can ſay't.

Beſides,

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XXI.

Beſides, he gave five hundred pound
To FIELDING his own ſcribe,
Who was his bail, one friend he found,
He ow'd him to the bribe.

XXII.

But for this horrid murder vile,
None did him proſecute,
His old friend helpt him o'er the ſtile,
With SATAN who'd diſpute?

XXIII.

With France, fair England's mortal foe,
A trade he carry'd on,
Had any other don't, I trow,
To Tripos he had gone.

That

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XXIV.

That he did likewiſe trait'rouſly,
To bring his ends to bear,
Enrich himſelf moſt knaviſhly,
O thief without compare.

XXV.

Vaſt quantities of ſtores did he
Embezzel and purloin,
Of the King's ſtores he kept a key,
Converting them to coin.

XXVI.

The forfeited eſtates alſo,
Both real and perſonal,
Did with the ſtores together go,
Fierce Cerb'rus ſwallow'd all.

Mean

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XXVII.

Mean while the ſoldiers ſigh'd and ſobb'd,
For not one ſouſe had they,
His EXCELLENCE' had each man ſobb'd,
For He had ſunk their pay.

XXVIII.

NERO, without the leaſt diſguiſe,
The Papiſts at all times
Still favour'd, and their robberies
Look'd on as trivial crimes.

XXIX.

The Proteſtants whom they did rob,
During his government,
Were forc'd with patience, like good JOB,
To reſt themſelves content.

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XXX.

For he did baſely them refuſe
All legal remedy,
The Romans he ſtill well did uſe,
Still ſcreen'd their roguery.

XXXI.

Succinctly thus to you I've told,
How this VICEROY did reign,
And other truths I ſhall unfold,
For truth is always plain.

XXXII.

The beſt of QUEENS he hath revil'd,
Before, and ſince her death,
He, cruel and ungrateful, ſmil'd
When ſhe reſign'd her breath.

Forgetful

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XXXIII.

Forgetful of the favours kind,
She had on him beſtow'd,
Like LUCIFER, his ranc'rous mind,
He lov'd nor Her nor GOD.

XXXIV.

But liſten NERO, lend thy ears,
As ſtill thou haſt them on;
Hear what BRITANNIA ſays with tears,
Of ANNA, dead and gone.

XXXV.

" O! ſacred be Her memory,
" For ever dear Her name,
" There never was, or e'er can be,
" A brighter, juſter, DAME.

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XXXVI.

" Bleſt be My Sons, and eke all thoſe,
" Who on Her praiſes dwell,
" She conquer'd Britain's fierceſt foes,
" She did all Queens excel.

XXXVII.

" All Princes, Kings, and Potentates,
" Ambaſſadors did ſend,
" All nations, provinces, and ſtates,
" Sought ANNA for their friend.

XXXVIII.

" In ANNA They did all confide,
" For ANNA They could truſt,
" Her royal faith they all had try'd,
" For ANNA ſtill was juſt.

Truth,

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XXXIX.

" Truth, Mercy, Juſtice, did ſurround
" Her awful judgment-ſeat,
" In Her the GRACES all were found,
" In ANNA all compleat.

XL.

" She held the ſword and ballance right,
" And ſought Her people's good,
" In clemency ſhe did delight;
" Her reign not ſtain'd with blood.

XLI.

" Her gracious goodneſs, piety
" In all her deeds did ſhine,
" And bounteous was her charity,
" All attributes divine.

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XLII.

" Conſummate wiſdom, meekneſs all,
" Adorn'd the words ſhe ſpoke,
" When they from Her fair lips did fall,
" And ſweet her lovely look.

XLIII.

" Ten thouſand glorious deeds to crown,
" She caus'd dire war to ceaſe,
" A greater Empreſs ne'er was known,
" She fix'd the world in peace.

XLIV.

" This laſt and Godlike-act atchiev'd,
" To Heav'n She wing'd Her flight,
" Her loſs with tears all Europe griev'd,
" Their ſtrength, and dear delight.

Leave

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XLV.

" Leave we in bliſs this heav'nly SAINT,
" Revere ye juſt Her urn,
" Her virtues high and excellent,
" ASTREA gone we mourn.

XLVI.

" Commemorate my SONS the day,
" Which gave great ANNA birth,
" Keep it for ever, and for aye,
" And annual be your mirth."

XLVII.

Illuſtrious GEORGE now fills the throne,
Our wiſe, benign, good king,
Who can his wond'rous deeds make known?
Or his bright actions ſing?

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XLVIII.

Thee, fav'rite NERO, he has deign'd,
To raiſe to high degree,
Well Thou thy honours haſt ſuſtain'd,
Well voucht Thy anceſtry.

XLIX.

But paſs——Theſe honours on Thee laid,
Can they e'er make thee white,
Don't GAPHNY's blood, which thou haſt ſhed,
Thy guilty ſoul affright?

L.

O! is there not, grim mortal tell,
Places of bliſs and wo?
O! is there not a Heav'n, a Hell?
But whither wilt Thou go?

Can.

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LI.

Can nought change thy obdurate mind?
Wilt Thou for ever rail?
The prophet on Thee well refin'd,
And ſet thy wit to ſale.

LII.

How Thou art loſt to ſenſe and ſhame,
Three countries witneſs be,
Thy conduct all juſt men do blame,
Lib'ra nos Domine.

LIII.

Dame Juſtice waits Thee well I ween,
Her ſword is brandiſh'd high,
Nought can thee from Her vengeance ſcreen,
Nor can'ſt Thou from Her fly.

Heavy

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LIV.

Heavy Her ire will fall on THEE,
The glitt'ring ſteel is ſure,
Sooner or later, all agree,
She cuts off the impure.

LV.

To Her I leave Thee, gloomy PEER,
Think on Thy crimes committed,
Repent, and be for once ſincere,
Thou ne'er wilt be DE-WITTED.

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A

SONG.

SET BY

Mr *ABEL.*

READING ends in melancholy,
Wine breeds vices and diſeaſes,
Wealth is but care, and love but folly,
Only FRIENDSHIP truly pleaſes:
My wealth, my books, my flaſk, my MOLLY,
Farewel all, if FRIENDSHIP ceaſes.

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UPON THIS PASSAGE IN SCALIGERIANA.

Les Allemans ne ce ſoucient pas quel Vin ils boivent pouveu que ce ſoit Vin, ni quel Latin ils parlent pouveu que ce ſoit Latin.

WHEN you with High-Dutch HEEREN dine,
Expect falſe Latin, and ſtumm'd Wine,
They never Taſte who always Drink,
They always Talk who never Think.

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AN

EPIGRAM.

I.

WHEN NELL, given o'er
by the doctor, was dying,
And JOHN at the chimney
ſtood decently crying,
'Tis in vain ſaid the WOMAN,
to make ſuch ado,
For to our long home,
we muſt all of us go.

True,

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II.

True, NELL, reply'd JOHN,
but what yet is the worſt
For us that remain,
the beſt always go firſt;
Remember, dear wife,
that I ſaid ſo laſt year,
When you loſt your white heifer,
and I my brown mare.

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ANOTHER.

WHEN BIBO thought fit
from the world to retreat,
As full of Champagne,
as an egg's full of meat;
He wak'd in the boat,
and to CHARON he ſaid,
He wou'd be row'd back,
for he was not yet dead.
Trim the boat, and ſit quiet,
ſtern CHARON reply'd,
You may have forgot,
you were drunk when you dy'd.

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ANOTHER.

I.

O DEATH how thou ſpoil'ſt
the beſt projects of life,
Said GABRIEL, who ſtill
as he bury'd One wife,
For the ſake of her family marry'd her couſin;

II.

And thus in an honeſt
collateral line,
He ſtill marry'd on
till his number was Nine,
Full ſorry to die till he made up his Dozen.

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ANOTHER.

HER time with equal prudence SILVIA ſhares,
Firſt writes her Billet-doux, then ſays her pray'rs,
Her maſs and toilet; veſpers, and the play;
Thus GOD and ASHTAROTH divide the day:
Conſtant ſhe keeps her Ember-week, and Lent,
At Eaſter calls all Iſrael to her tent:
Looſe without band, and pious without zeal,
She ſtill repeats the ſins ſhe would conceal;
Envy her ſelf from SILVIA's life muſt grant,
An artful woman makes a modern ſaint.

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ANOTHER.

QUOTH RICHARD in jeſt,
looking wiſtly at NELLY,
Methinks child you ſeem
ſomething round in the belly:
NELL anſwer'd him ſnapiſhly,
How can that be?
My huſband has been
more than two years at ſea
Thy huſband! quoth DICK,
why that matter was carry'd
Moſt ſecretly, NELL,
I ne'er thought thou wer't marry'd.

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APPLICATION OF THE TURTLE and SPARROW.*

O Deareſt daughter of two deareſt friends,
To thee, my muſe, this little tale commends;
Loving, and lov'd, regard thy future mate,
Long love his perſon, tho' deplore his fate.
Seem young, when old, in thy dear huſband's arms,
For conſtant virtue has immortal charms;
And when I lie low ſepulcher'd in earth,
And the glad year returns thy day of birth,
Vouchſafe to ſay e'er I cou'd write or ſpell,
The Bard, who from my cradle wiſh'd me well,
Told me I ſhould the prating SPARROW blame,
And bid me imitate the TURTLE's fame.

* This TALE is the firſt Piece in Mr PRIOR's third Vol. 12mo.

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CUPID IN AMBUSH.

IT oft to many has ſucceſsful been,
Upon his arm to let his miſtreſs lean,
Or with her airy fan to cool her heat,
Or gently ſqueeze her knees, or preſs her feet.
All public ſports to favour young deſire,
With opportunities like this conſpire;
Ev'n where his ſkill, the Gladiator ſhows,
With human blood, where the Arena flows.
There oftentimes love's quiver-bearing-Boy,
Prepares his bow and arrows to deſtroy:

While

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While the ſpectator gazes on the fight,
And ſees 'em wound each other with delight.
While he his pretty miſtreſs entertains,
And wagers with her who the conqueſt gains;
Slily the God takes aim and hits his heart,
And in the wounds he ſees he bears his part.

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A

SONG.

I.

HASTE my NANNETTE,
My lovely maid,
Haſte to the bower,
Thy ſwain has made.

II.

For thee alone
I made the bower,
And ſtrew'd the couch
With many a flower.

None

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III.

None but my Sheep
Shall near us come,
VENUS be prais'd,
My ſheep are dumb.

IV.

Great GOD of love,
Take thou my crook,
To keep the wolf
From NANNETTE's flock.

V.

Guard thou the ſheep,
To her ſo dear,
My own, alas!
Are leſs my care.

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VI.

But of the wolf,
If thou'rt afraid,
Come not to us
To call for aid.

VII.

For with her ſwain
My love ſhall ſtay,
Tho' the wolf ſtrole,
And the ſheep ſtray.

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WRITTEN in IMITATION OF A

GREEK EPIGRAM.

WHEN hungry wolves had treſpaſs'd on the fold,
And the robb'd ſhepherd his ſad ſtory told;
" Call in ALCIDES, ſaid a crafty prieſt,
" Give him one half, and he'll ſecure the reſt."
No, ſaid the ſhepherd, if the Fates decree,
By ravaging my flock to ruin me;
To their commands I willingly reſign,
Pow'r is their character, and patience mine:
Tho', troth to me, there ſeems but little odds,
Who prove the greateſt robbers, wolves or Gods?

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ON A

F A R T,

LET IN THE

HOUSE of COMMONS.

READER I was born, and cry'd;
I crack'd, I ſmelt, and ſo I dy'd.
Like JULIUS CÆSAR's was My death,
Who in the ſenate loſt his breath.
Much alike entomb'd does lie
The noble ROMULUS and I;
And when I dy'd, like FLORA fair,
I left the Common-Wealth my heir.

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CONSUMMATION.

To a FRIEND.

WHEN JOVE lay bleſt in his ALCMÆNA's charms,
Three nights, in One, he preſt her in his arms;
The ſun lay ſet, and conſcious nature ſtrove
To ſhade her GOD, and to prolong his love.

From that auſpicious night ALCIDES came,
What leſs could riſe from JOVE, and ſuch a DAME?

May this auſpicious night with that compare,
Nor leſs the joys, nor leſs the riſing heir,
He ſtrong as JOVE, She like ALCMÆNA fair.

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THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

TO A YOUNG LADY IN SEARCH OF HER DESTINY.

YOU, MADAM, may with ſafety go,
Decrees of deſtiny to know.
For at your birth kind planets reign'd,
And certain happineſs ordain'd:
Such charms as your's are only given
To choſen favourites of heaven.

But

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But ſuch is my uncertain ſtate,
'Tis dangerous to try my fate:
For I would only know from art,
The future motions of your heart,
And what predeſtinated doom
Attends my love for years to come;
No ſecrets elſe, that mortals learn,
My care deſerve, or life concern;
But this will ſo important be,
I dread to ſearch the dark decree:
For while the ſmalleſt hope remains,
Faint joys are mingled with my pains.
Vain diſtant views my fancy pleaſe,
And give ſome intermitting eaſe:
But ſhould the ſtars too plainly ſhow
That you have doom'd my endleſs woe,

No

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No human force, nor art, could bear
The torment of my wild deſpair.

This ſecret then I dare not know,
And other truths are uſeleſs now.
What matters, if unbleſt in love,
How long or ſhort my life will prove?
To gratify what low deſire,
Should I with needleſs haſte enquire,
How great, how wealthy, I ſhall be?
O! what is wealth or pow'r to me?
If I am happy, or undone,
It muſt proceed from You alone.

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AN

EPIGRAM.

POOR HALL caught his death
ſtanding under a ſpout,
Expecting till midnight,
when NAN would come out;
But fatal his patience,
as cruel the Dame,
And curſt was the Weather
that quench'd the Man's flame.

" Who e'er thou art that reads theſe moral lines,
" Make love at home, and go to bed betimes."

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ANOTHER.

PROMETHEUS forming Mr DAY,
Carv'd something like a man in clay.
The mortal's work might well miscarry;
He that does heav'n and earth controul,
Has only pow'r to form a soul,
His hand is evident in HARRY.
Since One is but a moving clod,
T'Other the lively form of GOD,
'Squire WALLIS, you will scare be able,
To prove all poetry but fable.

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THE WANDERING PILGRIM.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO

Sir THOMAS FRANKLAND, Bart.

Poſt-Maſter, and Pay-Maſter-General to Queen ANNE.

I.

WILL PIGGOT muſt to Coxwould go,
To live, alas! in want,
Unleſs Sir THOMAS ſay No, no,
Th' Allowance is too ſcant.

II.

The gracious Knight full well does weet,
Ten farthings ne'er will do,
To keep a man each day in meat,
Some bread to meat is due.

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III.

A Rechabite poor WILL muſt live,
And drink of ADAM's ale,
Pure-Element, no life can give,
Or mortal ſoul regale.

IV.

Spare diet, and ſpring-water clear,
Phyſicians hold are good;
Who diet's thus need never fear,
A fever in the blood.

V.

Gra'mercy, Sirs, y' are in the right,
Preſcriptions All can ſell,
But he that does not eat can't ſh * * *
Or piſs if good drink fail.

But

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VI.

But paſs—The Æſculapian-Crew,
Who eat and quaff the beſt,
They ſeldom miſs to bake and brew,
Or lin to break their faſt.

VII.

Could Yorkſhire-Tyke but do the ſame,
Than He like Them might thrive,
But FORTUNE, FORTUNE, cruel DAME,
To ſtarve Thou do'ſt Him drive.

VIII.

In WILL's Old maſter's plenteous days,
His mem'ry e'er be bleſt;
What need of ſpeaking in his praiſe,
His goodneſs ſtands confeſt.

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IX.

At His fam'd gate ſtood Charity,
In lovely ſweet array,
CERES, and Hoſpitality,
Dwelt there both night and day.

X.

But to conclude, and be conciſe,
Truth muſt WILL's voucher be,
Truth never yet went in diſguiſe,
For naked ſtill is She.

XI.

There is but One, but One alone,
Can ſet the PILGRIM free,
And make him ceaſe to pine and moan,
O! FRANKLAND it is THEE.

O! ſave

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XII.

O! ſave him from a dreary way,
To Coxwould he muſt hye,
Bereft of thee he wends aſtray,
At Coxwould he muſt dye.

XIII.

O! let him in thy hall but ſtand,
And wear a porter's gown,
Duteous to what Thou may'ſt command,
Thus WILLIAM's wiſhes crown.

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THE ADVICE OF VENUS.

THUS to the MUSES Spoke the CYPRIAN-DAME;
Adorn my altars, and revere my name.
My SON ſhall elſe aſſume his potent darts,
Twang goes the bow, my GIRLS, have at your hearts.

The

The Muses answer'd,——Venus we deride,
The Vagrant's malice, and his Mother's pride,
Send him to Nymphs who sleep on Ida's shade,
To the loose dance, and wanton masquerade:
Our thoughts are fetled, and intent our look,
On the instructive verse, and moral book;
On female idleness his pow'r relies,
But when he finds us studying-hard he flies.

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CUPID TURNED PLOWMAN.

FROM THE GREEK OF *MOSCHUS.*

HIS lamp, his bow, and quiver, laid aſide,
A ruſtic wallet o'er his ſhoulders ty'd:
Sly CUPID always on new miſchief bent,
To the rich field, and furrow'd tillage went.
Like any PLOWMAN toil'd the little GOD,
His tune he whiſtled, and his wheat he ſow'd;

Then

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Then ſat and laugh'd, and to the ſkies above
Raiſing his eye, he thus inſulted JOVE.
Lay by your hail, your hurtful ſtorms reſtrain,
And, as I bid you, let it ſhine or rain.
Elſe you again beneath my yoke ſhall bow,
Feel the ſharp goad, and draw the ſervile plow,
What once EUROPA was NANNETTE is NOW.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

AN EPIGRAM.

H. O WITH what woes am I oppreſt!
W. Be ſtill you ſenſeleſs Calf:
What if the Gods ſhould make you bleſt?
H. Why then I'd ſing and laugh:
But if they won't, I'll wail, and cry.
W. You'll hardly laugh, before you die.

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TO FORTUNE.

ANOTHER.

WHILST I in Priſon on a Court look down,
Nor beg thy favour, nor deſerve thy frown,
In vain malicious FORTUNE, haſt thou try'd,
By taking from my ſtate to quell my Pride:
Inſulting GIRL, thy preſent rage abate;
And would'ſt thou have me humble, make me GREAT.

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CHAST

FLORIMEL.

I.

NO, I'll endure ten thouſand deaths,
E'er any farther I comply;
O! Sir, no man on earth that breathes,
Had ever yet his hand ſo high.

II.

O! take your ſword and pierce my heart,
Undaunted ſee me meet the wound;
O! will you act a TARQUIN's part?
A ſecond LUCRECE you have found.

Thus

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III.

Thus to the pressing CORYDON,
Poor FLORIMEL, unhappy maid,
Fearing by love to be undone,
In broken, dying, accents said.

IV.

DELIA, who held the conscious door,
Inspir'd by truth and brandy, smil'd,
Knowing that sixteen months before,
Our LUCRECE had her second child.

V.

And, hark ye, Madam, cry'd the bawd,
None of your flights, your high-rope dodging;
Be civil here, or march abroad;
Oblige the 'Squire, or quit the lodging.

O! have

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VI.

O! have I, FLORIMEL went on,
Have I then loſt my DELIA's aid?
Where ſhall forſaken virtue run,
If by her friends ſhe is betray'd?

VII.

O! curſe on empty friendſhip's name;
Lord, what is all our future view?
Then, dear deſtroyer of my fame,
Let my laſt ſuccour be to you.

VIII.

From DELIA's rage, and FORTUNE's frown,
A wretched love-ſick maid deliver;
O! tip me but another Crown,
Dear Sir, and make me Your's for ever.

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PARTIAL

FAME.

I.

THE ſturdy MAN if he in love obtains,
In open pomp and triumph reigns;
The ſubtil WOMAN if ſhe ſhould ſucceed,
Diſowns the honour of the deed.

II.

Tho' HE for all his boaſt, is forc'd to yield,
Tho' SHE can always keep the field,
He vaunts His CONQUEST, She conceals Her SHAME;
How PARTIAL is the voice of FAME?

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A SONG.

SET BY

Mr PURCEL.

I.

WHITHER would my paſſion run,
Shall I fly Her, or purſue Her?
Loſing Her I am undone,
Yet would not gain Her to undo Her.

II.

Ye tyrants of the human breaſt,
Love and Reaſon! ceaſe your war,
And order Death to give me reſt;
So each will equal triumph ſhare.

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NON PAREIL.

I.

LET others from the town retire,
And in the fields ſeek new delight;
My PHILLIS does ſuch joys inſpire,
No other objects pleaſe my ſight.

II.

In Her alone I find whate'er
Beauties a country-landſcape grace;
No ſhades ſo lovely as Her hair,
Nor plain ſo ſweet as is Her face.

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III.

Lilies and roſes there combine,
More beauteous than in flow'ry field;
Tranſparent is Her ſkin, ſo fine,
To this each cryſtal ſtream muſt yield.

IV.

Her voice more ſweet than warbling ſound,
Tho' ſung by nightingale or lark,
Her eyes ſuch luſtre dart around,
Compar'd to them the ſun is dark.

V.

Both light and vital heat they give,
Cheriſh'd by Them my love takes root,
From Her kind looks does life receive,
Grows a fair plant; bears flow'rs, and fruit.

Such

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VI.

Such fruit, I ween, did once deceive
The common parent of mankind;
And made tranſgreſs our mother EVE:
Poiſon it's core, tho' fair it's rind.

VII.

Yet ſo delicious is it's taſte,
I cannot from the bait abſtain,
But to th' inchanting pleaſure haſte,
Tho' I were ſure 'twou'd end in pain.

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UPON HONOUR.

A FRAGMENT.

HONOUR, I ſay, or honeſt FAME,
I mean the ſubſtance, not the name;
(Not that light heap of tawdry wares,
Of Ermin, Coronets, and Stars,
Which often is by merit ſought,
By gold and flatt'ry oft'ner bought.

The

The ſhade, for which Ambition looks,
In SELDEN's * or in ASHMOLE's † books:)
But the true glory which proceeds,
Reflected bright from honeſt deeds,
Which we in our Own breaſt perceive,
And KINGS can neither take nor give.

* TITLES of HONOUR.
† ORDER of the GARTER.

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THE OLD GENTRY.

I.

THAT all from ADAM first began,
None but ungodly WOOLSTON doubts,
And that His son, and His son's son,
Were all but plowmen, clowns, and louts.

II.

Each when his rustic pains began,
To merit pleaded equal right,
'Twas only who left Off at noon,
Or who went On to work till night.

But

III.

But coronets we owe to crowns,
And favour to a court's affection,
By nature we are ADAM's sons,
And sons of ANSTIS * by election.

IV.

KINGSALE, eight hundred years have roll'd,
Since thy forefathers held the plow,
When this shall be in story told,
Add, That my kindred do so now.

V.

The man who by his labour gets
His bread, in independant state,
Who never begs, and seldom eats,
Himself can fix, or change his fate.

* GARTER King at ARMS.

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THE INCURABLE.

AN EPIGRAM.

PHILLIS you boaſt of perfect health in vain,
And laugh at thoſe who of their ills complain:
That with a frequent fever CLOE burns,
And STELLA's plumpneſs into dropſy turns.
O! PHILLIS, while the patients are nineteen,
Little, alas! are their diſtempers ſeen.
But Thou for all Thy ſeeming health art ill,
Beyond thy lover's hopes, or BLACKMORE's ſkill;
No lenitives can thy diſeaſe aſſwage,
I tell Thee, 'Tis incurable——'tis AGE.

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THE
Inſatiable PRIEST.

I.

LUKE PREACH-ILL, admires what we
laymen can mean,
That thus by our profit and pleaſure are ſway'd;
He has but three livings, and would be a DEAN,
His wife dy'd this year, He has marry'd His maid.

II.

To ſuppreſs all His carnal deſires in their birth,
At all hours a luſty young huſſy is near;
And to take off His thought from the things of
this earth,
He can be content with two thouſand a year.

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DOCTORS Differ.

AN

EPIGRAM.

WHEN WILLIS of Ephraim heard
* ROCHESTER preach,
Thus BENTLY ſaid to him, I pr'ythee, dear
brother,
How lik'ſt Thou this Sermon? 'tis out of My reach.
His is One way, ſaid WILLIS, and Ours is
Another.
I care not for carping, but this I can tell,
We preach very ſadly, if he preaches well.

* Dr ATTERBURY, Biſhop of Rocheſter.

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PONTIUS AND PONTIA.

I.

PONTIUS, (who loves you know a joke,
Much better than he loves his life)
Chanc'd t'other morning to provoke
The patience of a well-bred wife.

II.

Talking of you, said he, my dear,
Two of the greatest wits in town,
One ask'd, If that high fuzz of hair
Was, *bona fide*, all your Own.

Her

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III.

Her own, moſt certain, t'other ſaid,
For NAN, who knows the thing, will tell ye,
The hair was bought, the money paid,
And the receipt was ſign'd DUCAILLY.

IV.

PONTIA, (that civil prudent She,
Who values wit much leſs than ſenſe,
And never darts a repartee,
But purely in Her own defenſe)

V.

Reply'd, Theſe friends of your's, my dear,
Are given extremely much to ſatire,
But pr'ythee huſband, let one hear,
Sometimes leſs wit, and more good-nature.

Now

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VI.

Now I have one unlucky thought,
That wou'd have ſpoil'd your friend's conceit;
Some hair I have, I'm ſure, unbought,
Pray bring your brother-wits to ſee't.

Cautious ALICE.

SO good a Wife doth LISSY make,
That from all company She flieth.
Such virtuous courſes doth She take,
That She all evil tongues defieth.
And for her deareſt Spouſe's ſake,
She with His brethren only lieth.

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TO A POET of QUALITY, PRAISING THE Lady *HINCHINBROKE.*

I.

OF thy judicious Muse's ſenſe,
Young Hinchinbroke ſo very proud is,
That Sacharissa, and Hortense,
She looks, henceforth, upon as Doudies.

II.

Yet She to One muſt ſtill ſubmit,
To dear mamma muſt pay Her duty,
She wonders praiſing Wilmot's wit,
Thou ſhou'dſt forget His Daughter's beauty.

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AN EPIGRAM.

LYSANDER talks extremely well;
On any ſubject let him dwell,
His tropes and figures will content Ye:
He ſhould poſſeſs to all degrees
The art of talk, he practiſes
Full fourteen hours in four and twenty.

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AN

ENIGMA.

BY birth I'm a ſlave,
yet can give you a crown,
I diſpoſe of all honours,
my ſelf having none.
I'm obliged by juſt maxims
to govern my life,
Yet I hang my own maſter,
and lie with his wife.
When men are a gaming,
I cunningly ſneak,
And their cudgels and ſhovels
away from them take.

Fair

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Fair maidens and ladies,
I by the hand get,
And pick off their diamonds,
tho' ne'er ſo well ſet.
For when I have comrades,
we rob in whole bands,
Then preſently take off
your lands from your hands.
But this fury once over,
I've ſuch winning arts,
That you love me much more
than you do your own hearts.

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LOVE'S NIGHT-WALK.

FROM

ANACREON,

ODE III.

By Mr *STANLEY*. *

DOWNWARD was the wheeling Bear
Driven by the Waggoner:
Men by powerful sleep oppreſt,
Gave their buſie troubles reſt:

Love,

* *THOMAS STANLEY*, Eſq; Author of *The Lives of the Philoſophers*, Tranſlated all the ODES of ANACREON, BION, MOSCHUS, *&c.* in the year 1650. *Lib. rar.* 8vo.

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CUPID

TURNED

STROLLER.

FROM

ANACREON,

ODE III.

By Mr *PRIOR.*

AT dead of night, when ſtars appear,
And ſtrong BOOTES turns the BEAR;
When mortals ſleep their cares away,
Fatigu'd with labours of the day,
CUPID was knocking at my gate;
Who's there, ſays I, who knocks ſo late?

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Love, in this ſtill depth of night,
Lately at my houſe did light:
Where perceiving all faſt lockt,
At the door he boldly knockt:
Who's that (ſaid I) that does keep
Such a noiſe, and breaks my ſleep?
Ope ſaith Love, for pity hear;
Tis a childe, thou need'ſt not fear,
Wet and weary, from his way
Led by this dark night aſtray:
With compaſſion this I heard;
Light I ſtruck; the door unbarr'd:
Where a little boy appears,
Who wings, bow, and quiver bears;
Near the fire I made him ſtand;
With my own I chaf't his hand;
And with kindly buſie care
Wrung the chill-drops from his hair:

When

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Diſturbs my dreams, and breaks my reſt?
O fear not me a harmleſs gueſt,
He ſaid, but open, open pray;
A fooliſh child, I've loſt my way,
And wander here this moon-light night,
All wet and cold, and wanting light.
With due regard his voice I heard,
Then roſe, a ready lamp prepar'd,
And ſaw a naked boy below,
With wings, a quiver, and a bow:
In haſte I ran, unlockt my gate,
Secure and thoughtleſs of my fate;
I ſet the Child an eaſy chair
Againſt the fire, and dry'd his hair;
Brought friendly cups of chearful wine,
And warm'd his little hands with mine;
All this did I with kind intent;
But he, on wanton miſchief bent

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When well warm'd he was, and dry,
Now ſaith he tis time to try
If my bow no hurt did get,
For methinks the ſtring is wet:
With that, drawing it, a dart
He let fly that pierc'd my heart:
Leaping then, and laughing ſaid,
Come my friend with me be glad;
For my bow thou ſeeſt is ſound,
Since thy heart hath got a wound.

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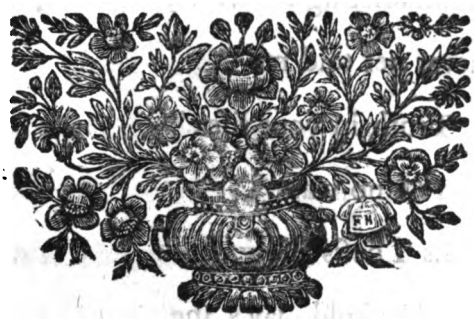
Said, deareſt friend, this bow you ſee,
This pretty bow belongs to me:
Obſerve, I pray, if all be right,
I fear the rain has ſpoil'd it quite:
He drew it then, and ſtrait I found
Within my breaſt a ſecret wound.
This done, the rogue no longer ſtaid,
But leapt away, and laughing ſaid,
Kind hoſt adieu, we now muſt part,
Safe is my bow, but ſick thy heart.



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TRUTH TOLD AT LAST.

AN EPIGRAM.

SAYS PONTIUS in rage,
contradicting his Wife,
" You never yet told me
" one Truth in your life:"
Vext PONTIA no way
could this Theſis allow,
" You're a Cuckold, ſay's ſhe,
" do I tell you Truth now?"

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AN

ENIGMA.

FORM'D half beneath, and half above the earth,
We Siſters owe to art our ſecond birth:
The Smith's and Carpenter's adopted Daughters,
Made on the land, to travel on the waters.
Swiſter they move, as they are ſtraiter bound,
Yet neither tread the air, or wave, or ground:
They ſerve the poor for uſe, the rich for whim,
Sink when it rains, and when it freezes ſwim.

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CHANSON FRANÇOISE.

I.

QUE fais tu Bergere dans ce beau verger
Tu ne ſonge gueres ā me ſoulager?
Tu connois ma flamme, tu vois ma langueur,
Prens belle inhumaine pitié de mon cœur.

II.

Dequoy te plains tu malheureux Berger?
Que n'ay-je paint fait peur te ſoulager?
J'ay quitté la plaine, mon troupeau, mon chien,
Prend on tant de peine quand on n'aime rien.

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A

FRENCH SONG.

I.

WHY thus from the Plain does my Shepherdeſs rove,
Forſaking Her ſwain, and neglecting His love?
You have heard all my grief, you ſee how I die,
O! give ſome relief to the ſwain whom you fly.

II.

How can you complain, or what am I to ſay,
Since my dog lies unfed, and my ſheep run aſtray;
Need I tell what I mean, that I languiſh alone,
When I leave all the Plain, you may gueſs 'tis for ONE.

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TWO BEGGARS

Disputing their RIGHT to an OYSTER they had Found; a LAWYER thus decides the CAUSE.

BLIND PLAINTIFF, lame DEFENDANT, ſhare
The friendly LAWS impartial care.
A SHELL for HIM, A SHELL for THEE,
The MIDDLE is the LAWYER'S-FEE.
So Judge's WORD decrees the People's RIGHT,
And MAGNA CHARTA is a PAPER-KITE.

HUMAN LIFE.

WHAT trifling coil do we poor mortals keep;
Wake, eat, and drink, evacuate, and ſleep.

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A CASE STATED.

I.

NOW how ſhall I do with my love and my pride,
Dear DICK * give me counſel, if Friendſhip has any,
Pr'ythee purge, or let blood, ſurly RICHARD reply'd,
And forget the Coquet in the arms of your NANNY. †

While

* Mr PRIOR's intimate Friend RICHARD SHELTON, Eſq;
† Mrs ANNE DURHAM.

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II.

While I pleaded with paſſion how much I deſerv'd,
For the pains and the torments for more than a year;
She look'd in an Almanack, whence ſhe obſerv'd,
That it wanted a fortnight to BARTLEMEW-FAIR.

III.

My COWLEY, and WALLER, how vainly I quote,
While my negligent judge only Hears with her Eye,
In a long flaxen-wig, and embroider'd new coat,
Her ſpark ſaying nothing talks better than I.

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ON MY

BIRTH-DAY.

I.

I MY dear, was born to day,
So all my jolly comrades ſay;
They bring me muſic, wreaths, and mirth,
And aſk to celebrate my birth:
Little, alas! my comrades know
That I was born to pain and wo;
To thy denial, to thy ſcorn,
Better I had ne'er been born,
I wiſh to die ev'n whilſt I ſay,
I, my dear, was born to day.

I, my

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II.

I, my dear, was born to day,
Shall I ſalute the riſing ray?
Wellſpring of all my joy and woe,
CLOTILDA, thou alone doſt know.
Shall the wreath ſurround my hair?
Or ſhall the muſic pleaſe my ear?
Shall I my comrades mirth receive,
And bleſs my birth, and wiſh to live?
Then let me ſee great VENUS chace
Imperious anger from Thy face;
Then let me hear THEE ſmiling ſay,
THOU, my dear, wer't BORN TO DAY.

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FOR
My own MONUMENT.

I.

AS DOCTORS give physic by way of prevention,
MATT alive and in health, of his TOMB-STONE took care,
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfill'd by his Heir.

II.

Then take MATT's word for it, the SCULPTOR is paid,
That the FIGURE is fine, * pray believe your own eye,
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter our selves, and teach marble to lye.

Yet

* Alluding to the BUSTO, carved by the famous Monsieur CORIVEAUX at Paris, on his Monument in Westminster-Abbey, as in the FRONTISPIECE.

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III.

Yet counting as far as to FIFTY his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are,
High hopes he conceiv'd, and he ſmother'd great fears,
In a life party-colour'd, half pleaſure, half care.

IV.

Nor to buſineſs a drudge, nor to faction a ſlave,
He ſtrove to make int'reſt and freedom agree,
In public employments induſtrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, Lord how merry was he.

V.

Now in equipage ſtately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he try'd, but to neither would truſt,
And whirl'd in the round, as the wheel turn'd about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but duſt.

This

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VI.

This verſe little poliſh'd, tho' mighty ſincere
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view,
It ſays that his relics collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows too if this may be true.

VII.

Fierce robbers there are that infeſt the highway,
So MATT may be kill'd, and his bones never found,
Falſe witneſs at court, and fierce tempeſts at ſea,
So MATT may yet chance to be hang'd, or be drown'd.

VIII.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in ſea, fly in air,
To Fate we muſt yield, and the thing is the ſame,
And if paſſing thou giv'ſt him a ſmile, or a tear,
He cares not——yet pr'ythee be kind to his FAME.

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TO
My Lord HARLEY.

EXTEMPORE.

PEN, ink, and wax, and paper ſend,
To the kind WIFE, the lovely FRIEND;
Smiling bid Her freely write,
What her happy thoughts indite;
Of Virtue, Goodneſs, Peace, and Love,
Thoughts which ANGELS may approve.

M. P.

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A LETTER TO The Honourable LADY *Miſs* MARGARET-CAVENDISH-HOLLES-HARLEY.

MY noble, lovely, little PEGGY,
Let this, my FIRST-EPISTLE, beg ye,
At dawn of morn, and cloſe of even,
To lift your heart and hands to heaven:
In double beauty ſay your pray'r,
Our father firſt, then *notre pere*;

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And, deareſt CHILD, along the day,
In ev'ry thing you do and ſay,
Obey and pleaſe my LORD and LADY,
So GOD ſhall love, and ANGELS aid, Ye.

If to theſe PRECEPTS You attend,
No SECOND-LETTER need I ſend,
And ſo I reſt Your conſtant Friend,

M. P.

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ON

The XIth Day of *February*,

The Anniverſary BIRTH-DAY of The Right Honourable LADY

HENRIETTA-CAVENDISH-HOLLES-HARLEY, and her DAUGHTER, 1718-19.

By Mr HARLEY.

I.

I WHO on rude, unpoliſh'd reed,
Whilom untun'd an uncouth lay,
And ſtrove with weak, but zealous ſpeed,
To celebrate the ſacred day.

II.

Now more advent'rous grown preſume,
To quit the ſound of infant chimes,
And on a bold high-ſoaring plume,
Dare bring the gen'rous Dame my rhimes.

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III.

What tho' no double-feaſt requir'd,
I ſhould the hallow'd time rehearſe?
Yet oft' hath gratitude inſpir'd,
Where nature hath deny'd a verſe.

IV.

Yes—on the gentle Isis' banks,
When e'er I to the Muses came,
The wounded barks confeſt my thanks,
And ſhew my patroneſs's name.

V.

This ſpreading beach, Her lineage bears,
That, tells Her gen'rous virtuous breaſt,
This chearful oak inſcrib'd, declares
The day She made Her Harley bleſt.

Where'er

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VI.

Where'er I meet a ſofter bark,
My PEGGY I do ne'er neglect,
The tender plants proud of the mark,
Grow equal with my juſt reſpect.

VII.

But would the FATES propitious prove,
And once more hear our conſtant pray'r;
O could They add One pledge of love,
And crown all bleſſings with the Heir?

VIII.

Then I again would take the lyre,
And boldly ſtrike the ſpeaking ſtring,
I'd tune my numbers to the SIRE,
And HARLEY's ſelf ſhould hear ME ſing.

Or

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IX.

Or rather him, great bard, I'd raiſe
Poetic-Prince, hoary in fame,
He, PRIOR hight, to endleſs days,
He ſhould transfix the INFANT's name.

X.

He, he, ſhould tune the well-ſtrung lyre,
And honey from His lips diffuſe,
Another HENRY might inſpire,
Another EMMA be his Muſe.

XI.

He ſhould the BABE, the YOUTH, the MAN,
By juſt degrees form to a GOD,
And tell HIM——There the lov'd SIRE ran,
And there th' immortal GRANDSIRE trod.

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TRUTH AND FALSHOOD.

A TALE.

ONCE on a time, in ſun-ſhine weather,
FALSHOOD and TRUTH walk'd out together,
The neighb'ring woods and lawns to view,
As oppoſites will ſometimes do.

Thro'

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Thro' many a blooming mead They paſt,
And at a brook arriv'd at laſt.
The purling ſtream, the margin green,
With flowers bedeck'd, a vernal ſcene,
Invited each itin'rant maid
To reſt a while beneath the ſhade;
Under a ſpreading beach They ſat,
And paſs'd the time with female chat;
Whilſt each her character maintain'd;
ONE ſpoke her thoughts; the OTHER feign'd.

At length, quoth FALSHOOD, Siſter TRUTH,
For ſo She call'd Her from Her youth,
What if to ſhun yon ſult'ry beam,
We bathe in this delightful ſtream;
The bottom ſmooth, the water clear,
And there's no prying ſhepherd near? ——

With

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With all my heart, the NYMPH reply'd,
And threw Her ſnowy robes aſide,
Stript her ſelf naked to the ſkin,
And with a ſpring leapt headlong in.
FALSHOOD more leiſurely undreſt,
And laying by Her tawdry veſt,
Trick'd her ſelf out in TRUTH's array,
And croſs the meadows tript away.

From this curſt hour, the FRAUDFUL DAME,
Of ſacred TRUTH uſurps the name,
And with a vile, perfidious mind,
Roams far and near to cheat mankind;
Falſe ſighs ſuborns, and artful tears,
And ſtarts with vain, pretended fears;
In viſits, ſtill appears moſt wiſe,
And rolls at church Her ſaint-like-eyes.

Talks

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Talks very much, plays idle tricks,
While riſing-ſtock * Her conſcience pricks,
When being, poor thing, extremely gravell'd,
She ſecrets ope'd, and all unravell'd.
But on She will, and ſecrets tell
Of JOHN and JOAN, and NED and NELL,
Reviling ev'ry One She knows,
As fancy leads, beneath the roſe.
Her tongue ſo voluble and kind,
It always runs before Her mind;
As times do ſerve She ſlily pleads,
And copious tears ſtill ſhew Her needs,
With promiſes as thick as weeds. ——
Speaks *pro* and *con*, is wond'rous civil,
To-day a SAINT, to-morrow DEVIL.

Poor

* South-Sea.

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Poor TRUTH She ſtript, as has been ſaid,
And naked left the lovely MAID,
Who ſcorning from Her cauſe to wince,
Has gone ſtark-naked ever ſince;
And ever NAKED will appear,
Belov'd by ALL who TRUTH revere.

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NELLY'S Picture.

A

SONG.

I.

WHILST others proclaim
This Nymph, or that Swain,
Deareſt NELLY, the lovely, I'll ſing;
She ſhall grace ev'ry verſe,
I'll her Beauty rehearſe,
Which lovers can't think an ill thing.

Her

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II.

Her eyes ſhine as bright
As ſtars in the night,
Her complexion's divinely fair;
Her lips red as a cherry,
Wou'd a Hermit make merry,
And black as a coal is her hair.

III.

Her breath like a roſe,
It's ſweets does diſcloſe,
Whenever you ráviſh a kiſs;
Like iv'ry inchas'd,
Her teeth are well plac'd,
An exquiſite beauty ſhe is.

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IV.

Her plump breaſts are white,
Delighting the ſight,
There CUPID diſcovers her charms;
O! ſpare then the reſt,
And think of the beſt:
'Tis heaven to dye in her arms.

V.

She's blooming as May,
Briſk, lively, and gay,
The GRACES play all round about her;
She's prudent and witty,
Sings wond'rouſly pretty,
And there is no living without her,

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PROLOGUE

FOR

DELIA'S

PLAY.

LADIES, to You with pleaſure we ſubmit,
This early offspring of a VIRGIN-WIT.
From your good nature nought our AUTHRESS fears,
Sure you'll indulge, if not the MUSE, her YEARS,
Freely the praiſe ſhe may deſerve beſtow,
Pardon, not cenſure, what you can't allow;

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Smile on the work, be to her merits kind,
And to her faults, whate'er they are, be blind.

Let Critics follow RULES, ſhe boldly writes
What NATURE dictates, and what LOVE indites.
By no dull forms her QUEEN and LADIES move,
But court their HEROES, and agnize their love.
Poor MAID! ſhe'd have (what e'en no WIFE would crave)
A HUSBAND love his SPOUSE beyond the grave:
And from a ſecond-marriage to deter,
Shews you what horrid things STEPMOTHERS are.
Howe'er, to CONSTANCY the PRIZE ſhe gives,
And tho' the SISTER dies the BROTHER lives.
Bleſt with ſucceſs, at laſt, he mounts a throne,
Enjoys at once his MISTRESS and a CROWN.
Learn, LADIES, then from LINDARAXA's fate,
What great rewards on virtuous Lovers wait.

Learn

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Learn too, if Heav'n and Fate ſhould adverſe prove,
(For Fate and Heav'n don't always ſmile on love)
Learn with ZELINDA to be ſtill the ſame,
Nor quit your FIRST for any SECOND flame,
Whatever fate, or death, or life, be given,
Dare to be true, ſubmit the reſt to Heaven. *

* This PROLOGUE was for a TRAGEDY written by Mrs MANLEY, (Author of the ATALANTIS) when ſhe was but eighteen Years of Age, in which Mr BETTERTON and Mrs BARRY played the HERO and HEROINE.

Before this PLAY, intituled The ROYAL MISCHIEF, there is an excellent COPY of VERSES, to the AUTHOR, written by the Right Honourable JOHN, Marquis of NORMANBY, late Duke of BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, which, being omitted in his Lordſhip's Works, I ſhall here give the Reader, as a truly valuable Curioſity.

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TO DELIA ON HER PLAY.

WHAT! all Our Sex in one ſad hour undone?
Loſt are our Arts, our Learning, our Renown,
Since Nature's tide of wit came rolling down.
Keen were your eyes we knew, and ſure their darts,
Fire to our ſouls they ſend, and paſſion to our hearts!
Needleſs was an addition to ſuch arms,
When all mankind were vaſſals to your charms:
That hand but ſeen gives wonder and deſire,
Snow to the ſight, but with it's touches fire!

Who

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Who ſees thy YIELDING QUEEN and would not be,
On any terms, the bleſt, the happy HE?
Intranc'd we fancy all HIS extacy.

Quote OVID now no more ye am'rous ſwains,
DELIA than OVID has more moving ſtrains,
Nature in Her alone exceeds all Art,
And nature ſure does neareſt touch the heart.
O! might I call the bright DISCOV'RER mine,
The whole FAIR SEX unenvy'd I'd reſign:
Give all my happy hours to DELIA's charms,
SHE who by writing thus our wiſhes warms,
What worlds of love muſt circle in HER ARMS. *

* This PLAY is founded upon a Story in Sir JOHN CHARDIN's Travels into PERSIA, &c. but with this juſt Difference, that Poetical Juſtice attends the Criminals, whereas in the Hiſtory they eſcape unpuniſh'd. It is Dedicated to his Grace WILLIAM Duke of DEVONSHIRE. 4to. 1696.

Mrs MANLEY has likewiſe written A COMEDY, intituled, The LOST LOVER: Or, The JEALOUS HUSBAND. And, Another TRAGEDY, intituled, LUCIUS, the firſt Chriſtian King of BRITAIN. To which Mr PRIOR wrote the EPILOGUE.

Mrs MANLEY's PLAYS and NOVELS, with her LIFE, written by HER SELF, will in a ſhort Time be publiſhed in two Volumes.

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AMARYLLIS.

A

PASTORAL.

IT was the fate of an unhappy SWAIN
To love a NYMPH, the glory of the plain;
In vain he daily did his courtſhip move,
The NYMPH was haughty, and diſdain'd to love.
Each morn as ſoon as the SUN's golden ray
Diſpers'd the clouds, and chaced dark night away,
The ſad deſpairing Shepherd rear'd his head
From off his pillow, and forſook his bed.
Strait he ſearch'd out ſome melancholy ſhade,
Where he did blame the proud diſdainful MAID,
And thus with cruelty did her upbraid:

Ah!

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Ah! SHEPHERDESS will you then let me dye;
Will nothing thaw this frozen cruelty:
But you, leſt you ſhould pity, will not hear,
You will not to my ſuff'rings give ear;
But adder-like to liſten you refuſe
To words, the greateſt charm that man can uſe.
'Tis now noon-day, the Sun is mounted high,
Beneath refreſhing ſhades the beaſts do lie,
And ſeek out cooling rivers to aſſwage,
The Lion's ſultry heat, and Dog-Star's rage:
The Oxen now can't plow the fruitful ſoil,
The furious heat forbids the reaper's toil.
Both beaſt and men for work are now unfit,
The weary'd Hinds down to their dinner ſit;
Each creature now is with refreſhment bleſt,
And none but wretched I, debarr'd of reſt,
I wander up and down thro' deſart lands,
On ſun-burnt mountain-tops, and parched ſands.

And

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And as alone, reſtleſs I go along,
Nothing but eccho anſwers to my Song!
Had I not better undergo the ſcorn
Of JENNY? is it not more eaſy borne?
The cruelty of angry KATE? altho'
That She is black, and you as white as ſnow.
O! NYMPH don't, too much, to your beauty truſt,
The brighteſt ſteel is eaten up with ruſt:
The whiteſt bloſſoms fall, ſweet roſes fade,
And you, tho' handſom, yet may dye a maid.
With THEE I could admire a country life,
Free from diſturbance, city noiſe, or ſtrife:
Amongſt the ſhady groves and woods we'd walk,
Of nothing elſe but love's great charms we'd talk,
We would purſue, in ſeaſon, rural ſports,
And then let knaves and fools reſort to courts;
I could, beſides, ſome country-preſents find,
Could they perſuade you, but to be more kind:

But

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But ſince with ſcorn you do thoſe gifts deſpiſe,
Another SHEPHERDESS ſhall gain the prize.
O! AMARYLLIS, beauteous Maid, obſerve,
The NYMPHS themſelves are willing THEE to ſerve,
See where large baſkets full of flowers they bring,
The ſweet fair product of th' indulgent ſpring.
See there the Pink, and the Anemony,
The purple Violet, Roſe, and Jeſſamy.
See where they humbly lay their preſents down,
To make a chaplet thy dear head to crown.
See where the beaſts go trooping drove by drove,
See how they anſwer one another's love:
See where the Bull the Heifer does purſue,
See where the Mare the furious Horſe does woo:
Each Female to her Male is always kind,
And Women, only cruel Women blind,
Contradict that for which they were deſign'd.

So

So CORYDON loves an ungrateful Fair,
Who minds not oaths, nor cares for any prayer.
But ſee the SUN his race has almoſt run,
And the laborious Ox his work has done.
But I ſtill love without the thought of eaſe,
No cure was ever found for that diſeaſe,
But CORYDON, what frenzy does thee ceaſe.
Why doſt thou lie in this dejected way?
Why doeſt thou let thy Sheep and Oxen ſtray?
Thy tuneful Pipe, why doſt Thou throw away.
Had not you better diſpoſſeſs your mind
Of Her who is ſo cruel and unkind;
Forget Her guile, and calm thoſe raging cares,
Take heart again, and follow your affairs,
For what altho' this NYMPH does cruel prove,
You'll find a thouſand other Maids will love.

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UPON
PLAYING at OMBRE,
WITH
TWO LADIES.

I KNOW that FORTUNE long has wanted ſight,
And therefore pardon'd, when She did not right;
But yet till then it never did appear,
That as She wanted Eyes, She could not Hear.
I begg'd, that She would give me leave to loſe,
A thing She does not commonly refuſe:
Two Matadores are out againſt my game,
Yet ſtill I play, and ſtill my Luck's the ſame:
Unconquer'd in Three ſuits it does remain;
Whereas I only aſk in One to gain;
Yet She ſtill contradicting, Gifts imparts;
And gives ſucceſs in ev'ry ſuit——but HEARTS.

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ODE.

PROMESSE de L'AMOUR.

I.

HIER, L'AMOUR touché du Son
Que rendoit ma Lire qu'il aime,
Me promit pour une Chanſon,
Deux Baiſers de ſa Mere meſme.

II.

Non, luy dis-je, tu ſçais mes Vœux,
Tu connois quel penchant m'entraine,
Au lieu d'un j'en offre deux,
Pour un ſeul Baiſer de CLIMENE.

III.

Il me promit ce doux retour,
Ma Lire en eut plus de Tendreſſe;
Mais vous, CLIMENE, de l'Amour
Acquiterez-vous la Promeſſe?

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CUPID's Promiſe.

PARAPHRASED.

I.

SOFT CUPID, wanton, am'rous Boy,
The other day mov'd with my lyre,
In flatt'ring accents ſpoke his joy,
And utter'd thus his fond deſire.

II.

O! raiſe thy voice, One SONG I aſk,
Touch then th' harmonious ſtring,
To THYRSIS eaſy is the taſk,
Who can ſo ſweetly play and ſing.

III.

Two kiſſes from my mother dear,
THYRSIS thy due reward ſhall be,
None, none, like Beauty's Queen is fair,
PARIS has vouch'd this Truth for me.

I ſtrait

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IV.

I ſtrait reply'd, Thou know'ſt alone
That brighteſt CLOE rules my breaſt,
I'll ſing thee Two inſtead of ONE,
If Thou'lt be kind, and make me bleſt.

V.

One Kiſs from CLOE's lips, no more
I crave, He promiſs'd me ſucceſs,
I play'd with all my ſkill and power,
My glowing paſſion to expreſs.

VI.

But O! my CLOE, beauteous Maid,
Wilt thou the wiſht reward beſtow?
Wilt Thou make good what LOVE has ſaid,
And by Thy grant, His power ſhow?

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WRITTEN AT

EASTHAMSTEAD,

TO

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL'S

THREE NIECES.

I.

THREE NYMPHS glad DAMON'S heart divide,
Or are they GRACES THREE?
Where Beauty, Wit, and Truth abide,
From Female Arts, insulting Pride,
And Affectation free.

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II.

No jealous Fears their Minds poſſeſs,
He wears an eaſy chain;
No chance can make His tranſports leſs,
Each is a gentle Shepherdeſs,
And He a happy Swain.

III.

Let guilty Fools their triumphs ſing,
O'er injur'd Maids undone,
Forget the Joy, endure the Sting,
While endleſs Peace and Pleaſures ſpring,
From DAMON's Love alone.

H. SHEERS *.

* Sir HENRY SHEERS, Bart.

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LOVING ONE I NEVER SAW.

THOU Tyrant, God of Love, give o'er,
And perſecute this Breaſt no more:
Ah! tell me why, muſt ev'ry dart
Be aim'd at my unhappy heart?
I never murmur'd, or repin'd,
But patiently my ſelf reſign'd;
So all the torments, which thro' Thee
Have fell, alas! on wretched me:
But O! I can no more ſuſtain
This long continu'd ſtate of pain;
Tho' 'tis but fruitleſs to complain.

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My heart, firſt ſoften'd by thy pow'r,
Ne'er kept it's liberty an hour.
So fond and eaſy was it grown,
Each Nymph might call the fool her own:
So much to it's own intereſt blind,
So ſtrangely charm'd to womankind,
That it no more belong'd to Me,
Than Veſtal-Virgins hearts to Thee.
I often courted it to ſtay,
But deaf to all 'twould fly away.
In vain to ſtop it I eſſay'd,
Tho' often, often, I diſplay'd,
The turns, and doubles women made.
Nay more, when it has home return'd,
By ſome proud maid ill us'd and ſcorn'd;
I ſtill the renegade careſt,
And gave it harbour in my breaſt.

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O! then with indignation fir'd
At what before it ſo admir'd;
With ſhame and ſorrow overcaſt,
And ſad repentance for the paſt;
A thouſand ſacred oaths it ſwore,
Never to wander from me more.
After chimæras ne'er to rove,
Or run the wild-gooſe-chace of love.
Thus it Reſolv'd———
'Till ſome new face again betray'd
The reſolutions it had made.
Then how 'twould flutter up and down,
Eager, impatient, to be gone:
And tho' ſo often it had fail'd,
Tho' vainleſs ev'ry heart aſſail'd,
Yet lure'd by hope of new delight,
It took again it's fatal flight.

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'Tis thus, malicious Deity,
That thou haſt banter'd wretched me,
Thus made me vainly loſe my time,
Thus fool away my youthful prime.
And yet for all the hours I've loſt,
And ſighs, and tears, thy bondage coſt,
Ne'er did thy ſlave thy favours bleſs,
Or crown his paſſion with ſucceſs.
Well—ſince 'tis doom'd, that I muſt find
No love for love from womankind;
Since I no pleaſure muſt obtain,
Let me at leaſt avoid the pain.
So weary of the chace I'm grown,
That with content I'd ſit me down,
Enjoy my book, my friend, my cell,
And bid all womankind farewel.
Nay, aſk for all I felt before,
Only to be diſturb'd no more.

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Yet thou (to my complainings deaf)
Will give my torments no relief;
But now, ev'n now, thou mak'ſt me die,
And love I know not whom, nor why.
In ev'ry part I feel the fire,
And burn with fanciful deſire:
From whence can Love it's magic draw?
I doat on her, I NEVER SAW:
And who, but Lovers, can expreſs
This ſtrange, myſterious tenderneſs.
And yet methinks 'tis happier ſo,
Than, whom it is I love, to know:
Now my unbounded notions rove,
And frame ideas to my love.
I fancy I ſhould ſomething find
Diviner both in face and mind,
Than ever nature did beſtow
On any creature here below.

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I fancy, thus CORINNA walks,
That thus ſhe ſings, ſhe looks, ſhe talks.
Sometimes I ſigh, and fancy then,
That did CORINNA know my pain,
Could ſhe my trickling tears but ſee,
She would be kind and pity me.
Thus thinking I've no cauſe to grieve,
I pleaſingly my ſelf deceive;
And ſure am happier far than he,
Who knows the very truth, can be.
Then, gentle CUPID, let me ne'er
SEE my imaginary FAIR:
Leſt ſhe ſhould be more heav'nly bright
Than can be reach'd by fancy's height:
Leſt (when I on her Beauty gaze,
Confounded, loſt in an amaze,
My trembling lips, and eyes ſhould tell,
'Tis her I dare to love ſo well.)

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She with an angry, ſcornful eye,
Or ſome unkind, ſevere reply,
My hopes of bliſs ſhould overcaſt,
And my preſuming paſſion blaſt.
If but in this Thou kind wilt prove,
And let me not ſee her I love,
Thy altars proſtrate I'll adore,
And call thee Tyrant-God no more.

W. WALSH.

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THE Antiquated COQUET.

PHYLLIS, if you will not agree
To give me back my liberty,
In ſpite of you I muſt regain
My loſs of time, and break your chain.
You were miſtaken, if you thought
I was ſo groſsly to be caught;
Or that I was ſo blindly bred,
As not to be in woman read.
Perhaps you took me for a fool,
Deſign'd alone your ſex's tool;
Nay, you might think ſo made a thing,
That with a little faſhioning,

I might

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I might in time for your dear ſake,
That monſter call'd A Huſband make:
Perhaps I might, had I not found
One darling vice in you abound;
A vice to me, which e'er will prove
An antidote to baniſh love.
O! I could better bear an old,
Ugly, diſeas'd, miſhapen ſcold,
Or one who games, or will be drunk,
A fool, a ſpendthrift, bawd, or punk,
Than one at All who wildly flies,
And with ſoft aſking, giving eyes;
And thouſand other wanton arts,
So meanly trades in begging hearts.
How might ſuch wond'rous charms perplex,
Give chains, or death, to all Our Sex,
Did ſhe not ſo unwiſely ſet,
For ev'ry flutt'ring fool, her net.

So

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So poorly proud of vulgar praiſe,
Her very look her thoughts betrays:
She never ſtays till we begin,
But beckons us her ſelf, to ſin.
Ere we can aſk, ſhe cries conſent,
So quick her yielding looks are ſent,
They hope foreſtal, and ev'n deſire prevent.
But Nature's turn'd when women woo,
We hate in them what we ſhould do;
Deſire's aſleep, and cannot wake,
When women ſuch advances make:
Both time and charms thus PHYLLIS waſtes,
Since each muſt ſurfeit ere he taſtes.
Nothing eſcapes her wand'ring eyes,
No one ſhe thinks too mean a prize;
E'en LYNCH * the lag of human kind,
Neareſt to brutes by God deſign'd,

May

* A notorious Debauchee.

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May boaſt the ſmiles of this COQUET,
As much as any man of wit.
The ſigns hang thinner in the Strand,
The Dutch ſcarce more infeſt the land,
Tho' Egypt's locuſts they outvie,
In number and voracity.
Whores are not half ſo plenty found,
In Playhouſe, or that hallow'd ground
Of Temple-Walks, or WHETSTONE's Park,
Careſſes leſs abound in SPARK *.
Then with kind looks for all who come,
At Bawdy-houſe, the Drawing-room:
But all in vain ſhe throws her darts,
They hit, but cannot hurt our hearts.
Age has enerv'd her charms ſo much,
That fearleſs All her eyes approach,

Each

* ELIZABETH SPARK, a noted Courtezan.

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Each her autumnal face degrades,
With, Rev'rend Mother of the Maids.
But 'tis ill-natur'd to run on,
Forgetting what her charms have done;
To Teagueland we this beauty owe,
Teagueland her earlieſt charms did know:
There firſt her tyrant-beauties reign'd,
Where'er ſhe look'd ſhe conqueſt gain'd.
No heart the glances could repel,
The Teagues by ſhoals before her fell;
And trotting bogs was all the art
The ſound had left to ſave his heart.
She kill'd ſo faſt, by my ſalvation,
She ne'er diſpeopl'd had the nation,
Tho' ye, good ſoul, to ſave took care,
All, all ſhe could, from ſad deſpair.
From thence ſhe hither came to prove
If yet her charms could kindle love.

But

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But ah! it was too late to try,
For ſpring was gone, and winter nigh:
Yet tho' her eyes ſuch conqueſts made,
That they were ſhunn'd, or elſe obey'd,
Yet now her charms are ſo decay'd,
She thanks each coxcomb that will daign
To praiſe her face, and wear her chain.

So ſome old ſoldier who had done
Wonders in youth, and battles won,
When feeble years his ſtrength depoſe,
That he too weak to vanquiſh grows,
With mangled face, and wooden leg,
Reduc'd about for alms to beg,
O'erjoy'd, a thouſand thanks beſtows
On him, who but a Farthing throws *.

* This excellent SATIRE is ſuppoſed to have been written by the Earl of DORSET, on an Iriſh Lady named CLANBRAZIL, in the Reign of King CHARLES II. The MS is ſigned B. *i. e.* we preſume BUCKHURST.

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DORINDA.

FAREWEL ye ſhady walks, and fountains,
Sinking vallies, riſing mountains:
Farewel ye cryſtal ſtreams, that paſs
Thro' fragrant meads of verdant graſs:
Farewel ye flowers, ſweet and fair,
That us'd to grace DORINDA's hair:
Farewel ye woods, who us'd to ſhade
The preſſing youth, and yielding maid:
Farewel ye birds, whoſe morning ſong
Oft made us know we ſlept too long:
Farewel dear bed, ſo often preſt,
So often above others bleſt,

With

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With the kind weight of all her charms,
When panting, dying, in my arms.
DORINDA's gone, gone far away,
She's gone, and STREPHON cannot ſtay:
By ſympathetic ties I find
That to Her ſphere I am confin'd;
My motions ſtill on Her muſt wait,
And what She wills to me is fate.

She's gone, O! hear it all ye bowers,
Ye walks, ye fountains, trees, and flowers,
For whom you made your earlieſt ſhow,
For whom you took a pride to grow.
She's gone, O! hear ye nightingales,
Ye mountains ring it to the vales,
And eccho to the country round,
The mournful, diſmal, killing ſound:

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DORINDA's gone, and STREPHON goes,
To find with Her his loſt repoſe.

But ere I go, O! let me ſee,
That all things mourn Her loſs like me:
Play, play, no more ye ſpouting fountains,
Riſe ye vallies, ſink ye mountains;
Ye walks, in moſs, neglected lie,
Ye birds, be mute; ye ſtreams, be dry.
Fade, fade, ye flowers, and let the roſe
No more it's bluſhing buds diſcloſe:
Ye ſpreading beach, and taper fir,
Languiſh away in mourning Her;
And never let your friendly ſhade,
The ſtealth of other Lovers aid.
And thou, O! dear, delightful bed,
The altar where Her maidenhead,

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With burning cheeks, and down cast eyes,
With panting breasts, and kind replies,
And other due solemnity,
Was offer'd up to love and me.
Hereafter suffer no abuse,
Since consecrated to our use,
As thou art sacred, don't profane
Thy self with any vulgar stain,
But to thy pride be still display'd,
The print her lovely limbs have made:
See, in a moment, all is chang'd,
The flowers shrunk up, the trees disrang'd,
And that which wore so sweet a face,
Become a horrid, desart place.
Nature Her influence withdraws,
Th' effect must follow still the cause,
And where DORINDA will reside,
Nature must there all gay provide.

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Decking that happy, ſpot of earth,
Like Eden's-Garden at it's birth,
To pleaſe Her matchleſs, darling Maid,
The wonder of her Forming-Trade;
Excelling All who e'er Excell'd,
And as we ne'er the like beheld,
So neither is, nor e'er can be,
Her Parallel, or Second SHE.

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TO

LEONORA.

IF abſence ſo much racks my Charmer's heart;
Believe that STREPHON's bears a double ſmart,
So well he loves, and knows thy love ſo fine,
That in his Own diſtreſs he ſuffers Thine:
Yet, O forgive him, if his thoughts diſpleaſe,
He would not, cannot wiſh Thee more at eaſe.

What need you bid me think of pleaſures paſt?
Was there one joy, whoſe image does not laſt?
But that One; moſt extatic, moſt refin'd,
Reigns freſh, and will for ever in my mind,

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With ſuch a power of charms it ſtorm'd my ſoul,
That nothing ever can it's ſtrength controul.
Not ſleep, not age, not abſence can avail,
Reflection, ever young, muſt ſtill prevail.
What influence-divine did guide that hour,
Which gave to minutes the Almighty Power,
To fix (whilſt other joys are not a ſpan)
A pleaſure laſting as the life of man.

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TO LEONORA.

ENCORE.

I.

CEASE, LEONORA, ceaſe to mourn,
Thy faithful STREPHON will return.
Fate at thy ſighs will ne'er relent,
Then grieve not, what we can't prevent;
Nor let predeſtinating tears,
Increaſe my pains, or raiſe thy fears.

II.

'Tis but the laſt long winter night,
Our Sun will riſe to morrow bright,
And to our ſuff'ring paſſion bring
The promiſe of eternal Spring,
Which thy kind eyes ſhall ever cheer,
And make that Seaſon all our Year,

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ON

A PRETTY MADWOMAN.

I.

WHILE mad OPHELIA we lament,
And Her distraction mourn,
Our grief's misplac'd, Our tears mispent,
Since what for Her condition's meant
More justly fits Our Own.

II.

For if 'tis happiness to be,
From all the turns of Fate,
From dubious joy, and sorrow free;
OPHELIA then is blest, and we
Misunderstand Her state.

The

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III.

The Fates may do whate'er they will,
They can't diſturb her mind,
Inſenſible of good, or ill,
OPHELIA is OPHELIA ſtill,
Be Fortune croſs or kind.

IV.

Then make with reaſon no more noiſe,
Since what ſhould give relief,
The quiet of Our mind deſtroys,
Or with a full ſpring-tide of joys,
Or a dead-ebb of grief.

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ABSENCE.

I.

WHAT a tedious day is paſt!
Loving, thinking, wiſhing, weeping:
Gods! if this be not the laſt,
Take a life not worth my keeping.

II.

Love, ye Gods, is Life alone!
In the length is little pleaſure:
Be but ev'ry day Our-Own,
We ſhall ne'er complain of meaſure.

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THE NEW-YEAR'S GIFT TO PHYLLIS.

I.

THE circling months begin this day,
To run their yearly ring,
And long-breath'd time which ne'er will stay,
Refits his wings, and shoots away,
It round again to bring.

II.

Who feels the force of female eyes,
And thinks some Nymph divine,
Now brings his annual sacrifice,
Some pretty boy, or neat device,
To offer at Her shrine.

But

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III.

But I can pay no offering,
To ſhow how I adore,
Since I had but a heart to bring
A downright fooliſh, faithful thing,
And that you had before.

IV.

Yet we may give, for cuſtom ſake,
What will to both be New,
My Conſtancy a Gift I'll make,
And in return of it will take
Some Levity from You.

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A

SONG.

I.

FOR God's-sake—nay, dear Sir,
Lord, what do You mean?
I protest, and I vow Sir,
Your ways are obscene.

II.

Pray give over, O! fie,
Pish, leave of your fooling,
Forbear, or I'll cry,—
I hate this rude doing.

III.

Let me die if I stay,
Does the DEVIL possess You;
Your hand take away,
Then perhaps I may bless You.

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SNUFF.

AN

EPIGRAM.

JOVE once resolv'd (the Females to degrade)
To propagate their Sex without their aid,
His brain conceiv'd, and soon the pangs, and throws
He felt, nor could th' unnatural birth disclose:
At last when try'd, no remedy would do,
The God took SNUFF, and out the Goddess flew.

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TO CELIA.

AN EPIGRAM.

YOU need not thus ſo often pray,
Or in devotion ſpend the day,
Since without half ſuch toil and pain,
You ſurely Paradiſe will gain.
Your HUSBAND's impotent and jealous,
And CELIA that's enough to tell us
You muſt inhabit Heaven herea'ter,
Becauſe you are a VIRGIN-MARTYR.

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Upon a FRIEND,

WHO HAD

A PAIN in his Left-Side.

I.

LAY not the Pain, ſo near your heart,
On chance, or on diſeaſe,
So ſenſible, ſo nice a ſmart,
Is from no cauſe like theſe.

II.

Your Friends, at laſt, the truth have found,
Howe'er you tell your ſtory,
'Twas CELIA's eyes that gave the Wound,
And they ſhall have the Glory.

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MISCELLANEA.

N

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AD COMITEM

DORCESTRIÆ

in Annum ineuntem 1684.

Ad JANUM.

SIC tua perpetuis fument altaria donis,
Plurima ſic flammæ pabula mittat Arabs;
Sic dum ſacra novis redimuntur tempora ſertis,
Neſtoreos poſcant fœmina virque dies;
Caſſide depoſitâ placidè ſic nuncia pacis
Janua ſopito cardine limen amet:
Candida procedant feſtivo tempora motu,
Et faveat Domino quælibet hora meo;

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Publica conciliis gravibus ſeu commoda tractet,
Seu vacuum pectus mollior urat Amor;
Seu pia mordaci meditetur Vulnera chartâ,
Vulnera quæ tali ſola levantur ope;
Seu legat oblito facilis mea Carmina faſtu,
O! bene carminibus conſule, Dive, meis.
Jane fave, Domini veniet natalis ad aras;
O! ſuperis ipſis ſacra ſit illa dies:
Sacra ſit illa dies, niveoque notata lapillo,
Quâ tulit illuſtris nobile Mater onus,
Quâ mihi, Patronum geſtit, gentique Quiritem,
Artificique Deo pæne dediſſe parem.

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----- Dum bibimus -----
Obrepit non intellecta Senectus.

I.

SISTE mero bibulas effuso Temporis alas,
Heſternumve minax coge redire Diem;
Nil facis; uſque volabit inexorabilis ætas,
Canitiemque caput ſentiet atque rugas.

II.

I brevis, & properans in Funus necte corollas,
Mox conflagrando conde Falerna rogo.
Clepſydra Saturni tua nec cryſtallina diſtant,
Dum motu parili vinum & arena fluunt.

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III.

Dum loquor Ecce! perit redimitæ gloria frontis,
Dat roſa de ſertis lapſa, Memento Mori.
Sed tibi, dum nôras nimis properare Puellas,
Ut citiùs rumpat ſtamina, Bacchus adeſt.
Deſtituit cæcum ſubito Sol ebrius orbem,
Occaſum tremulo narrat adeſſe Rubor.

M. P.

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AD DOM.

GOWER,

COLL. MAGISTRUM,

EPISTOLA

DEPRECATORIA.

NISI tuam jampridem benevolentiam & laudatam ab expertis audiviſſem, & expertus ipſe ſæpiſſimè laudaſſem, & pudor & triſtitia conſcio mihi ſilentium indixiſſent: at enim *V. R.* dum coram Patrono, Amico, Patre provolvor, te non dubitat impetrare audax dolor per accepta olim beneficia, per effluentes lacrymas (& hæ mentiri neſciunt) perque tuum iſthunc celeberrimum candorem, quem imprudens læſi, ſolicitus repeto ut peccanti ignoſcas, & obliteres crimen, ut non ſolùm ad condiſcipulorum menſam ſed ad Magiſtri gratiam reſtituatur

Favoris tui Studioſiſſimus

M. P.

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CARMEN

DEPRECATORIUM

AD

EUNDEM.

IRATAS acuit dum læſus Apollo ſagittas,
Neglectas renovat mœſta Thalia preces;
Qualeſcunque poteſt jejuno promere cantu;
Heu mihi non eſt res ingenioſa Fames!
Grana neges alacri languet vis ignea Gallo,
Deme laboranti pabula languet equus.
Latrantis Stomachi ſterilis nec paſcis hiatum
Daphni, nec arentem Caſtalis unda ſitim.

Tum

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Tum bene laſſatur Flaccus cum dixerit O! he,
Pieriaſque merum nobilitavit aquas.
Jejuni depreſſa jacet vel Muſa Maronis,
Flet Culicem eſuriens qui ſatur arma canit.
O ſi! Mecænas major mihi riſerit, O ſi
Fulgenti ſolitum regnet in ore jubar,
Crimine purgato pie poſt jejunia, Muſa
Inciperet Præſul grandia, Teque loqui.

M. P.

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Reverendo in Christo Patri

THOMÆ SPRAT

EPISCOPO

ROFFENSI, &c.

Εὐδαιμονεῖν.

VICIMUS, exultans fausto crepat omine Daphnis,
Testaturque bonos nuncia fibra Deos;
Grandius eloquium meditare Thalia, Patronum
Quem modò laudâsti nunc venerare Patrem.
Quis putet incertis volvi subtegmina Parcis?
Quis meritos æquum destituisse Jovem?

Cum

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Cum virtute tuum creſcit decus, Aucte ſacerdos,
Impatienſque breves ſpernit utrumque modos.
Qualiter Elæo fœlix in pulvere Victor,
Cui ſemel ornatas lambit Oliva comas,
Suſpirans partas queritur marceſcere frondes,
Et parat elapſas ad nova bella rotas:
Sic tibi major honos veteres protudit honores,
Metaque præteritæ laudis origo novæ eſt:
Phœbææ Juvenile caput cinxere corollæ,
Palma viri decuit tempora, Mitra Senis.

M. P.

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EPISTOLA

eodem tempore missa.

CUM voluntas regia, Optimatum consensus, bonorumque omnium studia insulam merenti concesserint, ignoscas, Pater Reverende, quod inter communem populi plausum Cliens eò minus ad enarrandum sufficiens quò beneficiis plus fuerim devinctus, & tuos in Ecclesiâ honores & Ecclesiæ à tuis honoribus fœlicitatem festinet gratulari,

Favoris tui Studiosissimus

M. P.

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AD

FRANC.

Epiſc. ELIENSEM.

EXORATA boni tribuerunt munera Divi,
Patronique novus tempora cingit honos.
Concedas hilaris repetitum Muſa laborem,
Et notum celebres, & mihi dulce decus.
O ſi te canerem Præſul venerabilis, O ſi
Fiſtula cum titulis creſceret aucta tuis,
Æque turba tibi non cederet ima Clientum,
Cederet ac numeris optima Muſa Meis.

Hoc

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Hoc tamen ut meditor mihi quid niſi vota ſuper-
ſunt?
Imbelles humeros nobile laſſat onus.
Ergo minor Virtus celebretur, dum tibi Præſul
Quod laudem ſuperes gloria major erit.

CUM virtutes tuas unuſquiſque collaudet & honores gratuletur, noſtræ V.R. audaciæ ignoſcat tua benignitas ſi minimâ pollens eloquentiâ, ardentiſſimo tamen ſtudio accenſus, ad communem Populi chorum adjungens vocem, cum Virum optimum tum benigniſſimum celebret Patronum, qui tuis maximè devinctus beneficiis ſummoperè conatur meritò vocari

Favoris tui Studioſiſſimus

M. P.

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IN

COMITIS EXONIENSIS

CRISTAM,

TRITICI FASCEM

LEONIBUS

SUSTENTATUM.

LEMMA.

SUSTENTARE ET DEBELLARE.

DUM Tibi dat fortes Cybele veneranda Leones,
Flavaque collectas addit Eleusis opes:
Invidiâ major, victoque potentior ævo,
I decus, I nostra, Ceciliana domus.
Sparge Inopi fruges & pelle Leonibus Hostem;
Copia quid valet hinc, quid Timor inde, refer.
Pollens Muneribus belli vel pacis, habes, quo
Atque homines superes, atque imitêre Deos.

Scripsit
Aug. 1. 1689.

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Quicquid VULT, *valdè* VULT.

DUM Tingit Siculus Solis Cœlique meatus,
Aſtra poloſque tuos quos ſibi condit habet.
Nil facit inſtantis mortis bellique tumultus;
Uſque ſed egregium ſedulus urget opus.
Non vacat exiguæ curas impendere vitæ;
Sat ſibi curarum conditor orbis habet.

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INSCRIPTIONES, &c.

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INSCRIPTIO, &c.

MISSA

CONSTANTINOPOLIN,

1689.

ROBERTO GROVE Anglo,

Ex Agro Wiltonienſi oriundo,

Amicus ſummus & popularis Radulphus Lane

Sepulchrale ſaxum poſuit.

Lugubre Marmor,

Inſcripto dicas Vulnere,

In Morbi violentiam juventutis Robur,

In Mortis invidiam Fiducia humana,

In Fati decretum Morum Sanctitas,

Quantillum prodeſt!

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Nam ille, quem cuſtodis, fuit,
(O Vox lugenda, fuit!)
Inter juvenes flos & Decus,
Inter ſenes Spes & Deſiderium,
Ad omnes ubicunque Exemplar.
Animi Magnitudine Viros ſuperans,
Corporis Venuſtate Fœminas,
Sexum Virtutibus utrumque.
In Negotiis ſummâ cum Juſtitiâ providus,
Pari cum Modeſtiâ hilaris in Otio;
Ad Peregrinos humanus, facilis ad ſuos,
Ad Amicos ſine promiſſis firmus,
Ad omnes ſine diſſimulatione benevolus;
Ad Deum ſine Superſtitione religioſus.
Ingenio florens, propoſito ſanctus, vitâ
Innocens, beatus Morte.
At Tu, fidele Saxum,
Defuncto quod Amico dedit

Amicus

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Amicus vix ſuperſtes,

Æterno ſis Interpreti

Quod Virum meliorem

Anglia nec genitum, nec Thracia deficientem,

Aut vidit unquam aut videbit:

Charas corporis reliquias per longa

Tuêre ſæcula,

Divinas Animi virtutes ſeris Nepotibus

Commenda.

Anglia cui cunas dederit, dat Funera Thrace;

Tam longum Virtus impigra tendit iter.

Quid fletis Gentes? hinc gaudeat utraque tellus,

Quod dedit una Viris Munus, & una Deo.

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EPITAPHIUM JOANNIS Comitis EXONIÆ.

H. S. E.

JOHANNES CECIL, Baro de Burleigh,
Exoniæ Comes,
Magni Burleii Abnepos haudquaquam degener:
Egregiam enim Indolem
Optimis Moribus optimis Artibus excoluit.
Humanioribus literis bene inſtructus,
Peregre plus vice ſimplici profectus eſt;
Et ab excultis
Europæ regionibus multam
Antiquitatum Linguarum nec non

Et

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Et rerum Civilium ſcientiam reportavit.

Cum nemo forte melius vel Aulam ornare,

Vel Res publicas poſſet,

Maluit tamen otium & Seceſſum.

Itaque Ruri ſuo vixit,

Eleganter, ſumptuosè, ſplendide;

Liberalibus Studiiſque oblectatus,

Amicis comis & jucundus,

Egenis largus;

Legum & Eccleſiæ Anglicanæ

Fortis ſemper Propugnator.

Suarum Virtutum, & Peregrinationum,

Imo ferè & ſcientiarum ſociam habuit Uxorem

Annam, ex prænobili domo de Cavendiſh,

Gulielmi Comitis Devoniæ Filiam;

Corporis Formâ, & Animi Ingenio,

Et omnibus, quæ Fœminam decere poſſent,

Dotibus inſignem: E quâ Octo Liberos ſuſcepit:

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Fœlix Conjuge, Fœlix & prole:
Sed inter omnia, vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem,
Mortalitatis haud immemor.
Dum apud Italos præcipuæ Artis Opera curiosus
luſtrabat,
Hoc Monumentum illic,
Ubi exquiſitiſſimè fieri potuit, ſibi
Et Chariſſimæ Lecti ſui & Itinerum
Et Curarum omnium Conſorti

F. F.

Obiit illa Aug. 29. 1700.

Obiit ille. Jun. 18. 1703.

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EPITAPHIUM

CAROLI

Comitis HALIFAXIÆ.

M. S.

CAROLI MONTAGUE,

Honorabilis Georgii de Horton in agro

Northantonienſi

Filius natu ſextus,

Henrici Comitis de Mancheſter

Nepos,

Scholæ Regiæ Weſtmonaſterienſis Alumnus,

Collegii S. S. Trinitatis Cantabrigienſis Socius,

Literas

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Literas humaniores feliciter excoluit,
Et in dispari laudis genere clarus,
Inter Poëtas pariter ac Oratores Anglos
Excelluit:
Magna ingenii indole;
Bonarumque Artium disciplinis instructus,
Ex Academiæ Umbraculis
In conspectum Hominum
Prodiit,
Literatorum decus & præsidium.
Omni dehinc cogitatione
Communi bono promovendo
Incubuit:
Brevique
Hunc virum,
Sua in senatu Solertia,
In concilio providentia,
In utroque Justitia, Fides, Auctoritas,

Ad

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Ad gerendam Ærarii curam
Evexit:
Ubi laborantibus Fisci rebus
Opportunè subveniens,
Simul monetam Argenteam
Magno Reipublicæ detrimento imminutam
De novo cudi fecit;
Et inter absolvendum tantæ molis opus,
Flagrante etiam bello,
Impressis Chartulis
Pecuniarum rationem pretiumque
Impertiit.
His meritis
Et Patriæ & Principis gratiam consecutus,
Familiam suam diu illustrem
Illustriorem reddidit;
Baro scilicet, deinde Comes de Halifax
Creatus,

Ad

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Ad tres Montacutani nominis Proceres
Quartus acceſſit.
Summo denique Periſcelidis honore
Ornatus,
Publici commodi indefeſſus adhuc conſultor,
Media inter conamina,
Otium cum dignitate,
Quod deſideravit, & meruit,
Vix tandem aſſecutus;
(Proh! brevem humanarum rerum fiduciam)
Omnibus bonis
Flebilis occidit,
XIX die Maii, Anno Salutis MDCCXV.
Ætatis ſuæ LIV.
Patruo de ſe optimè merenti,
Et bonorum & honorum hæres,
Georgius Comes de Halifax

P.

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PROOEM. LITT. PATENT.

LIONELLI

Ducis DORSETTIÆ, 1720.

CUM Sackvillorum Gentem recolimus, qui Gulielmum Conqueſtorem in Angliam comitati, magnam etiam eo tempore inter Normannos ſuos a generis antiquitate, majorem verò a virtutibus vendicaverant Gloriam; cumque Horum poſteri, ſerie perpetuâ egregia Majorum facta ſuis illuſtraverint, & Regiis noſtris Anteceſſoribus merito & apprimè chari, ſummâ cum laude, ſumma regni munera expleverint, ideoque ex hoc ſanguine oriundus, Unus à Richardo primo Baronis titulum accepit, poſtea vero Alter longo annorum intervallo à Reginâ Elizabethâ, cui erat etiam conſanguineus, Baro de Buckhurſt creatus eſt, vel potius in priſtinum honorem revocatus, idemque poſt paulo Dorſettiæ Comes factus eſt; Huic etiam Familiæ, ſatis Jam ſuo ſplendore illuſtri, novi ex matrimonio tituli, Baro ſcilicet

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ſcilicet de Cranfield & Comes Middleſexiæ, acceſſerunt; Hi omnes tot tantique tituli in Carolo nupero Dorſettiæ comite collecti ſulſerunt; & cum hi omnes jam ad illum Virum à Patre derivati fuerint, qui eos non modò dignè ſuſtinuit, ſed ſuis etiam Virtutibus ampliavit, ipſum ob multa in nos præſtita Officia, Periſcelidis honore dudum ornavimus; eundemque quem inter Comites penè primum invenimus ad ſuperiorem Nobilitatis gradum hodiè evehimus, ne alius olim ad ſummum hunc Ordinem promovendo illius & locum & meritum obliviſci videamur, & illam dignitatem quam ſuo quaſi jure petere potuerit, etiam non petenti ultro concedimus. Sciatis, &c.

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ENGRAVEN

On THREE Sides of

An Antique-LAMP,

GIVEN BY ME

To the Right Honourable

THE

Lord HARLEY.

M. P.

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ANTIQUAM hanc Lampadem
è Muſeo COBBERTINO allatam,
Domino HARLEO inter Κειμήλια ſua
Reponendam D. D. MATTHÆUS PRIOR.

This Lamp which PRIOR to his HARLEY gave,
Brought from the altar of the CYPRIAN-Dame,
Indulgent time, thro' future ages ſave,
Before the Muſe to burn with purer flame.

Sperne dilectum Veneris ſacellum,
Sanctius, Lampas, tibi munus orno;
I fove Caſto Vigil HARLEANAS
Igne Camœnas.

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SOLOMON,

DE

MUNDI VANITATE.

POEMA

MATTHÆI PRIOR, Arm.

LATINE REDDITUM,

Per GUIL. DOBSON, Nov. Coll. Oxon. Soc.

P

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SCIENTIA:

LIBER PRIMUS.

AUdite, O Gentes; Linguis Animiſq; favete;
Suadet Amor, veraxq; jubet Sapientia fari,
Quæ mihi ſollicito verſat ſub Pectore Muſa,
Vana docens quæcunq; agimus, quæcunq; putamus.
Quòd ſeptem denos peregrinis callibus Annos,
Per Rupeſque Periclorum, Lacrymiſque fluentes
Valliculas acti, perplexo Errore vagamur,
Laſſatique Viæ, timidique accedere Metam.
Quódque pari à Cunis ſortimur Lege Tumultus
Affectuſque leves, Curaſque & Inania Rerum;
Jamq; aderit cum ſumma Dies, Hoc ſcire erit unum,
Nos omnes (triſti meditor quod dicere Verſu)
Gaudia ficta ſequi, veriſque Doloribus angi.

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Pax Animi, uſq; adeo vigilantibus obvia Somnis
Vitæ, ſic falsò dictæ; Verſumque ſequacem
Ludere mobiliter laſciva, Volatilis Umbra,
Tenuis Imago Boni, vanus quam parturit Error,
Credulitaſque fovet; mendaci Luce coruſcans
Ducis, & incertos præfers palantibus Ignes.
O Fons Curarum, captæque Inſania Mentis!
Quòd ſi forte Deus Te deſignaſſet ADAMO,
Aut unquam Munus tantum indulſiſſet habendum
Humano Generi, SOLOMONIS tota fuiſſes:
In noſtros flueret Sors aurea, largior æquo,
Toto Fonte ſinus, plenamque inveteret Urnam.
At Dolor! ante Hominem quam Dextra ſuprema creaſſet,
Cum nondum ſteterat jacto fundamine Terra,
Decretum eſt, vanos tentante Cupidine Niſus,
Ut ſine fine petita recederet uſque Voluptas.
Hoc lugubre loquor, Vita ſuadente Magiſtra;

Flebile

Flebile Lingua refert, Animus quod flebile ſentit.

DAVIDE natus Ego, Patri cariſſima Proles,
Deliciæ Populi, Solio ſublimis *Ebræo*;
Auguſtas Ædes tota cum dives *Ophiro*
Ornâram, famaque extremo Oriente ferebar;
Cum mille affluerent Veneres ad amabile Corpus,
Robore nobilitante artus, Dulcedine vultum;
Cum mihi lucida Mens fœtis Conceptibus aucta,
Ingenium velox, ſolidumque vigeret acumen;
Heus ſurgas, (habita eſt mecum Sententia) ſurgas;
Ut Felix, Meditare; ut ſis Magnus, Sapere aude:
Pectoris exoritur Pax inconcuſſa Sciendo;
Nam Scire eſt ipſi Virtus cognata JEHOVÆ.

Hæc fatus, veneranda dedi mandata per Urbes:
Mox Solium cingunt Doctorum immenſa Corona;
Hiſtoricos Libros, antiqua Volumina pandunt;
Verba graves habuere Senes, legere Minores:
Audieram attentus; tandem dubitata loquebar:

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Per Terras quodcunq; Viret, ſeu Planta, vel Arbor,
Quod Genus & Nomen, quæ ſit Natura, quis Ordo,
Me bene nôſſe ferunt, ea noſtri Fama vagatur,
A Cedro excelſa, *Lebani* quæ in vertice duro
Sublime undantes movet inter nubila ramos,
Serpentem ad Muſcum, & diffuſam Mœnia circum
Hyſſopum: tamen ah! mihi conſcius Ipſe fatebor
Mille animum implicitos ſcrutantem eludere Nodos.
Me latet, emiſſis cur Fagus plurima ramis
Undique luxurians teretem exſpatiatur in umbram;
Dum celſis decreſcit Apex ſub imagine Coni
Abjetibus, nubes & cuſpide ſcindit acuta:
Cur Quercus renovata Comas redeuntibus Annis
Auguſti capitis varium tranſmutat honorem;
Dum gerit æternam Taxus ſibi fida Juventam,
Ramo ſemper eodem, immutatoque colore.
Cur orbata perit geniali lumine Caltha?
Cur nigrantem animat feliciùs Umbra Cupreſſum?

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Exoptant mediam cur Ficus Palmaque ſedem,
Et dare radices porrecta per æquora gaudent;
Dum viget inferiore Cucurbita læta Palude,
Et circum Montes umbracula nectit Oliva?
Cur Cœlum haud aliud, Locus haud diverſus, amictu
Induit ardenti rubicunda Papaveris ora,
Lilia inornatos patitur palleſcere vultus,
Cœruleaque humiles Violas ferrugine pingit?
Cur Carophyllon amat laſcivum pandere ſoli
Tot varios una naſcentes ſtirpe colores,
Dum ſibi diſſimilis Tulippa aſſurgit in auras
Partitis radiis, duplicique inſignis honore?
Brachia tortile Jaſma, Roſæque rubentia labra
Mane novo fundunt redolentes prodiga flatus;
Narciſſus, cum Junquela fragrante, fatetur
Fortius infuſas hauſiſſe à Veſpere vires.
Dicite, ſylveſtres Fœtus, Floreſque tenellos
Unde agit occulti diverſa potentia Fati?

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Cur eadem tellus, cœlum, amnis, ſpiritus idem
Ad vitam levat hunc, ad funera deprimit illum?
Queis oritur Cauſis, *Animatæ* ut nomine *Plantæ*
Senſus ineſt? ſeſe unde movet, tactumque refugit?
Unde ſequi imperium faciles didicere capilli,
Et tremere admotam celeri formidine dextram?
Per Ripam æſtivam vel aquoſi gramina prati
Diverſam jactant foliorum millia formam:
Natali contenta Solo ſecuraque florent,
Texere nec diſcunt, operamve inſumere curant;
Illa tamen clarè ardeſcunt, ridentque ſuperbam
Pauperiem noſtræ veſtis, luxumque minorem.
Cincta magis nitido flavent Verbaſcula cultu,
Quàm Velum, pectus quod adultæ Virginis ambit;
Fulgidiorque Rubor clareſcit in ore Roſarum,
Quàm fluitante novi ſuffuſus ſyrmate Sponſi.
Aſpice Liliolum, cui ſplendor humillimus agris;
Cedere ſi poſſit Ratione Superbia victa,

Ipſe

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Ipſe etiam facto certamine DAVIDE natus,
Ipſe minùs fulget, ſolio ſublimis in aureo,
Indutus Trabeam & veneranda Inſignia regni,
Quæſitumque decus; quàm Floſculus iſte, decora
Simplicitate nitens, nudoque illuſtris honore.
Indigenam undarum gentem ſcrutemur, Amici,
Quo generet more & reſpiret muta Caterva;
A plebe exigua, quæ lubrica labitur amne
Jordani, ſine honore natans, ſine nomine turba,
Ipſam ad Balænam, quæ vexans æquora ſaltu,
Mole ruens ingenti immania corpora volvit,
Irridetque Notum, exercetque in Turbine luſus.
Protinus, inverſo mutatis ſedibus anno,
Ut migrant omnes audaciter, agmine facto,
Fluctibus ex ſtrictis, rigidique horroribus Axis,
Tendentes illuc, ubi ridet amicior aer.
Sollicitam ut ſtimulat ſua cuique Scientia curam
Conciliare ſinus aptos, lymphaſque, ciboſque,

Semina

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Semina complecti, teneramque attollere prolem.

Explorem aerias Gentes, ut quæque ſtruendo
Colligit inſtrumenta ſuis accommoda Nidis;
Fingit opus, quale humani vis ſumma cerebri
Mutabit fruſtrà, vanaque imitabitur arte.
Ut brevibus ſobolem tentare volatibus audent,
Diſcipulo implumi cantus referente paternos.
Cur hoc planitie, ſylva Genus illud oberrat:
Cur Tellus proprium ſortita eſt ſingula fœtum.
Ardua Grus, ſinuanſque fugam quò cedit Hirundo,
Ut fugiant Boreæ fera bella, niveſque ruentes:
An ſeſe in latebris ſaxorum altiſque recondant
Arboribus, ſomno per tempora certa ſepultæ;
An propriore Malo trepidantes, præpete penna
Mollius ad Cœlum, placidaſque ferantur ad oras.

Diſcemus Pecorumque Inſectorumque vagantûm
Mirandum ingenium, variaſque ex ordine Gentes;
Seu fera, ſeu tractanda, Homini vel iniqua vel æqua,

Quantùm

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Quantùm Illa aut Nobis, aut Nos cognoſcimur Illis?

Vos docti narrate Senes, quicunque ſtudetis
Naturæ arcanos intus penetrare receſſus,
Unde docetur Apes ſe ferre audacibus alis
Per mille ancipiteſque vias, cœlumque profundum.
Unde fugit lentam viſco ſtagnante paludem,
Fœcundos viſens Colles, ubi dulcior Herba,
Melliferique expanſa recludunt germina Flores.
Unde indenſatis tenebris & Sole cadenti
Scire poteſt operæ finem adventare diurnæ?
Quis docuit ventis pluviiſque opponere pectus,
Ferre domum fragrans ad certa Alvearia pondus;
Et pennis iterum Campos tranare liquentes,
Morigeras reſonis dantem tinnitibus aures?

Tuque aperi, Ceſſator iners, æſtate ſerena
Cur opibus Formica fluens cavet aſpera brumæ:
Ire redire viam repetito ſedula curſu,
Exſtruat ut cumulos; plenamq; ubi carpſit ariſtam,

Unde

Unde levi granum prærodit provida morſu,
Nè, dum terra tegit, rurſum radicibus actis,
Deceptos ploret conatus irrita Cura?
Conſpicienda patent Inſecti utriuſque Labore
Signa Animi manifeſta, Ars provida, Speſq; Timorq;
Jamque age, flecte oculos, animumque advorte, recenti
Ex Utero tenerum ad Culicem, Muſcamq; renatam;
Vermiculumque humilem, heſterno qui repere cœpit
Vix ſub Sole; tuos, Homo Res viliſſima, Fratres.
More Tui motuſque cient, ſpirantque videntque,
Atque animi Affectus externa per acta loquuntur:
Spicula torquentes tanquam præludia, narrant
Collectam rabiem & venturi fulmina belli.
Ovaque dum pariunt, fœtûs promiſſa futuri,
Fœcundoſque ignes, vireſque fatentur Amoris.
Cuiq; ſua accedunt, queis digerat, Organa, Victum,
Semina quæ generent, & quæ generata recondant;

Sunt

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Sunt Membri & Nervi, Cruor, & cum Corde Cerebrum,
Officiis fungi, quæ Vitæ poſtulat Uſus;
Tota licèt parvum non æquet Fabrica granum.
Quid noſtra exilis Ratio concedere poſſit
Plus Cete immenſo, turrito plus Elephanti,
Immodicis *Nili* undarum terroribus, Hydræ
Criſtatæ, caudamque flagellanti Crocodilo,
Quam titulo & forma ſolum diſcrimen haberi,
Ut ſua cuique datur major ſtructura minorve?
Namque Opifex vario gaudet Natura labore,
Nunc amat effuſum Spatium, nunc arctius optat:
Jamque minuta nimis, nimium jam grandia fingit,
Humani Senſûs modulo indignata teneri.
Latius Objectum, ſeu ſe ſublimius effert,
Effigiem veram neſcit comprendere Viſus:
Sin minus evadat, perſtrictum ludit ocellum;
Confuſæ tenebræ, aut lux indiviſa videtur.

Diſperdunt

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Diſperdunt variatam Æther atque Unda figuram;
Recta gerit curvæ faciem, quadrata rotundæ.
Dum ſic deluſa ſpe, protractoque labore
Naturæ fruſtra ſequimur venerabile numen;
Illa ſub obtecto ſedet impercepta receſſu;
Circiter agglomerans ſe plurima fundit Imago,
Formarumque immenſa cohors, quas myſtica Diva
Ocyus induit, exuit, immutatque tenetve,
Cum volet abſtruſis Decretis fallere Mentem
Ambiguam, frænisque Hominis compeſcere Faſtum.
Sævit adhuc mores immitis & effera Tigris,
Carceris impatiens, denteſque in vincla fatigat:
Oblato lymphæque & amico munere victûs
Grata parum, & crudelis opem feritate repenſans,
Frangere corpus avet, venaſque haurire Magiſtri.
Dum fervor generoſus Equi, vireſque Cameli,
Imparibus faciles ſe ſub juga mittere dextris,
Dant Equiti flectenda minacia fulmine colla,

Reſpondent

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Reſpondent ſtimulis, & fræni juſſa capeſſunt;
Expandunt avidas præbenti pabula fauces,
Pondus amant Domini, & ſumptis lætantur habenis.
Quinetiam Vulpes latè incomitata vagatur,
Nocturnam fraudem, & tacitas meditata rapinas;
Nunc circum clivos fertur, nunc vallibus errat,
Suſpecta humani Generis veſtigia vitans:
At Canis interea, Gens blanda Hominique fidelis,
Quanquam illi & ſpecies & forma ſimillima Vulpis;
Horrentes vitat clivos valleſque reductas,
Calle pedes iterat trito, & ſua tecta requirit;
Vultibus arridens notis, teſtatur amorem
Blanditiis, manditque ſatur quod projicit Infans,
Et lambit charum lingua moriente Magiſtrum.
Cujuſnam impulſu cauſæ propiore cientur,
Ardua res, fateor, multis diſquirere factis.
Sunt alia interea, queis perſpexiſſe videmur
Principia Illorum nihilo diſcordia noſtris;

Nobiſcum

Nobiſcum fugienda timent, optanda ſequuntur;
Toxica dum renuunt, alimenta innoxia libant.
Oderunt & amant ad noſtra exempla, ſciuntque
Gratari Sociis, Hoſtemque laceſſere pugna.
Quicquid agunt, animo prius inſtituiſſe videntur,
Propoſitumque apto veſtigant tramite finem.
Scilicet iſta errat latè Doctrina, moveri
Facta Hominum Ratione, Inſtinctu facta Ferarum.
Nam quo jure licet diverſas fingere cauſas,
Cum ſimul Effectus ex omni parte cohærent?
Quo Ratio Inſtinctu ſecerni limite poſſit?
Dividit has Doctorum ignara ſuperbia voces,
Dum quæ ſcire nequit, metuit neſcire fateri.
Haud minus inſipiens Homo jactat Seque ſuumq;
Imperium, juſſis Fera ſi parere recuſet.
Dic age, multa minans cum voce exclamat inani
Se latè in terris Dominum, & regere omnia nutu;
Nonne metu horreſcit, ne fortior ira Leonis

Fictitiæ

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Fictitiæ legi ſublatum opponeret unguem?
Annon è Roſtro trepidans Orator abiret,
Porticibus ſubitò irrumpat ſi fortè recluſis
Aut immanis Hyæna, aut ſpumans faucibus Urſus?
Pœnitet incepti Pugnacem ſerò duelli,
Cum lateri jamdudum audax accingitur enſis:
Concita dum Zephyro fugit accelerante Carina,
Serò recedentem reſpectat Navita terram:
Sic ſerò cupimus contracto ducere fræno
Ardua jam tentantem animum, & ſublime volantem:
Fertur in ulteriora, reluctaturque teneri;
Magna vocant, vaſtique ingens patet area campi.
Perpendas animo mecum ſpatia ætheris ampla,
Oceano & terræ medias cedentia partes;
Sollicitus rogito, qua cauſa pendulus Orbis
Nec petat ulterius tolli, timeatve relabi.
Cum reputo, quali Phœbus revolubilis igne

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Huncce Globum circa curvato tramite fertur ;
De multis dubito terris, utrumne patentes
Effuſæ pecudes campos, homineſve frequentent:
Anne aliquis populus fatalia tempora ducat
Sub nimium ardenti propioris lumine ſolis :
An gens ulla ferat, ſeptem ſubjecta Trioni,
Diram Urſæ feritatem, æternaque vincula brumæ.
Prudentis ſed nonne Dei ſuprema voluntas,
Cuique horum ſecreta poteſt concedere dona ?
Forſitan ardentes, quibus acrior imminet æſtas,
Lene fluens nobis ignota refrigerat aura ;
Fortè vident crebris lætantes imbribus agros,
Exultantque novo fœcundi germinis ortu ;
Atque vices noſtras lugent, quêis fata dederunt
Obliquæ Cœlum toties mutabile Sphæræ ;
Ipſi dum certo redeuntem tempore Phœbum
Aſpiciunt, paribuſque horis recreantur & ardent,
Gaudentes propiore Die ; ſemperque fruuntur

Ignibus

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Ignibus haud aliis, & tempestatibus îsdem.
Fortè etiam, qui sorte domos posuere remota
Ultra *Tartariæ* diffusas latius oras;
Qua parte, extensæ super æquora longa diei
Sex fugiunt rutili porrecto tramite menses;
Mox alii totidem penna nigrante feruntur,
Quos densa horrentes obducunt nocte vapores;
Forte, inquam, Indigenæ, quos ista tulere locorum,
(Quod tradant memores ventura in Sæcula fasti)
Hunc nostrum assiduè mutatis vultibus axem
Postponunt propriis vicibus, totumque per annum
Partibus ex æquo dimensis lucis & umbræ.
Forsitan hunc Solem, stadiis redeuntibus actum,
Contemnunt, tenuis contractum limite gyri,
Mane citum, medioque ex æthere præcipitatum,
Cum supereſt infecta operis pars magna diurni;
Objiciant nostris quum gentibus, haud sine jure,
Noctis iter subitum, lapsamque fugaciter umbram;

Quòd, graviter feſſos quàm ſat recreaverit artus
Fœta ſalute quies, ſomni nec inutile donum;
Ante reſurgenti cum lumine cura reſurgat
Tædia relliquiaſque heſterni ferre laboris:
Cùm, ſimul ipſorum Phœbus ſe pandat ocellis,
Intrepidis animis ſemeſtri luce fruentes,
Ad nemora inde procul ſecreta, lacuſque remotos
Non interruptos audent intendere curſus;
Et piſcaturam venatuſque impete longo
Indomiti exercent, indefeſſoque vigore.
Et fugiente Dies ubi deſerit æthera curru,
Collectæque monent hyemem nigreſcere nubes,
Frugibus inſtanti pro tempeſtate coactis
Undique, ſex totos ducunt ex ordine menſes,
Diſcurſu atque opera, ſtrepitu & mœrore ſoluti,
Queis noſtra aſſidui vexatur Scena laboris:
Inſtaurant lautas, multa cum lampade, menſas,
Et facili hoſpitio lætis gratantur Amicis;

Am

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Aut dulces narrant Veneres (ea cura quietis
Unica) dum pendent faciles circum ora puellæ;
Deliciis aut elati, requieve ſupini,
(Jucundis vicibus ſolidæ inter munera pacis)
Diffuſam celebrant longa caligine noctem
Plena ſuper poc'la & lecti genialis honores.

Plurima qua Nautis audacibus Inſula longè
Panditur, hanc latam procul ultra diffita terram,
Urſa rigens, maculiſque aſperſæ corpora Lynces
Prædantur valles, ſylvamque horroribus implent:
Eſuriens Crocodilus & Hydræ ſibila colla
Flumine turbato latitant, dumiſque ſub udis:
Nec rudis ipſe minùs brutis Homo, nec minùs aſper
Valleſque & ſylvam, vepreſque & flumina vexat.
Hiſne Viris atque his animalibus exit origo
Ilicis à ſtirpe, aut fœta telluris ab alvo?
Unde igitur vetus illa fides venit, omnia naſci
Frondifera in *Paradiſo*, ortuque unius ADAMI?

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Vel ratibus primas, concede, legentibus oras
Hanc istuc sobolem propiori à littore vectam:
An populus, quorum à patria fluxisse putemus,
Gentibus innocuis cædemque venenaque ferrent?
An secum veherent Ursas Lyncasque catinis?
Fœcundamne alerent Hydram, gravidamque Colubram?
Nempe fore, ut fœtam Crocodilen hospita tellus
Acciperet, lætoque sinu nova monstra foveret.
Et quando agrestis penitus ducenda propago
Servato à Noa, clarisque nepotibus exit;
Unde patrum poterant labi de mente suorum
Quas artes Noe vel quæ præcepta docebat,
Condere semen humo, generosas ponere vites,
Thursferique pias fanis advolvere flammas?
Dum vivit magni proles infausta Parentis,
Inscia vel Bacchum premere aut invertere glebam,
Per valles clivosque famis solatia quærens,

Arte

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Arte carens omni, virtutem indocta DEUMque.
Deinde ſuper maria ac terras quo more ſequemur
Mirificis renovata modis quæcunque videmus?
Omnia permutata, eadem licet omnia durant;
Particulæ rerum fluitant, ſtat Summa manetque.
Nempe ea, quæ fontes rerum atq; elementa fatemur,
Materies primas, quibus omnia corpora conſtant,
Quæque novas ſumunt formas. Herbam Unda laborans
Et plantas parit, in terramque coacta rigeſcit;
Diffuſa, aſſurgit Sphæræ ulterioris in orbem,
Et guttis ſenſim expanſis fluit humidus aer.
Particulæ hæ tenues rursùs tolluntur in altum;
Ardeſcunt motu, clarumque agitantur in ignem:
Mox iterum iſte ignis, craſſo magis aere victus,
Impulſuſque deorsùm, utero telluris in amplo,
Permutat partes, neque cernitur amplius ignis;
Sed pulvis rutilus jacet incoctumque metallum;

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Aut penetrans venans per magnæ corpora matris
Relliquias veteres alia ſub imagine ponit;
Infuſa vires reſolutas temperat unda
Mollior, & facili jam flumine lenior exit.

Diviſa à notis rapientur flumina ripis,
Immenſumque ferent cumulatæ pondus arenæ,
Merſa nigro in tumulo. Pluvia corroſus edaci,
Ventorumque minis, deſcendet ad uſque *jacentem*
Planitiem, mons qui caput inter nubila condit:
Planities gradibus ſurget ſublimior æquis,
Quàm ſteterant olim ſuprema cacumina montis:
Sic Natura jubet; peraget, quod juſſerit, Ætas.

Omnia ſic fato lapſos mutante per annos
Aut levia aut oneroſa, minuta aut grandia fiunt:
In nebulas ibit *Jordani* lympha futuras,
*Pyramidum*que fluet diffuſa per aera moles:
Piſonis fluctus ætas ventura requiret,
Et nulla inveniet *Babeli* ſigna Viator.

Hæ

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Hæ cum ſæpe vices repetantur, mente tuemur
Immota, tanquam naturæ juſſerit ordo;
Aſt ubi plus ſolito fors una vel altera ſurgat,
Magnificum incipiunt portenti ducere nomen.
Implicitos flexus mens indefeſſa ſequatur,
Et ponat dubios operoſa Scientia fines:
An nuſquam mirac'la extant, an ubique locorum?
Alterutrum ſumas; par forſitan error utrinque eſt.

Avulſum trunco ramum, effœtumque flagellum
Voce ſtatim miſſa redivivas trudere frondes
An mirere magis, quàm ſummi culmina clivi
Vi brumæ ſpoliata altiſque immerſa pruinis,
Millia vere novo diffundere millia florum,
Et reduces jactare comas, aliumque virorem?
Æthere diviſo, noctis redeuntibus umbris,
Ambroſios hominum gentem decerpere fructus,
An mirere magis, ſolito quàm pane recentes
Ducere perpetuò languentia corpora vires;

Et

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Et ſemen granumque, ſolo commiſſa fideli,
Addere opes cumulis, & multiplicata renaſci;
Quæque manu parca ſulcis modo ſparſit arator,
Mox onerare ſolum, lætaſque effundere meſſes?
Quæ ſe cunque igitur dant ſenſibus obvia noſtris,
Seu vulgata palàm ſeu mira recondita rerum,
Legibus à fixis naturæ ſive ſolutis
Provenjant, his perſpectis id vincitur, omnem
Effectum propriæ deduci ab origine Cauſæ.
Hinc certis gradibus ſe paulatim altius effert,
Et longæ aſcendens per nexum quemque catenæ,
Surgit adhuc, donec cernat quandoque neceſſe eſt
Principium & Fontem vitæ, Numenque ſupremum,
Quod ſtetit à primis, & in ultima ſæcula ſtabit.
Hunc magnum monſtrante DEUM Ratione magiſtra,
Æternum, omnipotentem, atque omni ex parte beatum;

Illius

Illius an vires animo metimur, & arctis
Limitibus nostri audemus comprendere sensûs?
Ergone congestis volvuntur cuncta sub undis
Ultra explorati confinia diffita mundi?
An DEUS, è tenebris nostrum qui sustulit orbem,
Hos fluctus aliam jussit secernere terram;
Venturis olim scindenda laboribus arva,
Et nondum natis condendas gentibus urbes?
Ante revolventis quàm cursus lubricus ævi
Exactis stadiis ter mille peregerit orbes;
Fortè ruent nostri imperium doctrinaque Mundi,
Occiduasque artes fascesque ferentur ad oras.
Quà feror ingenti perculsus imagine? quæ Lux
Tanta ferit sensus? quò sacro rapta furore
Quò te, anima, attollis? quid magnum albescere cerno
Æquora per longè subjecta? En! Insula, sedes
Imperii; gens dives opum, intractabilis armis;

Justitia,

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Juſtitia, & blando Clementia mollior ore
Hìc ſedes poſuere ſuas; hæc maxima amatæ
Plenius OMNIPOTENS indulſit munera terræ.
Ad Zephyros etiam ulteriùs magnam Inſula famam
Occidua effundit; claſſes victricibus armis
Inſtructas, nondum exploratas mittit ad oras,
Et terras, quas nos fluctus cœlumque putamus.
Inter utroſque polos audit reſonantia facta,
Imperiumque regit, nullum quod terminat æquor;
Intrepidas ducit naves, & carbaſa pandit
Intra alios ſecura *Indos* Orbemque ſecundum.

ALBION ante omnes (illo ſe nomine quondam
Jactabit) belloque diù famaque vigebit;
Magna diù, fatis dilecta Monarchia franget
Invidiæ dentes, & iniquas temporis iras:
Extenſos felix venerandaque ſtabit in annos,
Incertaſque vices rerum immutata videbit.
Cedent cuncta tamen communi ſubruta fato;

Ipſa

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Ipſa auguſta, ingens, morti, licèt ultima, cedet.

Jamq; oculos humili nimium in tellure morantes
Cœrulei Cœli magna in convexa levemus:
En! quale aulæi fluitantis more pateſcit,
Nunc matutino pictum variumque rubore;
Luce ſuper media flavo velamine fulgens,
Nigro indutum horrore per alta ſilentia noctis.
Unde umbra & lumen certo diſcrimine ſurgunt
Alternis? unde hos varios trahit Æthra colores?
Quid dux illa animi Ratio plus reddere poſſit,
Quam Solem rutilo diffundere lumina Cœlo,
Et radiis inde amotis aſſurgere noctem,
Splendoremque novum reduces accendere flammas?

Sed fruſtrà Auroræ roſeum ſperamus amictum;
Velârunt imbres, aut incubuere vapores;
Speramus fruſtrâ ſolita flavedine ſpargi
Lucis iter medium; aut tempeſtas ingruit atra,
Aut ſubitum emicuit fulgur. Nunc horrida denſis

Nox

Nox cœlo incumbit tenebris, fœcunda timorum;
Gaudia nunc eadem parit, attonitique videmus
Innumeras Stellas, æternaque lumina Mundi.
Maturate, senes; totasque intendite vires
Ingenii, & multo tandem sudore repertas
Narrate aërias refolutas usque columnas,
Circuitosque undarum, & torta volumina fumi.
Dat Responsum alias voces, frustráque refartum
Quassa novis fulcit compagibus Argumenta:
Dissimili sub veste latens Ænigma recurrit;
Quærentemque eludit inextricabilis Error.
En! Sol indomitus robusti more Gigantis
Immenso varios rotat orbe volubilis orbes,
Dum duplici vehitur cursu; tamen ordine certo
Mutaturque dies, finisque imponitur Anno.
Mox ubi decurso pronus redit æthere, blandum
Tempus agens fessis; placidaque involvitur umbra
Terra silens; tacitum dat Luna alterna nitorem,

Langui-

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Languidulumque diem radiis diffundit amicis:
Ipsa tamen certis, mutabilis ora, recurrit
Legibus, & justos observat menstrua cursus.
Quisque Planetarum proprio revolutus in orbe
Libratis fertur spendenti tramite pennis:
Quisque sua varium jactat pro sorte nitorem,
Et regit inclusos diviso in limite currus;
Dumque volans aditum super arva liquentia scindit,
Alterius neque vim confert neque detrahit alis.
Anne hi splendescunt vero fulgore Planetæ?
An sua quemque dies illustrat & insitus ardor?
An verum est, quod jam vestri explicuere labores,
Observare omnes Solem, atque hoc ducere fonte
Furtivos radios, & non sua mittere tela?
Millia quinetiam Stellarum millia cerno,
Quas neq; finitimæ cohibent, neq; quadra, nec orbes;
(Heu! normæ tenues, finitæ copia mentis,
Cum seritur, vel aratur humus, cum condimus ædes.)

Luce

Luce tamen diffusa adeo variaque refulgent,
Quanta manum loquitur, quæ finxerat, Infinitam.
Quam forma exilis, quam gloria parva videtur
Humani ingenii summo quæsita labore,
Si juxtà spectetur amabile consonus ordo,
Quem Natura jubet, statuit quem Spiritus orbis!
Si verò in nostras descendat mitiùs oras
Vivida vis Solis, nimio neque torreat igne;
Ardoris sese extendit pars quantula sphæris
Divisis longo spatio, cœloque remoto?
Stellarumque, acies nostri quas languida visûs
Æterno fixas cœli sub fornice cernit,
Quæque suis opibus, nativo & dives honore,
Fortè vibrat validos propriis de fontibus ignes,
Sol Ipsa; atque alios orbes, oculisque negatas
Humanis, lustrat diffuso lumine Terras.
Forsitàn & fuso circum æthere cornua Lunæ
Diminuunt reparantq; novæ, surguntq; caduntque;

Atque

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Atque alia hos circum volvuntur Sydera Soles,
Quæ noſtræ in morem Telluris ſemina certis
Fœtibus apta ferunt, regioneſque ordine certo
Diviſas, terraſque ſuas, ſuaque æquora nôrunt.
Hi tamen ardentes adeò radicitùs Orbes,
Clara receptac'la, & fœcundi lumine fontes,
Inter ſe alternis poſſunt (ut quiſque profundo
Ætheris in gremio propiúſve aut longiùs abſit)
Igne minore Aſtrum vel nobiliore videri;
Altoque in Spatio, cui cœlum nomen & aer,
Mille ſimul Terræ, Lunæ, Soleſque latere
Immenſi, quos noſtra incaſſum lumina quærunt.
Necquicquam effuſum ſpatiis creſcentibus orbem
Metiri, aut certum meditamur ponere centrum;
Sphæra ingens ſe expandit adhuc, neſcitque teneri
Limite vel ficto, mentemque irridet inanem.
Quò tot diffugere igitur radiantia Monſtra,
Quêis veſtri attonitum conceptus æthera complent?

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Effigies vanæ qua mundi in parte manebunt?
Chaldæi nempe in cerebro, pictiſque tabellis.

Hoc Problema tamen, quod Opinio parturit ægra,
Progeniem Veri fas ſit concedere; Stellas
Has cœli nitidas, quæ ſic terrentque juvantque
Mirantes oculos, trepidos lætoſque tuendo,
Eſſe orbes modulo numeroque & fine carentes.
An verò hi pandunt radios, ſphæraſque revolvunt,
Nempè tibi ut placeant, tibi lucis munera præſtent,
Nil niſi pulvis, Homo; concluſus corporis arcto
Limite, curriculoque ævi breviore coactus?
Jure pari minima in terris Formicula jactet
In ſua *Caucaſeum* veſtigia ſurgere Clivum:
Sic Limax, magnos *Lebani* ſe extendere ſaltus,
Quêis ipſe incedat latè, & ſibi colligat eſcam:
Sic tenuiſſima Concha, inhians in littoris ora
Latè exporrecti circum vaſta æquora, dicat,
Eminùs incultum pendere per aëra ſaxum,

Ipſa

Ipſa equidem fundo ut lateat ſecurior imo;
Oceanique omnes pariter concurrere vires,
Ut levet ipſa ſitim, teſtamque agitata niteſcat.
Intrepidis Dea ſe rapiens ſublimius alis
Corporeos orbes, Cœlumque locale relinquit:
Quêis formata animis Superûm gens priſtina, quærit,
Aut ubi ſint campi quos incoluere creati.
Impavido MICHAELI audacia LUCIFER arma
(Sic ſancti memorant antiquo carmine Vates)
Oppoſuit, Cherubeſque auſi concurrere, telis
Tela adverſa tulere & ſcuta minantia ſcutis:
Plauſit ovans Cœlum, tremuitque doloribus Orcus.
Hæ quænam formæ, quas veſtra volumina narrant?
Ut ſtabat bene fida, ut perfida turma peribat!
Hæc damnata pati diros ſine fine labores,
Numinis æternum exilium, longaſque catenas;
Horrendis vicibus miſeros vexare lacertos,
Per liquidum ſudans ſulphur, ſolidoſve per ignes:

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Altera primævæ dum ſurgit ad atria lucis,
Delicias inter vivas, à fonte fluentes
Æterno, quorum rara intervalla voluptas
Tempeſtate gravi patitur, veneranda JEHOVÆ
Curh mandata vocant vindictæ effundere nimbum
Atrocem in Regis ſtomachum, Populumq; rebellem:
Aut magni trepidanda refigere juſſa TONANTIS,
Et narrare manu lapſuras fulminis iras,
Cum ponit ſupplex animos faſtumque Tyrannus,
Et plorat Populus lacrymoſa in veſte rebellis.
Quî Superi poſſint cœlorum in limite claudi?
Quî cerni Facies, finis quam nulla coërcet?
Summa vel ima DEUS, tenet hæc, tenet iſta locorum?
Omnia qui finxit, nonne omnia numine complet?
O! ubi nigra cohors talem ſcrutabitur umbram,
Tam ſpiſſam tenebris, Lumen quæ fallat acutum,
Sublimem Autorem viſûs, oculique Parentem?

Angelus

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Angelus intereà quid creditur eſſe? videtur
Mens pura? an ſolidum corpus, ſeu mollior aër?
Mentes nulla operum niſi mentibus apta ſecutæ,
Pectoribus noſtris faciles, animiſque propinquæ,
Internos tantùm motus ſub corde cierent,
Se neque ſubjicerent externo luminis igni.
Nonne autem noſtri quondam novere Parentes
Eſſe illis ſenſumque dapum, cumque artubus oſſa?
Ni foret, ABRAMUS feſſos potuitne lavare,
Aut SARA jucundis epulis lenire palatum?
Surgeret unde timor? quò LOTI audacia, captos
Eripere, & ſævum membris arcere furorem?
Quo more ingreſſus certamina vera JACOBUS
Luctantis Seraphini ictus perſenſit iniquos?
Qua vi Materiæ potuit ſe opponere Forma,
Aut Anima exilis mortalia tangere Membra?
Aëre denſato conſtant, radiiſve coactis?
Unde igitur flectuntque animos, & noſtra per auras

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Vota ferunt? ipſos levibus ludibria ventis
Spargeret auſter agens, & turbine ferret iniquo.
An credam indutos (ut ſacro carmine fertur)
Materiem veram, ſolidaſque ad corpora vires?
Quî fit (quandoquidem nos æqua ſorte potitos
Numen idem circum expanſis complectitur alis)
Ipſis fortia adhuc floreſcere lætaque membra,
Dum noſtri languent pereuntque doloribus artus?
Cur, Nobis ſub valle diù luctantibus ima
Contra pauperiem & curas, morbumque necemque,
Ipſi perpetuæ producunt munera vitæ
Mellifluos inter cantus ſcenaſque virentes?
Mens vaga dum latum circumſpicit undiq; Mun-
[dum,
Agnoſcitque, Nihil ſe efferre in lumina poſſe;
Dum ſurgit paulatim, atque ordine ſingula luſtrat,
Percurrit valles pictas, clivoſque feraces
Umbrarum; fontes vivos, mineraſque tepentes,
Auguſtum *Thameſin*, fœcundaque flumina *Nili*:

Omne

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Omne etiam genus in terris, pecudeſque feraſque,
Seu ſaltus & prata colant, ſeu littoris oras;
Et mare qui tranant vaſtum, quique ætheris auras,
Pinnigerum alatumq; gregem; Vermemq; puſillum,
Terrarum imbellem Dominum, ſub corpore parvo
Jactantem ætherios divini pectoris ignes.
Jamque ſuperne volans Cœli convexa tuetur,
Ætheraque expanſum, quem cœrula gloria veſtit
Effuſum ingenti ſpatio, noctiſque per umbram
Innumeræ complent immenſo lumine Stellæ;
Hinc recolit Superos, titulis qui inſignibus aucti,
Ordine quiſque ſuo, propter Solia ardua, fido
Grande ſatellitio ſtipant latus OMNIPOTENTIS;
Perque omnem rerum ſeriem, longamque catenam,
Ducitur ad magnum Autorem, qui ſemina vitæ
Infudit Toti, legeſque & fœdera ſanxit:
Qui (Vox quippe operi par eſt, factoque Voluntas)
E nihilo juſſit pulcrum conſurgere Mundum;

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Sæculaque evolvens tanquam ſpatia arcta diei,
Inſtituit Lucem radios expandere amicos,
Et Solem Lunamque ſuos agnoſcere curſus.
Ille utero à cæco emiſit revolubile Tempus,
Præſcriptoque dedit veſtigia flectere gyro:
Ipſe ſuæ geſtans tanquam per concava dextræ,
Ingentis Domini juſſa obſervare paratum,
Mundi grande Penu, quà ſe menſeſque dieſque
Effuſæque horæ, & breviores temporis omnes
Particulæ agglomerant, & deinde haud amplius
extant.
Ipſe idem & primus rerum & poſtremus, adinſtar
Artificis figuli, veluti matrice profundam
Hanc ſphæram effinxit, juſſitque effulgere, qualem
Attonitis oculis & læta mente videmus.
At nutu mutare valet vel perdere Totum;
Et ſacrum illud opus, ſtellatum, illuſtre Volumen
Membranæ in morem crepitantibus urere flammis:

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Terramque extemplò, divulſam à ſedibus imis,
Fluctibus ut fervent tumidis liquefacta metalla,
Ignibus undantem diffundere ——
Solus ab æterno, prima ante exordia rerum,
OMNIPOTENS, Æther, Tellus, Mare, Sydera fiant,
Dixit; Erant. Atque his quondam contraria fata
Cum ſtatuet, jubeat, ceſſabunt eſſe: verendum
Hoc juvat Argumentum audaci dicere lingua,
Hoc ingens ſacrumque æterna in ſæcula Nomen;
Hunc juvat enarrare DEUM. ——

Mirati mea verba, Senes ſiluere; ſtupentes
Mutua in alternos flexerunt lumina vultus,
Reſpondere nihil, nihil auſi efferre; pudorem
Turba ſilens celare cupit, proditque ſilendo.
Dum quidam, gravitas cui veſtiit ora ſerena,
Cui major Vulgo fulgebat gratia, cœpit;
Ulteriùs non poſſe animi contendere vires,
Diſcere quàm noſtræ felicia dogmata vocis;

Eſſe

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Eſſe mei, dictare; ſuique, attendere dictis;
Me cunctis ſimul Imperio Ingenioque priorem;
Genteſque attonitas uno fremere ore, diſertum
Cedere laude mihi JESSIDEM, cedere MOSEM.
Genua alter flexit, facturus verba; futura
Sæcula proſpexit noſtrum venerantia nomen;
Prudentûm ô vivas Tu Prudentiſſime, dixit;
Nil oriturum alias, nihil ortum tale fatemur.

O Vitii fœcunda parens, ô peſtis Honeſti
Suadela artificis linguæ! tua ſemina dira,
Tempeſtate parùm fauſta dextraque nefanda,
Luxuriante ſolo Virtutis ſparſa, repentè
Viribus exauctis culta inter ſplendida ſurgunt,
Et teneros urunt campi ridentis honores.

Interea cruciata animos ſine honore Caterva,
Scrutanti mihi muta, ferens ad ſydera laudes
Altius inſonuit. Quo Res è fonte fluebant,
Aut quî ſic extant, ultrò neſcire fatetur,

Plurima

Plurima qui novit; ſed cernunt temporis omnes
Scilicet occulti fatum, eventuſque futuros.
Jamque adeo dirimunt Vates, victique Sophiſtæ
Commiſſas verborum acies & inania bella.
At non *Rabbini*, *Logici* non cedere nôrunt;
Uſque recedentes certant; campoque relicto
Inviti admittunt ingrata Silentia pacis,
Dedecorique Artis cupiunt obducere nubem.
Diverſis eadem linguis narrare laborant;
Per longas verborum ambages cognita rerum
Exponunt; vanas leges præceptaque fingunt,
Artifices voces, & diſſona verba Scholarum;
Dogmata fucatis malè fulta coloribus artis,
Argutoſque Sales Rationi opponere certant.
Nec mora, quin ſeſe ſtudia in contraria ſcindit
Diſcors turba Senum: quod fortiter aſſerit Ille,
Hic negat; hoſtili lingua ſibi quiſque viciſſim
Appetit alterius raptam de fronte coronam.

Ut

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Ut premit humanos Caligo miſerrima Senſus!
Quiſque novus falſa Specie prætexitur Error,
Palanteſque incerta eludit lucis imago.
Gens hominum infelix! veſtri ex quo ſanguinis
Autor
Opprobrio petiit connexis frondibus umbram;
Ut labem primi ſoboles imitata Parentis
Ejuſdem repetit veteris veſtigia culpæ!
Turpe patet nimiùm nudatæ infamia Mentis;
Cur ita diffuſum quærens celare pudorem
Eloquii tibi vela paras, pictoſque colores?
Blandiſluis verbis arridens ore ſereno,
Ægrum dixi animum placido ſermone levari;
Aſt iterum tacitæ converſus in intima mentis,
Anxius, hæc imo necquicquam corde revolvi.
Multùm exploranti fruſtrà Labor uſque recurrit;
Quæſivi tandem, plus ponderis intus haberet
Lux noſtri an Caligo animi; ſtant lancibus æquis:

Tollitur

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Tollitur hæc ſursùm, deflectitur illa deorsùm.

Conſcia jam demùm Ratio me agnoſcere cogit,
Nos bene ſcire nihil, dum plurima ſcire videmur.
Heu! ſequimur nubes, & tundimus aëra; menti
Accumulat curas pacis maleſana cupido.
Materiæ fineſne datur tranſcendere Menti?
Quiſve mihi quid ſit Spatium, quid Tempora, dicat?
Necquicquam ad cæcos aſpirant Lumina tractus,
Quos DEUS æterna juſſit caligine volvi:
Scrutator petit uſque; ſed effugit uſque petitum.
Pars iſta exilis, quam niſu addiſcimus ægro,
Ulteriora ſequi ſuadet, fallitque ſequentem,
Quodque latet, fruſtra Mens indagare laborat.
Convulſum lacerat Sententia multa cerebrum:
Mutantur mentes; tamen uſque revertitur Error;
Cura animum gravior, meditantem plura, fatigat.

Quam tenui clauſa orbiculo Sapientia ſudat!
Perluſtrat terras: ſperat comprendere cœlum:

Obſcuras

Obſcuras feſſis nubes nunc pervolat alis,
Nunc acri perculſa Diei luce vagatur;
Latéque expanſi ſupremo à culmine tractûs
Vix, trepidante oculo, videt eminùs INFINITUM.
Pectore fige memor, ſacro ex ardore ſciendi,
ADAMO prognate, tuos fluxiſſe dolores.
Cur vano ulteriùs curſu tibi corda fatigas?
Cur vetitos captat temeraria dextera fructus;
Dum niſu eluſo ſudans, vacuoque labore
Expetis ut vitam quæſita Scientia pandat?
Æterno à ſacrâ depelleris Arbore fato,
Quam circum ardeſcunt Gladii, CHERUBESque minantur.

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VOLUPTAS:

LIBER SECUNDUS.

I Nunc, diſce moras & tædia longa dierum
Fallere, ſollicitæque oblivia ducere Vitæ:
I facilem jam quære viam, & melioribus uſus
Auſpiciis, blandæ felicia dona Salutis
Gratâ ſume manu; Curarum à tramite nigro,
A vario errorum flexu, quem volvere ſuadet
Mens ſtudioſa Boni, veſtigia flecte nitentes
Ad Campos, ſuaveſque locos, quibus itur ad almam
Lætitiam, teneros luſus, lentamque quietem;
Utile ſecurus fugias, ut dulce ſequaris:
Artis opes varias adhibe, ſumptuſque ſuperbos;
Et domita Ratione effundat fræna Voluptas.

Hæc

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Hæc mecum—mox, ſiqua darent ſolatia Regum
Divitiæ, effræniſque immenſa Superbia Luxus
Aggredior.——Studia Artificum moleſque futuræ
Excipiunt feſſum Curis; jam tecta parabam
Regia; jamque Hortos; Piſces, Volucreſq; Feraſque,
Quicquid alit Tellus, ſpatioſa in Clauſtra recepi.
Quin noſtro peregrina ſolo viget Arbor, & umbram
Miratur *Judæa* novam; quà Sylva virebat,
Squamigeri ludunt piſces; æquantur opaci
Montes, ut major ſe exporrigat area campo.
Flumina ducuntur curſus oblita priores,
Docta novos; grato ſeu præcipitata tumultu
Deſuper Unda cadit, ſive eluctatur in altum
Sculptile per marmor, vivoque erumpit ab auro.
Viſceribus latè ſpoliatis, ultima mittit
Africa marmoreas rupes; jamque ardua Turris
Attingit cœlos, ſtant vaſtâ mole Columnæ
Suppoſitæ ſpiſſo nemori, & pendentibus hortis.

Inſtant

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Inſtant Artifices operi; Parieſque niteſcit
Illuſus Calamo, Turrique inducitur Aurum:
Diſcolor hìc variis nitet intertexta lapillis
Area; ſubſtrata hìc ſolio calcatur Jaſpis.
Ipſa etiam Cedrus, centum quæ viderat Annos
Vertice ſublimi, nemoris Regina, peritam
Artificis confeſſa manum, laquearia fingit;
Et raptos *Lebanus* ſylvarum mœret honores.

Mille Fabri coëunt, & eburnam ad ſydera turrim
Mirum opus, educunt: percurrunt pectine telas.
Mille ſimul Nymphæ, fucataque vellera carpunt,
Dulce tori thalamique decus; dum murice rapto
Non habet ipſa *Tyrus* mentitos unde colores
Lana bibat: Monteſque *Afri*, *Pariique* queruntur
Marmoris avulſas uſque à penetralibus imis
Radices; nec jam ulterius ſua Saltibus *Indis*
Bellua jactatur, niveique Superbia dentis.

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Jamq; aderam immenſi cupidis miracula Sumptus
Percurrens oculis ..... vidi, indoluique videndo.
Pœnituit moles nimium accelerâſſe ſuperbas;
Namque Opere extructo fugit ambitioſa Voluptas.
Anxietas infeſta novas volitavit ad Ædes,
Et Dolor auratum circà Laqueare pependit.
Quid juvat, ah! Thalami Splendor? quid purpura? grandi
Sæpe toro inſomnis membra irrequieta rotabam:
Hæſit adhuc mala Cura, animum comitata fugacem,
Limitis impatiens, & certæ neſcia ſedis,
Noctes atque dies vexans; lentoque per hortos
Incedens paſſu, veſtigia preſſit eunti,
Ambageſque viarum, altoſque ſecuta receſſus.
Quin age, pande Sinus: aliis nova gaudia quære
Artibus; explora quid amabile præbeat Auris,
Hærentes ſi fortè ſua dulcedine curas
Muſica diſpellat; ſi Carmina blanda dolores
Eripian

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Eripiant Animas. Cecinerunt sæpe Poetæ
Ipsa lyræ cantu mansuescere corda Ferarum;
Hoc suadente, Lupos torvum posuisse furorem
Spumantesque Ursas; ad carmina stare Leones
Attentos pendente jubâ; Lyncasque stupentes
Irarum oblitos, Citharædi lambere crura.
An tribuit Natura Feris minus aspera Corda?
Nonne etiam nostræ mulcentur carmine Curæ?

Ut dederam mandata, ad partes consona Turba
Quisque suas properat; resonantia temperat Æra
Dulce melos Citharæ: tenuem dat Dorica vocem
Tibia lene sonans; reddit grave buccina murmur;
Et misto raucarum unà clangore Tubarum
Suaviùs argutos modulatur Fistula cantus.
Mane agiles Numeri lentum excussere Soporem;
Exortum cecinere diem, Solemque recentem:
Et sera optatas cum Nox induxerat umbras,
Suaserunt faciles molli dulcedine Somnos:

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Necquicquam: ipſa novo pertentant Carmina luctu
Ægrum Animum, & tacitis curis fomenta miniſtrant.
Lætus quippe Sonus filo leviore reſultans
Ocyus it, ſummamque fugax prælabitur aurem;
Chorda gravis ferit ima animi, mœſtumque dolorem
Incutit, atque altum figit ſub pectore vulnus.

Jamq; agitans mœſtè mecum, quàm languet ocelli
Imbecilla acies, vidi; quàm incerta vagatur,
Utque novas quærit ſpecies ſpernitque paratas
Inſtabilis; piget heu! piget advertiſſe, ſed aurem
Adverti miſeram ſimili langueſcere morbo;
Illa etiam inconſtans, brevibus ſatiata ſonorum
Deliciis, fugit auditos, optatque recentes.

Continuò Juvenes cultos ſe adjungere lectis
Virginibus juſſi, numeriſque aptare Choreas.
Fruſtra! Compoſitos redeunteſque ordine certo
Culpabam motus, paſſoſque inſana querebar
Jura pedes: Artem obſervans Natura magiſtram

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Imperio indecori paret, turpique laborat
Servitio; Indignor tantum potuiſſe protervi
Artificis digitos agiles, nervumque ſonantem.
Indulſi Cyathis; rabies mera; clamor ineptus,
Vanaque lætitiæ raptim fugientis Imago.
Credulus ah nimium! ſperavi pocula mœſtum
Poſſe animum lenire, atraſque avertere Curas.
Poſt Ludos ſera jam nocte licentiùs actos
Incertus Sopor, interruptaque Somnia turbant;
Jamque ubi mane novo radiis victricibus alma
Diſpulerat Ratio ſimulacra fugacia noctis;
Quid facere & fari ſuaſerunt pocula, mecum
Volvi animo; quales & quo de fonte Lepores
Fluxerunt, reputans. Riſus, Jocus ille, ſolutos
Qui movit, læta circum plaudente corona,
Forſitan Ingenii nugis ab inanibus ortum
Duxerat, ambiguo luſu, vel imagine falſa,
Improbuliſve lyræ numeris, cantuque protervo,

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Caſta quibus metuat violari ſordibus auris.
Forſitan heu! nimium lepidos movere cachinnos
Infelix Vitium, incauti levis Error Amici,
Quæque palàm fari Sapiens & Candidus ultrò
Parceret, & denſa velaret honeſtius umbra.

Quinetiam infidis Cyathis conferta malorum
Agmina cæca latent; hinc linguæ effuſa Venena
Præcipitis, vanis nunquam revocanda querelis.
Sæpius incauto pronum devolvier ore
Reſponſum torquetur atrox, ſpargitque viciſſim
Inſanas lites, alienaque jurgia Siccis.

Adde etiam exhauſtas vini quòd largior uſus
Sanguinis attenuat vires, carpitque Salutem.

Ah miſerum! rabies quem cæca atrique dolores
Diverſis hinc inde malis involvere certant!
Heu! ſperat Curarum haurire oblivia; neſcit
Interea ſævo conſidere funditùs hauſtu
Morborum omne genus; lentæ intolerabile pondus

Deſidiæ,

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Deſidiæ, Errores Animi, Cerebrique natantis
Somnia, quæ paſſu ſequitur mors tarda ſilenti:
Nec videt innexis circùm cratera corollis
Lethiferoſque Angues, atraſque latere Colubras.

Ecquid inexpertum reſtat, quod pectoris ægri
Mulceat inſanos æſtus, Curaſque reſolvat?
Reſtat Amor: propera, ſalientibus imbibe venis
Spem lætam, blandoſque accende Cupidinis ignes;
Hanc tandem extremam ne parce adhibere medelam,
Liberiore animo, totaſque exquirere vires.

Quis malus hic languor? vel quæ tam ſera moratur
Segnities? rapienda Animus cur gaudia differt?
Quin agite ô fidi citius properate miniſtri,
Lætitiæque alacres optata adducite dona.
Omnis Amicarum cætus Sponſæque frequentes
Indutæ nitidos, celebrent convivia, cultus;
Quas plaga noſtra tulit, quas extera regna, volentum
Munera ſeu Regum fuerint, ſeu præmia Martis.

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Ordine quæque ſuo noſtri ſtudioſa favoris
Prodeat, & meritam referet Pulcherrima palmam.
Hæc ubi dicta, onerant menſas, cyathoſque coronant;
Unà omnes ſtudiiſque favent, fremituque ſecundo:
Nec mora, progreditur Nympharum ſplendidus Ordo:
Ante alias Una arripuit tenuitque morantes
Ardenteſque oculos: memori quàm pectore ſervo
Semina naſcentis flammæ, dulceſque dolorum
Primitias! Virgo plenis jam nubilis annis,
Gentis erat *Phariæ:* quæ læti gratia vultûs
Spirabat! quæ forma! ut mollia membra movebat,
Inceſſu facili greſſus ornata decoros!
Pectore candenti teretes tumuere papillæ,
Nec Zona cohibente: fluebat nigra ſoluto
Cæſaries nodo, multoque errabat in orbe
Per nitidos diffuſa humeros & lactea Colla.

Ore

Ore avido intuitus Nympham, placidoque beatus
Vulnere, adeſte (inquam) naſcéntem augete Sodales
Lætitiam, mollique toro properate recentes
Accumulare roſas, dum prodiga veris odori
Copia deficiat; laſciva in tempora Myrrhæ
Lacrymulas ſuavemque Electri fundite rorem,
Fundite opes *Arabum* varias: date carmen amicum,
Et pulſate lyram fidibuſque adjuncta canoris
Tympana; Tuque ades, ô formæ pulcherrima Virgo,
Tu, cujus roſea ora & clari fulgur ocelli
Delicias ſpirant, toto quas pectore Princeps
Exoptat: palmam referas, atque annue votis.
O Virgo ante alias, quam regius ardet Amator,
Eum qui ſceptra quatit metuenda per orbem!
Sic fatus, Solioque ſimul delapſus ab aureo,
Paſſu humili accedens, oblati pignus amoris
Tendebam ſupplex; altæque Inſignia Frontis
Exutus, Nymphæ crines ornare parabam,

Sollicito

Sollicito prodens ardentia pectora vultu.
O Virgo dilecta (iterumque iterumque rogabam)
Indue, quam merita es, palmam, & ſpectanda decorâ
Præmia frontis habe; Sociis prælata puellis
Splendebis; Sociæ peragent tua juſſa puellæ.
Surge age, deliciæ; ſequere ô mea ſola voluptas!
Protinus heu! quantus dolor ingruit! ut furor ardens
Invaſit ſenſus, & perculit intima cordis;
Cum ſertum abjecit Virgo, faſtuque modeſto
Triſtior, avertens candentia colla, refugit!
Luctantem juſſit celare Superbia curam;
Ægrum animum queror, & ſomni Solatia poſco:
Mox Epulas medias dejectâ fronte reliqui
Sollicitus; fidæque dedi mandata Cohorti,
Qui ſervant noſtras veteri de more puellas,
Ut ducant Nymphiam thalami in ſecreta, torique
Ornatis Dominum inſtantem ſperare juberent.

Anxius

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Anxius atq; moræ impatiens (Amor Itaq; mentem
Præcipitant) Nympham ſequor indefeſſus iniquam;
Acceſſi doniſque potens precibuſque fatigans,
Imbelleſque iterum gemitus & mollia vota
Turpiter effudi; querulo jam murmure ſupplex,
Elatâ mox voce minans: neglectaque dona
Ante pedes iterum poſui; ſeu mallet Amoris
Cedere deliciis, ſeu certæ occumbere morti.

Illa ſed invictas aures inimica tenebat;
Et paulùm avertens, irâ miſtoque dolore,
Occupat, Hic ille eſt SOLOMON? totumq; per orbem
Hæc memorata adeo magni Sapientia Regis?

Te coram hoc imbelle vides horreſcere corpus;
Id Fortuna poteſt; neſcit mens libera frangi;
Victoriſque minas & inania vincula temnit

Te Fama eſt, Vatum Princeps, Te poſſe Deorum
Abdita, naturamque Hominum, moreſque Ferarum
Pandere; Te docto ſermone exponere cæci

Ut

Ut turbant animum Affectus, utque arbitra fluctus
Componit Ratio; arrectæque edicere turbæ
Quo veniant de fonte & Amara & Dulcia Vitæ:
Grande Tibi Imperium efferri, mundique capacem
Latiùs expatiari animum; Teque optima lætos
Per populos dare jura. Ubi nunc celebrata potentis
Vis animi, dubiisque sagax Prudentia rebus?
Heus ubi nunc, Judex Populi venerande, vagatur?
Quid tibi mens agitat? quid jam meditaris? Amorem?
Res Amor incerta est: hac unâ ab origine luctus
Gaudiaque exundant; varios hinc Vita colores
Induitur; tristisque dies vel candidus ibit,
Explicat ut facilis vel contrahit ora Cupido.
Ille pius sanctusque excelsi DAVIDIS Hæres
Ancillam, Ignotamque, & sacra aliena colentem,
Ad summi veneranda Tori fastigia ducet?
Aut concede tuâ periisse hæc nomina flammâ,

Atque

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Atque inſtar lethi diſcrimina tollere Amorem;
Dum tamen indomitas miſero ſub pectore vires
Exercet, Tu ſola Deum per vulnera ſentis;
Sæviet implacatus adhuc; frontem uſque ſeveram
Contrahet, atra mei niſi vincant nubila Riſus.
Sponte ſua ſurgens Amor, ut radicibus Arbos
Partitis, gemino vires de pectore ducit,
Æqua utrinque alimenta trahens; dum pectora flammas
Utraque dant ſimiles, & mutua gaudia miſcent.
Donec Spes foveat jucunda & læta Voluptas,
Germina ſe expandunt viridantia, prodiga multis
Floribus, & circum ſuaves funduntur odores.
Pabula ſin blanda hæc deſint, hic mutuus ardor
Deficiat; languet collapſo vertice Planta,
Nudaque Spe, lento confecta dolore, recumbit.
Vi ſævâ vin'cliſque immitia corda ferarum
Vincimus: expugnant Humanum Mollia pectus.

Nil

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Nil profecturas age fortiter exere vires,
Irâ animum fatiano; nec inania gaudia fperes
Virgine ab invitâ; fpolies licet invidus arva,
Non meffem referes optatam. En! aſpice regni
Quam tibi ſint arcti fines: Te torva tuentem
Judæi metuant, patriâque ſuperbus in Aulâ
Se jactet SOLOMON: ſed lætâ fronte petendus
Mollis Amor; ſolium lentis accede verendum
Paſſibus; utque abeas felix, aſſueſce placere.

Nil tamen hìc artes poterunt præſtare placendi:
Eſt mihi, qui dudùm ſibi me devinxit; amores
Abſtulit Ille meos: nec Juſſa minæque feroces
Abrumpent fœdus, patriis quod carus in oris
Mecum iniit Juvenis: junxit data dextra viciſſim
Concordes; neque vana animos fiducia fallet.
Ad ſuperas arces ſe mutua vota ferebant,
Cælituumque Cohors libratam utrinque bilanci
Spectavere fidem, lætùm plaudentibus alis,

Fœderaque

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Fœderaque æternis servârunt condita fastis.

Quin age, jam gladius præcordia transeat; aufer
His oculis dudùm contempta munera lucis:
Me moriente tui malesanos pectoris ignes
Extinguas, sævæque odium immutabile Nymphæ;
Sanguis enim errantes animato in corpore venas
Dum movet, extremusque regit mihi spiritus artus,
(Obtestor metuenda *Ægypti* Numina) sævis
Te sequar usque odiis; Tu spe languebis ademptâ.

Quin ferias, inquit; nudumque ad vulnera pectus
Exposuit: memoretur in ultima sæcula fastis
Judaicis, Stimulante libidine, DAVIDE natum
Sanguineâ jugulâsse manu, sua gaudia, servam.

Mox lecto exiliens, trepidus victusque pudore,
Sic mecum: heu! nimio languescens pectora luxu,
Exere te, SOLOMON, lapsamque recollige mentem;
Tecum agita, & taciti nascentur sponte dolores.
Per longam annorum seriem cum vana voluptas

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Spes avidas umbra duxit fugiente, (ſuperbum
Sic Fortuna animum illudit) quod pectore toto
Optavi impatiens, habet improba Nympha, negatque.
Ergone me Regem *Judæi*, mene fatentur
Gentes? & mea vox trepidantia ſtamina vitæ
Conſervat dirimitque, ancillam corpore flexo
Dum veneror, ridetque meas Virguncula vires?
An rapiam invitam? fugiat tam turpis Imago!
Hoc prono pecori Me æquaverit.—Anne remittam?
O! quas ad terras, atque hei mihi, cujus in ulnas?
Illuc quà SOLOMON nunquam veſtigia figet;
Brachia quà Juvenis ferventia pandet amatus,
Cui ſervans decus Illa ſuum, menera ſpernit.
Improbe Amor, quales miſero de corde triumphos
Sævus agis! quam triſte jugum! quam cuſpis iniqua!
Illæſus vivit, qui fræna audire recuſat;
Et lacerant fidos aſperrima vulnera ſervos.

En!

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En! Tibi *Judææ* Princeps dat colla; quid optes
Nobilius? ſpolia unde magis memoranda reportes?
Cur Nympha uſque adeo ſævam intractabilis aurem
Obſtruit oranti, neque regia vota moratur?
Neſcio quem vilem populi de fæce Bubulcum
Cur petit, ardenteſque amplexus DAVIDE nati
Contemnit? demens, quæ Principis atria ſpernat,
Quà pompam inter opeſque effuſaque gaudia lætus
Regnat Amor. Caſa nimirùm, Caſa ſordida, ſummo
Monte tremens, ventis ſævoque obnoxia cœlo,
Avocat; hìc vivos compeſcet pectoris ignes
Res anguſta domi, veneremque extinguet egeſtas.
Ah nimis! imperium vireſque fatentur Amoris
Sollicitæ Gentes, fanis quæ numen adorant;
Gnara Dei vultus vivo de marmore ducit
Græcia, vel fuſo ſpirantem oſtendit in auro;
Quem *Cyprus* colit, atque aris imponit honorem.
Arcum dextra minax geſtat, lævoque pharetra

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Ex humero latus ad medium demissa, sagittas
Sustinet, inamitis lacrymosa. Insignia regni.
Insidet ala duplex humeris, quas Ille fugaces
Jam movet acceleraus; reducea mox flectere gaudet;
Huc, illuc, utcunque animum regit aura protervum.
Sic mihi, sic sese Deus obtulit improbus, ex quo
Jam primùm visâ concepi Virgine flammas.
Transfixit pectus, celerique avertitur alâ;
Dira hominum pestis! pereant, precor, asperа tela,
Quæ fixere meo tantum sub pectore vulnus!
O! utinam mea vota fugam tardare valerent!
Lassatus trepidea, pennâ languenta moreris,
Ni cursum huc teneas, versamq; reducere Nymphan
Appropores, ægro meditans solatia Regi.
Dum luctantem animam premerent hæc vincula,
Nymphæ.
Heu! frustrà cupidam, meditantem oblivia frustrà;
Hinc Ratio admonuit, sed fortiùs institit illinc
Sævus

Sævus Amor: fluitante animo, mutabar in horas.
Curarum indomitus cum tandem involveret Æstus
Spe nudum, vici cedendo obstantia Fata.
Longa Dies curas paulatim absterfit eundo,
Collectasque iterum Sapientia duxit habenas.
At brevia heu! longos abrumpunt otia luctus;
Tarda venit requies; celeri pede Cura recurrit.
Altera mox Virgo (sic invida fata volebant
Pascere idem in venis aliâ sub imagine vulnus)
Altera formosas Virgo comitata cohortes,
Quas inter vacuas fallebam suaviter horas,
Ante alias semper sese obtulit impigra, Jussa
Prævenions, motusque oculi servabat herilis;
Abra (hoc nomen erat) comes adstitit usque parato
Obsequio; prima accessit, postrema reliquit.
Abra animo vigili prævertit verba vocantis,
Et quamvis aliam accirem, tamen adfuit *Abra*.

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Sollicito ardentem ſtudio videre puellam
Jamdudum æquales: riſum officioſa movebat
Sedulitas; me verò haudquaquam inſueta videntem
Impatiens labor iſte operoſaque Cura latebat.
Dum tandem admonuit Fama, inſolitoſque miniſtræ
Ipſe etiam ſenſi ferveſcere conſcius ignes.

Cum Sol occiduum pronus jam ſparſerat ignem,
Tranquillâ ſub nocte negotia longa diei
Diluere, atque animo volui dare feſſus habenas,
Fæmineis ſecreta fovens convivia tectis.
Accumbens purgare manus luſtralibus undis
(Sic veneranda jubent legum mandata) parabam.
Abra ſuas tum fortè vices ſortita, recentem
Ritè dabat lympham & dulces miſcebat odores.

Mox humiles demiſſa genas & ſupplice paſſu
Lenta aderat Virgo, pronoque in vertice dulces
Infundens latices, tepidabat corpore toto.
Jamque meos inhians vultus ardenſque tuendo,

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Conſcia mox oculos raptim revocabat, & imo
Necquicquam oblu&tans ſuſpiria corde trahebat.
Unde, inquam, innocuæ veniant tibi, Nympha, dolores?
Curarum vanâ cur ludis imagine?--Vitæ
Secreto ſic calle latens, Tu pectoris æſtus
Noſtin'? Tu curaſque & gaudia, ſpeſque metuſque?
Nimirùm tuto ſub pectore, blandula Virgo,
Cor tibi molle latet, Veneris neque palpitat i&tu.
Erubuit, linguâ titubante locuta; Pudorque
Ornavit fra&tam vocem & trepidantia verba.
Supplicis ancillæ ſeries miſeranda dolorum
Si fortè attentas intrabit Principis aures,
Ah! ne, dum referat, vultum indue, quo trepidantes
Per populos das jura; Superciliique minacis
Abſint horrentes rugæ, frontiſque verenda
Majeſtas; & amica exporrige mitiùs ora.

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Eſt mandare Tuum; mihi Juſſa capeſſere fas eſt:
Et quanquam ah! renovem crudelia vulnera fundo;
Si modò Tu facilem vultum præbere querenti
Digneris, luctus ſi Rex miſeretur obortos,
Perfruar his lacrymis & fundam fræna dolori.

Te, Tellus, & Vos, ô conſcia ſydera, teſtor,
Celari neque enim fas eſt, incendor amore:
Si ſit amor, venis effrænem agitare furorem,
Et ſine Spe miſerum nutrire in pectore vulnus.

Magne Parens, animas hominum qui numine torques
Occulto, varioque doces ſe flectere motu;
Cur blanda avertens morbo medicamina, tantis
Abjungis ſpatiis cauſam finemque dolorum?
Ille, meo ſævos qui pectore ſuſcitat ignes,
Splendentiq; oculo neglectam heu! perculit *Abram*;
Obſcurâ ſi ſtirpe ſatus, ſi Patre Bubuleo
Vixiſſet Cuſtoſve boum, pecoriſve magiſter;

Manè

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Manè comes ſummos ſuperâram ſedula montes,
Ardenteſque æſtus temnens, brumamque rigentem;
Uſque rogans, mediam quâ falleret arbore lucem.
Ille ubi nocte domum ſperatus venerat hoſpes,
Condideram dulci convivia inempta labore;
Anxia & impatiens, humilis de culmine tecti,
Obvia venturo miſiſſem ardentia longè
Lumina per campos; trepidâ inter ſpemque metumque,
Gaudia dum ſecum ferret rediviva, caniſque
Blandulus adventum Domini monſtraret amati.
Illum Ego, cervici teneræ nudiſque papillis
Acclinem, dulces ſuaſiſſem carpere ſomnos:
Et capite à molli, Phœbi redeuntis ad ortum,
Sollicita elapſum ſubducere lene lacertum,
Exieram, fœtus ſtabulo miſſura coactos,
Et Pecori blanda, & Paſtoris amica quieti.

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Sin vultu meliore Deus, flammæque benignus,
(Nec mihi vana fides tam puram in pectora flammam
Cœlitùs immitti) natalem ornaverat horam
Splendore imperii & Proavorum Stemmate longo,
Cor impunè altùm se evexerat, & mea vota
Spirâram faciles dilecti in Principis aures.

Sic nata, attigeram has terras prior ipsa *Sabæâ*
Principe, spectandum Formâ magis omnibus unum
Lustratura Virum; molles avidâ aure Poetæ
Exceptura sonos & ab ore fluentia mella.
Libassem simul à roseis redolentia labris
Oscula, quæ dulces vicissent thuris odores.
Ut vultus atque ora Viri laudare juvâsset
Singulaque eximiæ miracula pingere formæ!
Quam radii mites oculorum; Solis adinstar,
Pura repercussos ignes cum temperat unda!
Quam rubet aureus ora; sinumque argenteus albet!
Flexibus intorti placidis nigredine crines

Cornicis

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Cornicis plumam exſuperant; certare labellis
Coccineus metuat rubor, Heſperiumque corallum.
Ut dentes nitido ſtant ordine, more coævi
Jam tonſi Gregis, emerſique à flumine vivo,
Candida in aprico ſiccantis vellera ſaxo!
Sapphiris ut ſiquis ebur rutilantibus ornet,
Vena ſuper niveam turgeſcens cærula dextram
Effulget. Quas Crura oſtentant fortia vires,
Quamque decora nitent, Parias imitata Columnas!
Ut toto attollit ſe corpore! ſurgit in auras
Palmæ inſtar, pinuque caput ſublimior effert.
Suavè crocum redolent Veſtes Myrrhamq; fluentem,
Et caput ambroſii circùm jactantur odores.
Quid loquor aut ubi ſum? heu! infelix, inſcia Virgo!
Quin morere ô! morere *Abra*; eheu nimis auſa fateri
Quam Tibi Cor ardens aſpirat Principis alto
Miſceri amplexu, ſeroſque beare nepotes;
Plaudente ut populo Te illuſtret regia Proles,
Felicemque

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Felicemque novis jactes SOLOMONIBUS alvum.

Hìc lacrymis lingua interrupta filescit obortis;
Curarum ô tristis series! malesana Puella!
Cor mihi, multa dolens nuper, nova spicula temnit;
In me frustrà alii meditentur vulnus ocelli.
Hei mihi! adhuc altè cruciatis sensibus hæret
Hærebitque diu vetus atque horrenda Cicatrix,
Et *Pharium* vinc'lum spretique injuria voti.

Quum penitùs (dixi) poterit volventibus annis
Principis opprobrii vanescere tristis Imago;
Alta iterum in summâ Ratio dominabitur arce,
Atque iterum SOLOMON lapsos revocabit honores.
Luserit Affectus, seu Marte subegerit Hostis,
Cautior intendat totos Sapientia nervos,
Servatâque semel metuat virtute relabi.

Abra sed intereà —— quæsita accedere ad ora
Sæpiùs indulsi; nam sic Clementia suasit
Ancillæ miseros paulùm lenire dolores.

Verus

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Venus Amor vultuque animoque ardente patebat;
Tangimur & veros ultrò miscescimus ignes.
Assiduam blandâ spectavi fronte ministram;
Et semper studiosam accedere, sæpe vocavi.
Inque dies jam Nympha magis dilecta magisque
Paulatim in venas tacitum insinuavit amorem.
Sera ubi fæmineis agerem convivia tectis,
(Jam tum sola dedi leviuscula tempora Nymphæ)
Illius à dextrâ pomorum gratia major,
Illius à dextrâ melius sapuere Placentæ.
Sed pomis decessit odor, dulcedo placentis,
Constructas nisi blanda epulas ornaverat *Abra*:
Necquicquam vinum rutilanti ardebat in auro,
Ridentem nisi blanda admoverat *Abra* liquorem.
Carmina miscerent cum vespertina Puellæ
Æquantes parili citharæ modulamina cantu;
Languidius Vox illa, argutius illa sonabat,
Altera inops artis, nimis altera prodiga visa est;

Nec

Nec placuere mihi numeri, nisi funderet *Abra*
Sola melos: Sociis prælata, insignior ibat;
Nec tenuis nitidos comitata est gloria cultus.
Arctiùs ut crines cohibebat splendida Vitta,
Pulcrior emicuit contractæ gratia frontis;
Utque tumescebant nive candidiora, Pyropi
Pectora vicini commendavere rubores:
Baccatæ armillæ teretes auxere lacertos,
Et varii varium decus incendere lapilli.
Quin magis ut placuit, magis hinc studiosa placendi
Gratior effulsit radiantis conscia formæ.

Jam tandem veteris repetita opprobria flammæ
Respicere à tergo poteram & culpata fateri:
Saucia corda libet paulùm lenire vicissim,
Conceptosque fovere astris melioribus ignes.
Quid (dixi) ferat *Abra* mali? quæ causa timoris?
Tam tenera insultare potest? tam blandula lædet?
Unquamne ambivit quidquam nisi posse placere?

Deliciis

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Deliciis fruar illæsus, facilemque receſſum
Inveniam; ſine fraude animum ſolabitur *Abra*,
Et Pax alma ſemel comitem ſeſe addet amori.
Magne Deus, quam cæcus Hômo eſt! quam
ſortis iniquæ
Ludibrium infelix; laqueos ſibi tendere natus!
Viribus heu! noſtris nimiùm confidimus; hoſtis
Nec ſatis inſidias adverſaque tela cavemus:
Altiùs inflatas ventoſa ſuperbia mentes
Attollit, vanoque incendit amore placendi.
Summa Voluptatis temerè per labra vagamur,
Dum revocare licet veſtigia: nulla peric'li
Securos terret facies; frænique remiſſis
Nos ubicunque rapi ventis præbemus & undæ.
Florifero deinde in prato aut viridante ſub umbrâ
Laſcivè fuſi languentia membra, repletos
Inter Crateras, variéque nitentia ſerta,
Æquora ridentes volvi propiora videmus:

Dum

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Dum tandem erumpens violentior intgruit Æstus,
Turbidus immiscet terramque & sydera nimbus;
Præcipitesque per Oceani spatia ampla rotati
Vexamur fero mâlè cæcula corda dolore:
Se circum capita agglomerant perennia fluctus,
Mœrentique oculo tellus contracta recedit.

O latè dominator Amor! tua sceptra latentem
Quà tutum exquiret Pectus mortale recessum?
Quas paret Ingenium oppositas tot fraudibus artes!
Quæ varias aperire potest Sapientia formas
Insidiis vestris citè inservire paratus,
Cum miseros sævo meditaris perdere ludo?

Nympha superba hodie, jactans se, pulcra nocendi
Arma palam induitur, belloque lacessit inermes:
Elato vultu inceſſuque patet Dea: stat mœna
Inconcussa, ferox, erectaque cassibus, audet
Spernere terrena, & fati ridere furorem.

Interea

Interea ſcuto præcordia ſepta virili
Claudentes, dum non inhoneſta Superbia munit;
Ducimus egregiæ laudis mulichria Geſta
Mirari, noſtræ virtutis imagine capti.
Quæ placuiſſe poteſt, facili dulcedine vincet;
Quos hodie incendit, cras ſub juga mittet amantes.
Vitra oculis Ratio prætendere fida videtur;
Quàm fallax! Formæ quàm incerta reſultat Imago!
Mirantes animum, & perculſi luminis igne,
Dum Nymphæ canimus laudes, ſperamus amores.
Improbe Amor, Nymphæ cras altera tela miniſtras,
Mœrorem effuſum & paſſos ſine lege capillos:
Voce querens humili ducit miſerabile carmen,
Hærentiſque vicem ſupplent Suſpiria linguæ.
Concipit hinc generoſa incendia pectus honeſtum;
Tollimus afflictam ſuſtentamuſque jacentem:
Dumque animo facili properamus molle levamen,
Et lenit miſerum Pietas humana dolorem;

Curarum

Curarum intereà nobis contagia furtìm
Obrepunt, ſimilique jubent langueſcere luctu;
Cingimus ah! ſero munimine ductile pectus,
Cedere lacrymulæ gemituque liqueſcere pronum.
Intimus hic, quo nec propior neque ſævior alter,
Quâ fraude eluſus, quâ vi turbabitur Hoſtis?
Unde tibi auxilium, fragilis Natura, ciebis,
Nunc facili ingenio, nimio nunc prodita faſtu?
An licet externam ſperare aliunde medelam,
Cum Pectus fallax internum admiſerit hoſtem?
Ille intùs domitam Rationem illudere gaudet,
Palantiſque Ducis cæcus veſtigia flectit.
Jamque animæ victrix peramabilis *Abra* catenis
Colla mihi captiva coërcuit; Illa repletum
Poſſedit mihi cor, Illa unica; Speſque voluptaſque
Omnis in Illâ affixa pependit: ut abfuit Illa,
Multa moram incuſans gemitus lugubrè profudi;
Ocyus Illa redux gemitus luctuſque fugavit:

Nox

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Nox orta eſt, abeunte; Dies, veniente, refulſit.
Ordine Conventus, Scenæ, ludique ſequuntur
Larvati: facit Illa melos, facit Illa choreas:
Tot formas habituſque novos induta niteſcit,
Fingere quot nôrit vario mens prodiga luxu.
In campo dominata hodiè ſub tegmine palmæ
Veſtra arma & veſtros ſibi, *Debora*, ſumit amictus;
Victricique ſedet frontem circumdata lauro:
Ipſe inſtar *Baraci* veſtigia pronus adoro:
Turba Illi fictos canit obſequioſa triumphos,
Illam effert clademque Hoſti Patriæque columnam.
Cras mitem induitur faciem moreſque ſerenos,
Splendenti Martis pompâ & terrore relictis;
Molliùs incedens Mulier jam ruſtica, Villâ
Egreditur, Regemque adducto munere viſit.
Depoſitis Agmen juvenile micantibus armis
Collatum certant cantando rependere munus;
Dum feror inceſſu ſpectabilis ipſe paterno

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Reginam insigni dignatus honore futuram.

Jam fortasse *Abræ* si mens vaga gestiat ire
Latiùs in sylvas, cervosque agitare fugaces;
Sole recens orto, cita se delecta Juventus
Corripit è somnis, properatque ad lustra ferarum.
Majestate humili cinctus pompâque minori
Rex vester, *Solyma*, adventantem inglorius *Abram*
Expectat. Prodit jam tandem: corpore purus
Partìm *Arabum* partìm *Persarum* è semine natus
Vectat Equus. Tunicâ lascivam undante per auram,
(*Sidoniæ* quo more solent *Thressæque* Puellæ)
Docta genu medium mediumque exponere pectus,
Consultò neglecta, palàm spectantibus offert.
Venatoris Equi lævâ torquentur habenæ,
Dum tremit in dextrâ minitanti argenteus arcus:
Aureâque ex pharetrâ (lateri quæ affixa pependit)
Nigrantes plumam ostentant crepitantque sagittæ.
Fronte altâ, Sapphiri adamantibus intertextis

Crescentem

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Creſcentem nitido referunt curvamine Lunam.
Sylvarum Dominæ nitet *Abra* ſimillima; vultus,
Inceſſum, vocemque agnoſcimus: ipſa DIANA,
Ipſa Dea eſt; digno veneramur honore, Deæque
Ponimus ante pedes quicquid captavimus agris.
Vocali inſignem Chorus accinit ore DIANAM;
Altiùs & lituorum unà clangorque tubarum
Divinas effert laudes: pulſare triumphi
Oppoſitos Colles: Colles iterare triumphos.
Cras ſi fortè animus peragrati tædia Saltûs
Lenire ad vitreas piſcoſi fluminis undas
Suaſerit; extemplò artifices ſe mille labori
Addunt, & Regis certatìm Juſſa capeſſunt.
Littore in irriguo multis cumulantur in altum
Arboribus Tabulata, & mobilis Inſula ſurgit.
In medio, Carrus ſolido ſtat fulgidus auro,
Cui viſi gemere argentei ſub ponderi Cycni.
Abra Dea inſignis ſolio ſedet alta coruſco,

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Argolicæ VENERIS vultus induta decoros.
Circumfusa latus Ponti Gens humida, amoris
Egregias celebrant dulci modulamine laudes.
Dum magni intereà Spectac'li pompa propinquat,
Et VENEREM lætæ clamant instare Catervæ;
Cultor Ego heu! nimium supplex in margine terræ
Extremo, fervens avidâ spe brachia tendo
Excipere impatiens surgentem è gurgite Divam.
O Ratio subjecta jacens! ô sæve Cupido!
Quò tamen ulterius mea se Dementia ferret?
Satne erit, ut Nympham summa ad fastigia ducam
Intra ædes clausas vel amica silentia Villæ:
Aut ficti ut vultus mutataque nomina magno
Dedecori obducant blandam caliginis umbram?
Quin omni potiùs *Solymæ* spectante coronâ
Prodeat in lucem jactata infamia Regis:
Solennis dapibus Mensis datur; hospitioque
Collectam gentem communiter excipit *Abra*.

Utque

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Utque dies omnis pleno celebretur honore,
Huc varios mittunt fœtus Sylvæque Lacuſque,
Huc *Arabum* & Deſerta *Ægypti*; huc fertur Edule
Quodcunque eſt: vix ipſe fugit convivia *Phœnix*.
Commiſtis citharisque Viri cantuque Puellæ
Dulce ſonant *Abræ* decus & mea gaudia: ſervi
Quinetiam Vates præconia ſordida fingunt,
Et celebrant noſtros numeris mendacibus ignes.
Mox quoque Nupta dapes me deducente relinquens,
Quam vulgi ex oculis prudens retineret Amator,
Se jactat ſpectatam omni notamque popello
Participem Solii pariter Cordisque magiſtram.
Huc coëunt variâ *Judææ* ex parte frequentes,
Agmen Adulantum, quos *Abra* adduxit: honorum
Hi mercaturas agitant; hi munera donant,
Multa nec immodicis par eſt provincia votis.
Scilicet his primùm monſtrantibus *Abra* nocendi
Edidicit varias artes; orare, ſilere,

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Atque leves ſummis adjungere rebus amores:
Imperiumque ſuum certis firmare peritè
Legibus, & dulci exitio mea fallere Corda.
Hinc etiam acceptum, miſerum mihi tradidit Illa
Conſilium, Regum eſſe animis obducere vela:
Et mala ſucato celantes pectora vultu
Aſſiduos agitare dolos; dumque Hoſtibus almi
Obſequio arrident blando, contemnere Amicos.
Mox Ego præſidia imperii certiſſima ſperno
BARZILLÆ magni ſobolem, atrociſque BENAIÆ
Progeniem egregiam; quorum ſubiere Parentes
Davideas curas, juveni ſua gaudia Regi
Teſtantes, Sceptro cum jam donatus ad *Hebrum*
Fulgeret, Virtute illorum & Vulnere clarus.
Ocyus (ah triſte auſpicium!) cumulantur honore,
Quos mihi reddiderat dementia noſtra timendos,
Mordacis *Shimei*que genus, *Coræ*que propago;
Qui turpes facilem experti ſunt DAVIDA, quanquam

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Calcâſſent leges, Regique indigna tuliſſent.
Creſcit adhuc amor infelix, opprobria Regis
Neglecti creſcunt: ſubvertens faſque nefaſque
Fœmina dux rerum, fixit decreta refixitque,
Et Nymphæ inſtabiles flexit vox unica leges.
Oblitus Patriæ ſolâque moratus in *Abra*
Factaque Conceptuſque Illi Vitamque dicabam:
Non potui læſo Rationem opponere cordi;
Abra ibi ſe dominam aſſeruit, pars optima noſtri.
Quòd ſi jam noſtrum ſteterat Lis ante tribunal
Inclyta, quâ tantos miræ virtutis honores
Accepi Juvenis: Simulatæ lingua parentis
Fuderat illecebras fruſtrà, blandamque loquelam;
Fruſtrà etiam Veræ trepidantia viſcera matris
Impulerant Pietas ardens innataque Cura;
Utrique eluſæ fatum decreverat *Abra*
Ore potens placido ſervare & perdere torvo.

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Sceptra rudis moderari, amplexus vinc'la, jacebam
Exanimus Princeps & magni nominis umbra.
Pupillis miſeris queſtus funduntur inanes,
Nec tangunt noſtram Viduæ ſuſpiria mentem:
Neglectæ lites pendent infamè; ſupino
Opprobrium injiciunt Domino ceſſantia Jura.
Nec jam ultrà coiere Senes, ut regia Dicta
Audirent, ſuaque in melius præcepta referrent;
Nec jam Magnatum Pueri didicere, MOYSIS.
Quid leges potuere, quid inclyta DAVIDIS Arma.
Diſcinctæ luxu Turmæ oblitæque laborum
Non intermiſſo traxerunt otia ludo.
Quin nudæ tectis in publica commoda turres
Eductæ ſteterunt; oneravit machina muros
Nutantes immanè ——
Expectant mediæ faſtigia ſumma columnæ,
Et pendent infecta rudi laquearia vultu:
Artifices languent, triſteſque abrupta queruntur
Mœnia:

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Mœnia: Spes Patriæ, legata à DAVIDE, Sedes
Magni ſacra Dei moles jacet imperfecta.
Plorabant taciti, quorum maturior ætas,
Errantem Regem & fluxi infortunia regni.
Hiccine (dicebant Graviores) Hiccine, cui mens
Altior omnigenas iit indefeſſa per artes;
Cui fixit dubios miranda Scientia fines
Virtutis Vitiique: diſerto cujus ab ore
Plurima quæ fluxit Sapientia, tradita fidis
Spirat adhuc chartis; Patrumque in frontibus hæret
Præceptis teneros informatura Minores,
Atque inſigne ſenum pariter Decus? Ergone neſcit
Effrænem *Sapiens* cohibere cupidinis æſtum?
Ille quid admonuit? quid nos advertimus aures?
Moribus ipſa facem præfert Doctrina pudendis,
Et quo plura ſciat, culpâ graviore laborat.
Turba faceta magis, leviori ſcommate, (ſertis
Ut vincti roſeis genio indulſere) viciſſim
Hauſerunt

Hauſerunt calices, pretium quibus arrogat *Abræ*
Formoſæ Nomen, cui cederet ardua Regis
Gloria *Judæi:* Pars laudavere jocosè,
Tam bene quem Luxus cum Majeſtate deceret:
Advertere alii quantùm pugnaret Amori
Conſilium; factiſque meis mea dicta refellunt.
Rex vivat tamen, (hic infit) regnoque fruatur:
Quem memoras Regem? (Alter ait;) neque enim amplius audit
Rex SOLOMON; patriæ dudùm immemor Ille ſuiq;
Servit amans *Abræ:* quid noſtrûm pejus uterque
Patraret? nobis fluat ordine Vita ſoluto,
Si ſic, quêis animo melior ſententia, peccant.
Dina premat vario laſcivos flore capillos;
Aut lepidum meditata melos, trepidantia pulſet
Fila lyræ: dulces mellis ſine acumine ſuccos
Libemus vacui, nec vi nec lege coacti.
Dulcis amat volitare inter leviora Voluptas;

Seria

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Seria deducunt animum & mœrore fatigant.
Audiat egregius Veri Rectique Magiſter
Hæc mea Dicta, ſuis meritò aſcribenda libellis.
Sentimus lugubrè tui mala verbera Sceptri
O Ratio, exerces trepido quæ pectore dura
Imperia! ut gaudes ſævas imponere leges,
Si, ſapere ut poſſim, penitus linquenda Voluptas,
Majoreſque premant meditantem plura dolores:
Judææ miſero Regi ſi gaudia Vitæ
Deliciaſque adimas, ut Principe digna ſequatur;
Et Curâ paulùm mutatâ, vincula Amoris
Exutum Tu compeſcas graviore catenâ!
Tene autem Dominam fateor legumque tuarum
Sævitiam queror immitem faſceſque potentes;
Cum ſis interea nihil heu! niſi nomen inane;
Quot Capitum vivunt, totidem variata figuris
Diverſis, Soboles deliri vana cerebri,
Mendaces formas, fluxoſque induta colores?

Scilicet

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Scilicet ingentis tituli levis umbra! Catena,
Quâ ſeſe alternis Hominum genus acre coërcent,
Quam primùm finxere Vafri, Timidique fatentur.
Sis tamen inviſum nomen ſeu vera poteſtas,
Te quacunque libet deducere origine, vires
Agnoſco, ſævâ præcordia cuſpide fixus.
Te ſenſere intùs luctantia pectora, Fatis
Decretam dare jura, & debita ſceptra tenentem.
Cedo equidem; ſupplex edicta ſuperba faceſſam;
Unica erit merces Virtus ſibi: Cedo, rebellis
Judæa! infelix à noſtrâ mente Puella
Exulet æternùm: Hoc plebi turbæque remitto.
Corde ægro dulcis Furor extorquebitur; *Abræ*
Vincula nec patiar, populo ſervire paratus;
Seque anima imbellis ſorti ſubmittet iniquæ:
Pro dolor! audebo miſer eſſe viriliter, ut Rex
Incedam, multâque in Majeſtate gemiſcam.

Hæc

Hæc dixi, immodico certus me involvere luctu
Altiùs, ut foret una quies Spes nulla quietis.
Mandavi chartis, timui quæ dicere, amatæ,
Linquendæ tamen æternùm, portanda puellæ.
Expoſuit multis verborum ambagibus atrox
Littera, Majeſtas quantum pugnaret Amori:
Addidit, & Nymphæ memorem fore, dum memor eſſem
Ipſe mei; longumque Vale: compeſceret ignes
Heu malè conceptos, juſſi; connubia votis
Appeteret magis apta ſuis, thalamoſque minores:
Atque humili vitæ curſu, paribuſque Hymenæis
Dedita, tranſigeret reliquos felicior annos.
Perlegit, extemplóque ad Me ſe corripit amens,
Ad Me, præſentem curas lenire priores:
Sollicitans flexis genibus, luctata, minaſque
Et lacrymas dedit alternis; jam languida jamque
Ardeſcens: tandem ulteriùs data nulla dolendi

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Copia; corripitur, noſtroque miſerrima Virgo
(Illa meos potuit quæ ſola inflectere ſenſus)
Fertur ab aſpectu; mox exſpes, fracta dolore,
Effudit miſeram properato funere vitam,
Et vana imperia infauſtoſque reliquit Amores.

Fare age ſi poteris, Mens conſcia, quanta dolorum
Agmina opes in Te ſimul effudere coactas:
Quas Furias & quos ignes, quæ ſæva tulisti
Spicula; Curarum quam multa oppreſſit Imago!
Me quoties regni à ſtrepitu in ſecreta removi,
Nequicquam tacitum paſcens ſub pectore vulnus?
O quoties labente die, blanda oſcula, amores
Præteritos reputans, in Nymphâ abſente morabar
Anxius? ô quam ſæpe oculis muliebria paſſim
Ora pererrabam, cari veſtigia vultûs
Siqua forent? libuit ſolio mihi ſæpe relicto
Solam inter tacitos ſylvarum ambire receſſus:
Sæpe etiam in ſomnis per longa ſilentia noctis,

Floriferaſque

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Floriferaſque ſuper Valles, perque alta ſequebar
Flumina: ſurgentem auroram ſpectare pigebat,
Cum fugerent gratæ fraudes & amabilis Error.
Dum fremeret trepidante diu ſub pectore luctans,
Et magis atque magis ferveſceret Æſtus Amoris;
Evicit tandem fines; Rationis habenas
Audire impatiens, rapido ſeſe impete volvit,
Molliaque indignans Naturæ fœdera rupit.
Montibus haud aliter ſummis, quorum antra coërcent
Concava congeſtaſque nives pluviaſque tumentes,
Dum ſpatiis nimis anguſtis negat unda teneri;
Seſe præcipitem Torrens agit, ut fuga nulla
Prævertat curſu, vis nulla retardet euntem:
Quin urbes rapiens ſylvaſque armenta viroſque
Obruit; horreſcit communi funere tellus,
Et referunt procul ingeminatum Saxa dolorem.

Jam

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Jamque, furor quocunq; rapit, Quæ turpiter auſi,
Oblitus decoriſque mei Soliique paterni!
Ut falſis acclivem animum per mille ſecutus
Ambages Vitii curvas, cæcoſque receſſus!
Jam patrias, jamque externâ de gente puellas
Sordidus in thalami gremium commune recepi.
Mutavi flammam aſſiduè: Quamcunque beatam
Viderat una dies, neglectam poſtera vidit;
Utque animum movit fluitantem incerta libido,
Has, illas, arſi impatiens, captaſque reliqui.
O! precor, ô! fugiant mortalia lumina Scenæ
Infames; tacitam inducant Oblivia nubem;
Et nigram errorum Seriem ſuper incubet umbra
Denſior, offuſæque æterna ſilentia noctis!
Vel ſeri tantum compendia parva Nepotes
Et ſcelerum ſigna accipiant, quibus undique Gentes
Cognoſcant monitæ, vitiis Opprobria naſci,
Et certos Levitate animi fluxiſſe Dolores.

Deſidiâ

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Desidiâ languens penitùs luxuque solutus,
Noctem epulis ludisque, & somno perdere lucem
Consuêram: tandem oppressas nova pabula flammas
Accumulata necant; acieque hebetatur amori
Mutato toties; propriâ vi fracta libido
Decidit, & lassam subierunt tædia mentem.
Quin Animus priscum queritur periisse vigorem,
Incultusque diu, amissas desiderat artes;
Jam neque Judicii sanum mihi restat acumen,
Quo vera amplecti valeam, secludere falsa:
Torpescunt pigri sensus; mentique sepultæ
Ingenii veteres vestigia nulla supersunt.
Ducit opes sensim mala consuetudo, laborque
Et Virtus ingrata movent fastidia; fractæ
Paulatim frigent effœto in corpore vires,
Et blando ulteriùs Vitio supereſſe recusant.
Imperium extendunt deliria nostra puellis;
Succubui, facilis votis, patiensque minarum;

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Nympha ſuperba jubet nunc *Perſica* ſyrmate longo
Verrere humum & lento ſpectandum incedere paſſu;
Jamque *Syra* (indignum!) cantus interque Choreas
Crure tenùs medio veſtes ſuccingere cogit.

Illecebris captus, rituſque & diſſona Sacra,
Quidlibet inſanum ſuadente ſequebar Amicâ.
Dira *Philiſtinæ* vereor dum juſſa, *Dagonis*
Inviſi ante aras adoleſcit flamma; regente
Pellice *Chaldaicâ*, *Chaldæa* altaria fumant,
*Aſſyrio*que Deo fervent redolentia Thura.
Uſque novæ meretrici aræ rubuere recentes,
Quotque arſi Nymphas, coluí tot ſacra Deoſque.

Quo fugit Ratio, ſenſus deluſe? paterni
Quo ſeſe eripuit Majeſtas ardua regni?
Quò fugere ſacræ Virtutis Dogmata, vivo
Quæ data fonte DEUS primis mihi tradidit annis;
Dum veneror cæcas *Phariâ* monſtrante puellâ
Effigies, nuper Cœlo data numina, quorum

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Fana ſuis hos ante dies haud viderat oris
Judæa; infames Superos, armenta Deorum
Turpia, *Oſirin*, *Apin*, pronum pecus; & ſua thura
Et ritus habet obſcœnos latrator *Anubis*.
Quin marmor vetitâ ſylvoſi montis in umbrâ
Cædebam in varias facies, cæſoque ferebam
Ipſe preces ſupplex: mediâque palude, nefandâ
Relligione ardens, colubras muſcaſque verebar,
Nec non & Plantæ virgultaque vilia cultus
Accepere ſuos, timuique quod ante ſerebam:
Omnia honore ſacro donans Animalia, ſolum
Præterii, cœlum & terras Qui numine torquet.
Per cæcam hanc animi nubem triſteſq; per umbras
Tenuia cœperunt jam tandem albeſcere lucis
Semina; naſcentis radii nova flammula ſpargi
Per nubem, optatæ præſtans promiſſa diei.
Mente potens mecum jam pauca revolvere, Regem
Deſpectum vidi: tardè mea juſſa Miniſtri

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Egerunt, fugitque ſacri Reverentia vultûs.
Vidi etiam unanimes populos opprobria Regis
Certatim proferre, ſuiſque obducere nubem.
Davidis oravit generi meliora Sacerdos,
Et ſermone vago latè mea crimina pandit.
Dum Pater erranti vitæ per lubrica nato
Monſtraret vitiorum exempla miſerrima; mores
Ille meos, & me, celato nomine, pinxit.
Hoc Cuſtos iterum atq; iterum memoravit Alumnis;
Principe deliro Sanus præſtantior Infans.
In me converti Rationis lumen, & imam
Altiùs ut mentem ſcrutabar, plura dolebam;
Me latè dominantem, in terris Numinis inſtar,
Agnoſcunt Gentes, vultuque & voçe moventur;
Vincula libertaſque, infamia turpis, honorque,
Et Fata à noſtro pendent trepidantia nutu.
Heu! nimiùm jactat ſeſe mea gloria; Regem
Judææ innumeri cogunt ſervire Tyranni:

Multa

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Multa cohors Venerum & Vitiorum inſana Caterva
Principis everſæ menti dominantur; & Ipſe,
Quem decuit leges libertatemque tueri,
Ipſe jugo turpi ſubmittit colla, protervi
Mancipium Domini, ſtimuloſque cupidinis acres
Sentit iners, ſævoque piger ſub Verbere torpet.
Te compello iterum, ô Ratio! miſerere doloris
Effuſi, miſerere, oro, & ſuccurre labanti.
Nimirùm cœlis Sapientia naſcitur; altos
Hinc ducit radios, hominumque in pectora torquet.
Hæc tamen humanæ Regina altiſſima mentis
Sceptra parùm metuenda manu ſuſtentat inerti;
Incola ſi gravior ſurgat, ſolioque potitam
Vi majore premens, cogat ſibi cedere Victor.
Sis verò licet imbellis, ſis mollis inerſque,
Conſilio tamen orba tuo Mens inſcia, curſu
Incauto tutæ veſtigia linqueret alta
Virtutis, vitiique incerto in calle periret.

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Ut mulcet placidâ nares dulcedine fragrans
Unguentum, lætas pertentat ſuaviter aures
Laudis honos meritæ; quod ſi labatur in urnam
Muſcula, contacti dulces violantur odores;
Balſamaque, heu! quantum mutata, inamabile
ſpirant.
Sic minimas labes inter pulcherrima facta
Si ſpargas hinc inde, lues ſubnaſcitur atra,
Contrahit informes maculas puriſſima Virtus,
Paulatimque fluens diffunditur undique peſtis.
Infelix SOLOMON! mitte has de pectore curas:
Quin vitæ recolas errores mille peractæ;
Demiſſis tacitè lacrymis, quòd, facta Bonorum
Carmine dum celebret Muſa immortalis, honores
Accumulans famæ meritos; tua crimina ſola
Voce canet clarâ, neque regia carpere parcet
Nomina, manſurum infundens nimis æqua venenum.

Me

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Me tandem eripui è ſomnis, oculoſque patentes
Conſcius erexi; bilem movere cohortes
Fœmineæ, Turbæque Deorum: ſtat mihi certum
Immotumque animo, paulatim emergere ab alto
Oceano Vitii: Querulos hinc mœſta reſurgens
Muſa modos renovat, culpatque fugacia vitæ
Gaudia; ſublimique audens ſe attollere pennâ,
Spes hominum fragiles ſævi ludibria fati,
Divitias fruſtra aggeſtas, ingrataque honorum
Tædia proſequitur, miſeraſque libidinis atræ
Blanditias: aperitque dolos, nugaſque fatetur.

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POTENTIA:

LIBER TERTIUS.

ERGO age, Pars Noſtrî melior, Vis vivida, vitæ
Fons, Anima! hoc Ego Te, quæcunque es, nomine dignor:
Conſcius Ipſe Meî per Te, Te pectore toto
Percipio, vireſque tuas & munera noſco.
Sed latet, unde Tuî ducas primordia; de Te
Tot Vates diverſa canit, diverſa Sacerdos.
An Genus obſcurum & ſtirpis vulgare fateris
Principium, lectæ forſan melioribus orta
Particulis terræ, quæ ſe certo ordine miſcent
Mirifico rerum motu fauſtoque Atomorum
Concurſu

Concurſu implicitæ: hinc fato ſtatuente juberis
Corporis ire comes, quem Vitæ cunque colorem
Sortitur; trepidas, audes, duciſque dolores
Gaudiaque, incerto ut ſanguis ſe concitat æſtu:
Utque calor magis ardeſcit, vel frigora torpent,
Læta viges viridante ævo, languente feneſcis:
Dum tandem, Socium extremâ vel morte ſecuta,
Laberis in fumum tenueſque recedis in auras.
An ſpiras majora, altâque ab origine ſtirpem
Deduci mavis, audiſque libentius ignis
Scintilla ætherii; divinæ Particula auræ,
Juncta luto vili, nimis arcto fœdere juncta,
Communi heu fato præſcriptum ad temporis orbem
Per varias comitata vices varioſque dolores:
Ut doceas Hominem opprobriis vel laude moveri;
Ut Bona vel Mala percipere; & pallore fateri
Irarum rabiem, aut flammas ſentire pudoris;
Ut normam vitæ inſtituas, ducaſque fideli
Conſilio;

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Consilio; & rerum varius ceu postulat usus,
Reddas cautum agilemque, & viribus ingeniove
Nobilites, aptum paci, bellique potentem.
Dum priscum in cinerem se Pars terrena resolvit,
Carceris & rumpens cedentia claustra caduci
It Captiva, hærens paulum & cunctata jacentes
Relliquias super, immitis jam faucibus Orci
Inclusas; mox pennâ agili, indignata teneri,
Evolat, ætheriamque arcem & sua vindicat astra.
Quicquid eris, quoquo tendis (neque enim omnia cæco
Scire Homini fas est) age parvula pectoris hospes,
Pectoris insanos motus sedantis, ut alta
Sit Tibi pax; (quoniam inde enascitur improba turba,
Quæ vitam exagitat, quæ Te distorquet & angit)
Fac age, quodcunque aggrederis, fac arbitra certum
Monstret iter Ratio, & fido moderamine ducat.
Pacati Affectus erroris nube remotâ

Ardua,

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Ardua, pulcra petant: Et Vitam diſce ferendo,
An curis hominum & tanto ſit digna labore.

Quæ variis vitæ in gradibus variiſque Animantum
Naturis præſtant, conjuncta tenere videmus
In ſe Hominem, pecudum ſenſus, almumq; vigorem
Plantarum, ætheriæque animæ cœleſtia dona.
Inſpice quos pariunt generoſa hæc ſemina fructus,
Et rebus lætis oppone incommoda vitæ.
En ut Homo, fruſtra fato cogente reluctans,
Protrahitur miſer in lucem; auxiliique alieni
Indigus, in genubus maternis nudulus hæret!
Utque levis ſtatuit Muliercula, tollitur Infans
Ejiciturve foras; genitrici languet iniquæ
Neglectus, morboſve trahit de lacte foventis.
Mollis adhuc fragiliſque oculus fugit acria lucis
Tela, diemq; novum; inſuetam male ſuſtinet auram
Cor tenerum, multumque tremit, pulſuque frequenti
Æſtuat. Ut variâ perculſus imagine rerum
Obſtupet!

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Obſtupet! ut pavet attonitus! Membra irrequieta
Luctantem interius produnt augentque dolorem:
Et gemitu queritur molli lacrymiſque miſellis,
Dum nondum fractas voces mutilataque verba
Effari didicit, quibus intima ſenſa laborans
Exprimat, occultoſque enarret pectoris æſtus.
Mox ut paulatim aſſurgit puerilibus annis,
Garrulitate rudi crepitat, vanoſque timores
Concipit à nugis: cum firma adoleverit ætas,
Publica ſcena vocat, populiſque frequentibus infert
Implicitum; longo curarum ibi volvitur orbe;
Et tacitæ fraudes & aperta pericula cingunt
Infelix latus: hinc Hoſtis vindicta ferocis,
Hinc ſævi magis amplexus fallacis Amici.
Quin facta inquirit Populus; laudeſque maligno
Ore filet; minimam gaudet diffundere labem.
Nec cœtu in turpi maculis aſpergere famam
Deriſor parcit mordax, quique audet apertis

Virtutem

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Virtutem opprobriis petere, inviſamque fateri.
Si verò his laſſus turbis, ſecreta ferarum
Luſtra petat ſolus, populoſque urbeſque relinquat;
Mens tamen umbrarum in latebras tacitoſq; receſſus
Addit ſe comitem; innumeris Mens uſque ſecuta
Turbat Imaginibus: palantemque implicat Error,
Ceu nemorum ambage illuſum; aut torrentis iniqui
More ruens, rapido premit acrior impete Cura.
Multa animo verſans, varioque exercitus æſtu,
Dulce miſer Socii alloquium deſiderat; audit
Attonitus mœſtos ſaxa ingeminare dolores,
Seque fugit trepido deſerta per avia curſu.

Hinc adeo, variæ quocunque in tramite vitæ,
Vexamur cæcis animorum Affectibus: atris
Jam cincti nebulis, cur ſpem foveamus inanem,
Fulſuros olim meliori lumine Soles?
Inſtabiles Hominum Senſus, trepidantia ut Ægri
Somnia, profiliunt volucres; curſuque citato

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Semper amant amota ſequi, fugientiaque ardent
Arripere: uſque adeo, ſomni fallacis Imago,
Spes maleſuada levi vigilantes decipit umbrâ.
Sed flexis poſt terga oculis, ut dira dolorum
Agmina reſpicimus, trepidâ formidine Senſus.
Horreſcunt, miſeramque viam remeare recuſant.
Accedunt curis curæ, ſcenâque priori
Scena ſuperveniens magis & magis atra videtur;
Nec mora, nec requies; ſed adhuc geminantur eundo,
Et quæque hora novos uſque addit & uſque dolores.
Dum tandem longo curarum pondere cani,
Otia venantes nequicquam, effœtaque membra
Jam fracti, laceræ vitium commune ſenectæ
Ploramus, miroque volubilis ordine vitæ
Ad ſtadium infantile rotante revertimur ævo.
Diſcimus hinc quid Vita hominum eſt; heſterna recentes
Protulit ex utero nudos, nudoſque ſepulcro

Craſtina

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Craſtina Lux referet; nempe hæc ad munera natos,
Luctu animam vexare, & tædia ferre, Morique.
Quid varias memorem clades, quibus Ille laborat,
Quas timet Hic, capiti miſero jam jamque minantes?
Quid deformem Urſam, rabidumq; per arva Leonem
Graſſantem, ſparſas pecudes, cæſumque magiſtrum:
Obſcuras nemorum ambages, fluvioſque profundos,
Pendenteſque immane minaci vertice rupes?
Quid Peſtem indomitam, quæ late incedit aperto
Marte furens, medioque die ſpatiata per auras
Diffundit mortem populis: Tacitamve Sagittam,
Obſcurâ quæ nocte levi ſecat æthera lapſu,
Atra venena trahens, pallenteſque inficit umbras.
Sæpe unà denſæque nives imbreſque coacti
Se glomerant, altiſque à montibus agmine facto,
Præcipiti lætas populantur gurgite valles.
Sæpe etiam nitidis vermes genus omne voraces
In campis dominantur, & occupat undique plenas
Hoſpes

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Hoſpes edax fruges; vanas incuſat ariſtas
Agricola, atque inopi marceſcit languidus anno.
Quid lentos referam morbos, acreſque dolores,
Qui carpunt fragiles repetitis ictibus artus?
Sanguineo ut curſu laceratos Calculus aſper
Excruciat renes! ut aquoſo frigidus humor
It capite, abſumens cunctanti tabe vigorem,
Et vitæ fontem paulatim exhaurit eundo!
Quas Febris calor indomitus, quas ſæva Podagra
Exercet furias! longoque ut debilis ævo
Obruitur Natura; atque omnibus atra Senectus
Una malis gravior, claudo pede languida repit:
Dum gemitum aſſiduum & longos finire dolores
Mors venerata negat; lectoque abſcedit acerbo
Surda Quies, vanos miſereri neſcia planctus.
Nequicquam egregiæ Virgo pulcherrima formæ
Languenti dare blanda Seni ſolatia quærit;
Cum tremula incerto quatitur, jam non ſua, motu
Dextera;

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Dextera; nec domini votis reſpondet, amoris
Impar officiis, placidi neque conſcia tactûs.
Nil faciet pulſata chelys, nil dulcia quondam
Fila lyræ; nec molle melos, nec læta juvabit
Fabula, cum celeri jam volvier agmine ſanguis
Deſtitit, auriculæque ingrato frigore torpent.
Mons viridi hìc ſurgit clivo, Valliſque nitentem
Ridet picta ſinum, quem lucidus alluit amnis:
Illic cœruleos fluctus canentia volvunt
Æquora, ſplendidulæque micant in littore teſtæ:
Sed varios fruſtra miſcet Natura colores,
Cum languent hebetatæ acies, oculoſque natantes
Atra premit nubes. Abeunti nocte refulget
Alma dies: ſpiſſi deſcendunt largiùs imbres,
Seque iterum ſcindunt nebulæ & diffunditur æther,
At Vetulum extincto palantem lumine nullæ
Jam poterunt recreare Vices; non aurea Solis
Lampas, non Lunæ nitor, & quæ plurima cœlo

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Stellula ſcintillat, miſerum ſolantur; iniqua
Nox cingit, triſteſque urgent ſine fine tenebræ.
En! ubi ſuccumbit ſævæ miſeranda Senectæ
Victima! languentes oculos, dextramq; trementem
Aſpice! ut infirmos quatit æger anhelitus artus!
Senſibus obrepunt incerti Oblivia ſomni,
Solaque percipitur per acutos Vita dolores.
Tempore prædanti cedent argentea vitæ
Vincula, diſſilientque; ruet volventibus annis
Urna levis, longoque ævo labefacta peribit.
Scilicet hæc fati lex eſt: moriemur honoris
Expertes, & vana erimus ſine nomine turba.
Uſque aliam ex aliâ ſtirpem manet exitus idem;
Gens cadit hæc; nova ſurgit, abit, ſequiturque priorem;
Ævi quæque brevis, terrâque exorta parente,
Mox reditura iterum in veteris primordia terræ.

Sed

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Sed vultu eniteat meliori Scena; coronet
Alma ſalus Hominem, & lætos vigor excitet artus.
En! vix exſuperans operoſæ longa diei
Tædia, feſſus adit jam ſole cadente penates:
Sole oriente iterum prodit; labor uſque recurrit,
Arcentique famem & vitam ſudore merenti
Perpetuum redeunte die redit actus in orbem.
Forſitan ad noctem reduci ſpectacula præbet
Atra domi moriens puer, aut viduata marito
Filia: Vicinum cras luxuriante beatum
Prole videt, nuduſque ſibi magis inde videtur.
Utque dies pergunt, lacrymabile funus Amici
Ducitur, hoſtiliſve occurrit pompa triumphi:
Quo ſe cunque ferat miſer, aut Mala publica turbant
Sollicitum, aut proprii laris Infortunia tangunt:
Virtutis claræ meritis haud præmia ſolvi
Digna videt; læſamque fidem & temerata pudici
Jura tori queritur, pravo ſub Judice litem

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Protractam, inverſaſque haud æquo Interprete leges;
Aut nigras fraudes Magnatum & turpia damnat
Arcana imperii, arbitriumque immane Potentûm;
Mordacemve dolet linguam, quam pectore cauto
Nec fugiat Sapiens, monitis nec frænet amicis.

Hæccine credantur caſu volvente ſiniſtro
Enaſci Mala? num parium vaga Semina motu
Confuſo implicita; an potius fert ordine certo
Lex ſtabilis fati, rerumque immobile fœdus?
Quin age, ſi poteris, nodum mihi Muſa reſolve;
Anne, inquam, caſu eveniunt, fatone jubenti?
At quacunque genus ducunt de ſtirpe, catenis
Heu miſeram involvunt animam, variaſque coactam
In partes rapiunt, & mille timoribus urgent;
Atra, ſevera Cohors, quibus anxia Vita laborat,
Ingens ipſa Malum, & mater fœcunda Malorum.

Uſque adeo vexatur adhuc, blandumque levamen
Venatu aſſiduo fruſtra mens anxia quærit;

Sperat

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Sperat adhuc, multi poſt tædia longa laboris,
Poſt tot ſollicitos requieſcere ſuaviter annos;
Vana voluptatis ſimulacra attingere poſſe
Exoptat; vitâque aliud dictante magiſtrâ,
Quod nuſquam eſt avidè petit, & ſibi ſomnia fingit
Lætitiæ, miſeris ſine fine exercita curis.

Felix, qui vallem lacrymarum umbraſque doloris
Extremas ſuperans, tandem veſtigia fixit;
Qui longi attingens cursûs ſpatia ultima, durum
Depoſuit pondus, placidâque in morte quievit;
Quem ſculpti vultus atque æra inciſa fatentur
Jam vitam comitumque agmen ſuperâſſe Malorum.
Hic felix magis, & natus melioribus aſtris,
Qui ſpatium peragit brevius, premiturque minori
Pondere; quem vitam jam primùm haurire recentem
Una dies, hauſtamque effundere proxima cernit.
Ille autem longè ante alios felicior omnes,
Qui vixdum matris penitus formatus in alvo

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Occidit ante diem; qui nunquam è cercere vitæ
Profiluit; neque prima etiam certaminis intrans
Tædia, (præcipuo fatorum munere) ſolis
Neſcivit lucem, & varios ſub ſole labores.
" Parce gravis nimium Cenſor! cur tam aſpera
" tradis
" Dogmata? cur adeo vitæ genus omne ſeveris
" Legibus includas? quid Faſces, Splendor, O-
" peſque?
" Nonne Opibus pax alma datur; non Purpura
" Reges,
" Victoreſque beat Decus immortale ſuperbos?
Tota, inquam, ſimiles ſubit undiq; vita procellas,
Sollicito jactata metu trepidoque tumultu.
" Ergone per terras nuſquam Pax ridet; & omnis
" Scena venenati patitur contagia luctûs?
Nulla uſquam, Pax nulla—age, conſcia Muſa,
dolores

Pande

Pande nimis veros; ſublimius exere vocem
Mœſta ſonaturam: ſed vos procul ite, Profani,
Dum plectro graviore canam, ſociandaque magnis
Verba loquar chordis, vulgi minùs auribus apta.
" O mentes Hominum illuſas! Formidine mortis,
Aſſiduis ſitietis adhuc extendere votis
Sæcula, & optatam vitæ captabitis umbram,
Sperantes ſupereſſe diu, famâque perenni
Partem aliquem ſævo ereptam ſervare ſepulchro:
Utque olim nemorum gratâ ſub mente nepotum
Spiretis, celſas nitidaſque parabitis ædes,
Grandiaque ingenti condetis ſcripta labore.
Spes vanæ! labor effuſus! labentibus annis
Ipſæ ædes fato vigilataque pagina cedent.
O moniti toties! & adhuc res mira videtur,
Prætereunte ævo vaſti membra omnia mundi
In ſedes migrare alias, aliaſque figuras,
Et revoluta novis nova nomina ducere formis?

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Muſa modos revoca—Vanâ uſq; illudimur umbrâ
Lætitiæ: aſſiduos ſortitur Vita dolores.
Quid tandem pacis Sapientis nomen inane,
Quid Procerum dat honos? quid purpura Judicis, alti
Quid Regum tituli?—En Regem ſub pondere vaſto
Sudantem imperii! ſævo nunc auctus honore,
Surgit ad ingentes populi pro pace labores;
Nunc ruit infelix maleſanæ victima plebi.
Agmen adulantum primis comitatur ab annis,
Et tenera inſinuat fallax in corda venenum:
Uſque domi cingit, domino blandita potenti,
Serva cohors, maculaſque aliis aſpergere prona.
Egrediturne foras? numeroſo milite cinctus
Incedit, magnâque latus ſtipante caterva,
Innumeras fraudes ſe formidare fatetur;
Ipſaque ſollicitos teſtatur pompa timores.
Sit quanquam illuſtris bello, ſit pectore fortis,

Arte

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Arte valens; dubiis fortunæ caſibus anceps
Volvitur, ambiguo illuſus certaminis æſtu,
Aſperaque incertam ſequitur per tædia palmam.
Sed redit inſigni redimitus tempora lauro,
Vota ſoluturus cœlo ſolennia; curru
Sublimi ſedet excelſus, vinctique ſequuntur
Ponè Duces; fremitus effuſaque gaudia miſcent
Turba ſalutantûm, plauſuque ad ſydera tollunt.
Quæ tamen hæ pompæ! quæ gloria! nempe tumultum
Plebs agitat confuſa, fremitque ignobile vulgus.
It captiva Cohors, miſerâ ſub imagine Martem
Ancipitem oſtendens, & quæ fors craſtina belli
Alea victori meditatur fata ſuperbo.
Ipſa etiam ſpolia & ductæ longo ordine prædæ
Oſtentant laceras Gentes, & publica damna,
Damna olim fortaſſe in ſe ruitura, ſuoſque.
Nonne dolet, recolens tot merſos funere acerbo

Heroas,

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Heroas, magni quos pectoris ardor honeſtam
Impulit in mortem; qui nuper gloria campi
Inſignes fulſere, feris nunc præda relicti
Alitibuſque jacent? Heu ſplendet flebile laurus,
Tot Matrum lacrymis, tot ſanguine ſparſa Virorum.
En ubi quadrijugos elatus Marte ſecundo
Victor agit, densâ mirantûm inhiante catervâ!
Si tantos inter fremitus feſtique triumphi
Lætitiam undantem, ſecum ſi pauca volutet,
Ipſi ſucceſſus auditaque Vota docebunt,
Quam levis inſtabiliſque hominum, quam lubrica vita eſt.
Axe tonans rapido multoque in pulvere fervens,
An curas ſupra evehitur? nullíne timores,
Nullane ſuſpicio turbat, levitaſque popelli
Cognita; num ſtridor liturûm clangorque tubarum
Exſuperat miſero luctantes corde dolores?
Inſtas Naturæ vox importuna fatigat,

Vox

Vox gravis, & nullo populi reprimenda tumultu,
Quanquam ipsa immani clangore tonitrua vincant.
Volvere sic poterat secum: glomerata faventûm
Turba virûm, nostros quæ tollit in astra triumphos;
Si fortè instabiles quatiens Victoria pennas
Me fugiat, fragilesque hosti decernat honores;
Illi Turba eadem similes dabit improba plausus,
Illius ad portas denso sese agmine fundet,
Et nostras franget statuas inimica, recentis
Ut domini facies renovato spiret in ære.
O cæcus furor, & dominandi insana libido!
Ipse Ego, qui populorum hodie super ora superbus
Evehor, hostilis pompæ pars Ipse feretro
Cras fortasse trahar, lacerum & deforme cadaver.
An quisquam interea mirantûm ex agmine tanto,
(Pro pudor!) ingenti jam plausu ante ora frementûm,
Defuncti laudes caneret? quisquamne lavaret
Vulnera, vel lacrymâ saltem sequeretur inani?

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Aut si ludibrium fortunæ, inhoneſtaque paſſus
Vincula, victoris poſt currus ſordidus irem;
Mene adeo indecorem, de tot modo millibus Unus
Noſceret, aut vultu miſerum ſpectaret amico?
Scilicet egregios præſtat Sapientia fructus!
Cernere dat triſtem magis acri lumine ſcenam,
Dat fieri ante alios miſerum, interiuſque dolorum
Aſpera percipere, atque imis haurire medullis.
Scrutemur faſtos, veterum quibus alta Parentum
Facta manent recolenda; omni quæramus ab ævo,
Siqua unquam effulſit penitùs ſine nube doloris
Gloria; ſi Faſces comitata eſt pura Voluptas.
Ille Parens hominum primus, mundique recentis
Indigena, en variis ut cingitur undique cœli
Muneribus! cui juncta comes pulcherrima Conjux,
Quem dominum confeſſa ſuum, quæcunque capaci
Orbis alit gremio; vaſti ſive ætheris oras,
Seu tractus terrarum habitent, pontumve profundum.

Sed

Sed quales fructus magna hæc promiſſa tulerunt?
Heu, vitæ introitu, vix delibata relinquit
Gaudia! jam primum Paradiſi lætus in horto
Viderat ire diem, cum ſede expulſus amœnâ
Per ſentes triſte urget iter, perque aſpera ſpinis
Dumeta; hinc victum haud facilem ſudore diurno
Quærere damnatus, longorumque orbe laborum
Tædia ſolis iniqua pati, dum debita ſomni
Dona refecturi vires optata ferat Nox.
Ut ſocium reputans ſcelus & memor uſque peracti
Criminis, infauſtam uxorem lugubre tuetur,
Et nimiam heu ſuadam, nimioſque incuſat amores!
Sæpe horret raucæ perculſus imagine vocis,
Quam reboante recens iterabat in æthere fulmen:
Sæpe repente tremit, veluti cum fulgura prima
Arderent cœlo, & Cherubis cùm dextra minacis
Vibraret rutilos irati Numinis ignes!
Nec mora, quin terrâ exanimis jacet altera proles,

Primitiæ

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Primitiæ lethi, & fraternæ victimâ dextræ:
Frater ſanguineâ famoſus cæde, notâque
Cælitus impreſſus, patriam fugit impius Erro.
Cur tamen obruerent miſerum mala tanta Parentem,
Quærere nequaquam Superoſve Homineſve deceret.
Turpior aſſiduè vitiis gravioribus Ætas
Singula ſucceſſit; patrium ſcelus æmula pubes
Vicit adhuc: tandem ingentes exarſit in iras
OMNIPOTENS, atque his ora indignantia ſolvit:
En formaſſe hominem Me pœnitet! Eripe terris
Sol lucem! Cœli nigreſcite! Voſque capaci
Ite ſinu effuſæ, collectis viribus, Undæ!
Audivere Undæ Dominum: & mandata ſecuti
Effrænes fluctus, nimbique immane furentes
Subjectas rapido ſuperârunt agmine terras.
Tradidit interea *Noæ* ſervanda fideli
Quæ voluit ſupereſſe DEUS: naufragia mundi
Proſpexit Pater immunis, victorque tumentes

Diluvii

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Diluvii fremitus ferventiaque æquora ſprevit.
Sed Venti poſuere, & decreſcentibus undis
Emergit Tellus; paciſque Inſigne Columba
Ore refert placido ramum felicis Olivæ.
At *Noæ*, licèt alma fides mœrentia firmat
Pectora, adhuc tacitæ tangunt præcordia curæ;
Dum poſt terga videt mundi lugubre ſepulchrum,
Et deſolatas communi funere gentes;
Proſpicit inde aliam faciem abſimilemque priori
Surgere, vix relegens veteris veſtigia formæ:
Hìc ſeſe in longum extendunt deſerta locorum
Squallida; prærupti hìc tollunt capita aſpera montes.
Vota Pater ſolvens, media inter ſacra frequentem
Effundit lacrymam, & tacitus meliora precatur;
Spemque fovet; miſeras etiam dum ſpectat aquarum
Relliquias, omni ex numero quêis ſpiritus auræ
Purior ætheriæ, de tot modo millibus, Octo.
Et tribus è Natis, qui jam ſpes ſola relicti

Unde

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Unde ortum Regna expectarent, proſpicit unum
Fatali fixum opprobrio, nudumque favore
Divino, æternâque onerantem labe nepotes.
Rex quanquam illuſtris, quanquam OMNIPOTENTIS Amicus,
At varios vitæ caſus, multoſque labores
Abramus ſubiit; duri diſcrimina belli
Pertulit, & cæſis quæſivit regna tyrannis:
Difficili ſponſæ ſubjecit colla; jugoque
Aſſuetus, ſenſit ſervæ quoque jura ſuperbæ.
Jam miſeram invitus mœſtâ cum prole parentem
Ejicit, ah! nudam, nemorumque per avia ſolas
Quæſituram umbras, & agreſtis munera victûs:
Jamque aliud thalami dilectum pignus, & omnem
Spem ſenii, ad Moriæ fatalia culmina ducit
Infelix! puerum heu ferro jugulare cruento
Cogitur, aut magni contemnere juſſa TONANTIS.

Ipſum

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Ipſum oculis ſpectare DEUM data copia *Moſi:*
Sed qualem vidit? densâ circum undique flammâ,
Undique inacceſſo velatum lucis amictu.
Lumina ſin radios potuiſſent ferre coruſcos;
Quam brevis hæc, unâ vix nocte morata, Voluptas!
Ille autem, tanto quanquam dignatus honore,
Quot volvit caſus, quæ pertulit aſpera rerum
A cunis uſque ad tumulum! Jam tum invida nudum
Pauperies puerum primis invaſit ab annis:
Oppreſſere ſenem inſidiæ, atque adverſa malorum
Agmina; ſurrexitque cohors ſtudioſa labores
Fruſtrari egregios: quin aſpera Turba furore
Sic Vatem incendit, tabulas ut frangeret amens,
Quas ipſa æterni ſignârat Dextra JEHOVÆ.
Effræneſque Viros cum jam per mille labores
Duxerat, armorumque vices, perque extera regna;
Promiſſa en! tandem fato diviſus acerbo
Littora, jam moriens, heu non ſua littora, vidit.

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Davidis in vitâ, ut curis longo ordine curæ
Succedunt! quot iniqua pericula, quotq; tumultus!
Mollis adhuc, tenerâque virens ætate, leoni
Concurrit rabido, & torvæ ruit obvius urſæ.
Nondum annis maturum immanis dextra *Goliæ*
Aggreditur, tacitique petunt tela invida *Sauli:*
Saulo urgente, fugit ſuper avia luſtra ferarum,
Arduaque aſcendit montis juga, ſeque ſub antro
Occulit, & mortis nequicquam munera poſcit.
Tandem Ipſe ad regni ſurgens faſtigia, magnum
Exſtitit exemplum, quàm ſævo pondere ſudet
Majeſtas, quantoſque ferat Diadema labores.
O qui torquebant ardentia corda dolores,
Cum gravis hoſtiles aperiret Numinis iras
Nuntius! Ut diverſa animum exagitabat Imago;
Triſte Viri funus, violatæ injuria Sponſæ,
Et Puer heu patrium ob crimen nece raptus iniquâ!
Ut ſecum horrenda ingemuit, cum regia cladem

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Intulit impietas populis, juſſitque Propheta
Eligere, an peſtem cœlo deducere mallet,
An tolerare famem, aut ſævi diſcrimina Martis!
Occubuit tandem Genitor: precor, oſſa quieſcant;
Nulla ſacrum fœdâ violare ærugine nomen
Lingua auſit: quanquam ô, luctantem pectore in ægro,
Hunc ſaltem liceat verbis vulgare dolorem:
Me moriens curis auxit, ſceleriſque paterni
Hæredem inſtituit; juſſis me vinxit iniquis
Devotum mactare caput, cæſoque meorum
Principe, decreto nova tingere ſceptra cruore.
Nec mora; continuò juvenili ſanguine fervens
Dira ſequor præceps crudelis juſſa Parentis.
Virtutes patrias celeri vix lumine luſtro;
In vitiis intento oculo juvat uſque morari:
Nec memini, primis ut vitæ prodigus annis
Protegeret patriam! ut leges venerandaque jura

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Servaret conſtans! Lætâ ſed mente revolvo
Nequitiis fractum aſſiduis, turpique ſolutum
Pellicis amplexu: fugienda exempla ſecutus
Abripior, ſcelerumque feror declivia præceps
Per loca, perque atro rorantes ſanguine calles.
Fraudibus aſſuetus, tranquillo fallere vultu
Jam potui, mortiſque atrocia tela ſerenus
Dirigere; hinc oculo fratrem ſpeculatus iniquo,
Omnia facta viri veſtigiaque omnia ſcrutor,
(Ambitione odii ſtimulos acuente) fugamque
Quærentem fruſtra tangentemque inſequor aras.
Hìc, etiam hìc, ipſas (fateor) cecidiſſet ad aras,
Ni Timor obſtiterat, tumidamque repreſſerat iram.
Quin do ſponte fidem, certus violare; benignè
Polliceor veniam, atque odiis ſimul acribus uror.
Nil lacrymæ gemituſque valent, nil vota preceſque;
Sævus adhuc, tacitumq; premens ſub corde furorem,
Blanda malus loquor, & fictâ pace ore ſereno:

Dum

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Dum tandem prædæ, vi, fraude, potitus, ad aras
Accedo, teſtorque DEI venerabile Numen,
Sæva palam intentans deluſo funera fratri.
Quæ tamen hinc lacrymæ, quantus dolor! Ut libet atrum
Delere ex animo ſcelus! Ut prætexere vellem
Nominibus falſis fraternæ opprobria cædis,
Alteriuſque onerare immani crimine famam!
Nequicquam heu! gladium ſi dextra aliena cruentem
Egerit, imperium Regis dextra illa ſecuta eſt:
Omne meum eſt; facinus, quod lacryma multa perenni
Uſque fluens curſu vix tandem abſtergere poſſit:
Hinc ſolùm, hinc ſolitam ſperat mens conſcia pacem,
Fletibus aſſiduis, longoque exercita luctu.
Corde adeo trepidante, parum facunda, neque artem
Oſtentans, noſtrum veraci carmine Muſa

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Opprobrium explicuit, fidâque ingrata tabellâ
Deſcribens actæ ætatis veſtigia, pandit
Quàm ſpes vana hominum, quàm vanæ pectora curæ
Exagitant; primoque à vitæ carcere ſeram
Ad metam, quàm nigrum iter eſt, quámque undique acerbum!
Nugarum immensâ hac ſerie jam pene peractâ,
Tædia longa querens vitæ, mihi mortis in umbrâ
Polliceor requiem optatam blandoſque receſſus:
Huc metus haud penetrant terrorque; nec atra doloris
Tangunt tela Virum placidâ jam pace ſepulchri
Compoſitum, & mortis recubantem mollius ulnis.
Cur trepidas, Ratio? quidnam eſt Mors iſta? nihilne
Præter torpentem concreti ſanguinis æſtum,
Intercluſa animæ ſpiracula, membra vigore
Orbata, & poſita anguſtæ ſpatia ultima vitæ?

Fumus

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Fumus ut accenſo glomerari viſus ab igne
Se ſurſum rapit, & tenues vaneſcit in auras;
Ut celerem per inane fugam volitantia carpunt
Nubila, præcipitique abeunt diſperdita vento:
Sic Hominum ſubito pede lubrica labitur ætas;
Vitæ ſic vapor emicat, in vacuumque recedit
Aëra; ſic ſpatiis inſtans propioribus ortum
Occaſus juxta inſequitur, cunaſque ſepulchrum.

Quæ Timidi horrorem, quæ vota medetur Avari,
Mors finem adducit, quem non procul abſore cuncti
Novimus: hinc animo fatalia tempora forti
Proſpiciens, lethum contemne, nec inſcia flecti
Naturæ jura incuſes; quin munera vitæ,
Non aliâ data lege, hilaris lætuſque reponas.

His Sapiens dictis, ſecum diverſa volutans,
Reſpondet tandem, dubius metuenſque futuri:
Si mecum evolvam ſpatium omne, quod uſq; peregit
Lapſorum fine fine volubilis ordo dierum,

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Ex quo profiluit de carcere Tempus, ad horam
Quâ primùm incepi matris concreſcere in alvo,
Aut Nîl prorſus eram, aut memet ſaltem ipſe
latebam.
Rurſuſne in Nihilum fatorum lege revertar,
Hâc artus fugiente Animâ: penituſne jacebo
Perditus, anguſtâque æternùm condar in urnâ?
Particulæ, hoc corpus quæ compoſuere, caducos
Illapſæ in cineres, nunquamne in priſca coibunt
Fœdera: ſed rerum confuſâ mole ſolutæ,
Incipient membra in diverſa aliaſque figuras
Ire, nec agnoſcent veteris veſtigia formæ?
An vox illa, Homini vitæ quæ infundere ſenſum
Dignata eſt, prohibet redivivo accendier igne?
Nulla ſemel labentem Animam, Vis nulla catenis
Eripiet tenebrarum, & carcere noctis opaco?
Oceani in fluctus, quoties redit Heſperus, igne
Præcipiti pronum video deſcendere Solem;

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Nec longum, & radiis îſdem ſimilique vigore
Urget iter ſolitum, rutilique Inſigne diei
Purpureum referens, illæſo ardore refulget.
Inſtabiles video ventos ſine lege vagari,
Incertamque agitare fugam; nunc flamine molli
Leniter aſpirant, rapido nunc turbine fervent,
Perpetuumque tenent, vario licet impete, curſum.
Fontibus occultis ſeſe erumpentia primùm
Flumina, mox prona immenſum glomerantur in æquor:
Hæc fugiens abit unda, ſupervenit altera, & amnes
Fluctibus aſſiduis lapſuque feruntur eodem:
Uſque novæ funduntur opes, venâque perenni
Copia inexhauſtis fœcunda evolvitur urnis.
Ergo Hominem premet æternùm lex aſpera, cui Sol,
Cui Fluvii, Ventique leves parere recuſant?
Ut Flos mane novo decus explicat omne, diei
Deliciæ fragiles; & primo veſpere marcet;

Nos

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Nos itidem — Eoïs ut concitus Eurus ab oris
Æquora ſumma fugâ verrit, tacitoque recumbit
Littore; ut in ſtipulis volitans crepitantibus ignis;
Ut ſaxum in præceps declivi à monte volutum
Se rapit; ut ſudum jaculata per æthera flamma;
Sic, ſic Vita fugit: quin bullula rupta breviſque
Fabula, & umbra levis ventoſaque ſomnia velox
Ætatis referunt iter — Hei mihi, ſiccine Vita
Tranſit, & æternum Mors ſeſe extendet in ævum?
Se certè anguſtis nimium hæc Sententia claudit
Finibus: aut unde humanæ eſt illa inſita menti
Spes, unde ille Timor, ſorſne altera & altera ſedes
Præmiaque & pœnæ, luctuſque & gaudia reſtent?
Relliquiæne Hominis redivivæ vincula ſomni
Excutiant? letho pateat nova Janua vitæ?
Cum Sponſi lacrymoſa oculos compreſſerit Uxor,
Fœmineo funus gemitu planctuque ſecuta;
Num dormit, paulùm aſſueto fugiente vigore,

At

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At letho haud penitus devictum, exſangue Cadaver:
Dumque artus, vitæ jam functos munere, carpet
Ignis edax, vermeſve, aut tempora lenta; vigebit
Uſque eadem vivax Anima, & data gaudia læto
Guſtabit ſenſu, horreſcetque affecta dolore?
Illane, ſi pulchrè ſe geſſerit, inſcia labis,
Dum ſocium amplecti dignata eſt corpus amico
Fœdere, fulgentem ad patriam ſedeſque beatas,
Regnaque perpetuâ ſurget ridentia pace?
Noſque Hominem extinctum lacrymis dum flemus ineptis,
Cœlicolæ læti excipiunt, plauduntque reverſo?
Sin ſeſe ſcelerum maculis & crimine multo
Polluerit, ſuperiſne tremens depellitur oris
Perpetuam in noctem, loca tetra; ibi cogitur ævum
Immortale pati, æternos ſentire dolores?
Nos adeo, anguſto trepidantes limite terræ,
Fluctibus oppoſitis geminum circumfluit æquor:
Flectimus

Flectimus hinc atque inde oculos; dolor opprimit inde,
Imminet hinc timor: & vario dum volvimur æstu
Præcipites, flemusque peracta, futura timemus,
Præsens sollicito disperditur hora tumultu.
Pectore sic varias inter fluitante procellas,
Dum Spes ægra cadit, Ratioque incerta vacillat;
En (iterum dixi) quid Vis illa impigra, quæram,
Quid trepidans agilisque, Animam quem dicimus, Ignis?
Quo more exercet sese? quêis clauditur oris?
Nosne illam imperio premimus, fræniſq; tenemus?
Unde ideo hæc nostram rumpunt Incommoda pacem?
Usque sequi pacem contendimus, usque dolorem
Aufugere: utrinque heu! studio exercemur inani:
Dumque diem Natura velit traducere molles
Inter delicias, & noctem fallere somno;

Fortior

Fortior interea opponens mala certa Poteſtas,
Arbitrium eludit fragile, arrectamque premit ſpem;
Omniaque oſtendit, nobis licet uſque videntur
Libera, præſcriptâ fatorum lege teneri.

Illa igitur menti humanæ dominata Poteſtas,
Num gemitus audit miſeros, precibuſque movetur?
Num votis venerata piis & thuris honore,
Avertet curas, decretaque jura reſolvet?
Fortior addat opem Pietas Ratione labanti,
Thureaque invalidas compenſent munera vires:
Et doceant taciti veneranda ſilentia templi,
Garrula quod nequeunt Sapientûm roſtra, dolores
Quo pacto licet aut fugere, aut ſuperare ferendo.

Quid noſtra in melius poterit convertere fata?
Ut palans tenebris ſortiſque incerta futuræ
Anxia mens trepidat, Nihil inter & Infinitum
Dum pendens diverſa fluit, denſâque laborat
Ambage implicita, & dubiis conceptibus impar!

Solum

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Solum Hoc ſcire datur, luctus ſubſidere, ſpemque
Surgere, quo faveat magis Indulgentia Cœli.
Hæc ubi fatus eram, ſolennia ferre jubebam
Dona Sacerdotem, & ſacris ſe accingere votis.
Jamque aſcendebant centum ad delubra Juvenci,
Lecti omnes, roſeis evincti tempora ſertis:
Rite chorum Juvenes ineunt, arguta periti
Tangere fila lyræ, calamoſque inflare canoros:
Pone Puellarum nitidus ſubit ordo, feritque
Tympana, & exercet choreas: quas deinde ſecuti
Excipiunt orti venerandâ ſtirpe *Levitæ*,
Carminaque alterno recitant ſolennia cantu:
Per templi ſpatia ampla inceſſu pompa verendo
Ingreditur: claudit ſacrum Rex anxius agmen.
Finierant cœleſte melos; cum debita ſolvens
Vota, & poplitibus venerans altaria flexis,
Sic Ego: Magne Pater, qui terram & ſydera tonquas;
Quo mandante ingens tenebris ſeſe exſulit Orbis;

Cujus

Cujus diffusas vires curamque paternam,
Omnia quæ spirant, quæ sunt ubicunque locorum,
Quotidie agnoscunt; subitam sensura ruinam,
Te vires revocante tuas! Rex maxime Regum,
Omnia qui nôsti, quique omnia Numine comples,
Te supplex precor: ô magni miserere doloris!
Qui potes insanos pelagi sedare tumultus,
Luctantesque notos frænis nimbosque feroces
Comprimere: ô animam hanc laceram defende procellis,
Quas miscent rapidi Affectus & iniqua Libido:
Nec gravis obruat Ira, altisve Superbia saxis
Illidat. Vestrum sed opus vaga Cymbula vestri
Sentiat auxilii munus: vitæque per æstus
Incertos, variasque vices, cœlestia cursum
Ducant auspicia, & tuto me in littore sistant.
Si, levis hos fragiles animet dum spiritus artus,
Pertæsos vitæ, mortisque horrore trementes;

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Si forte annueris, ſaltem ut breviuſcula pacis
Attingam dona, & luctu ceſſante quieſcam?
Nunc ô, Magne Pater, jam nunc deterge doloris
Ingratam hanc nubem, quâ mens onerata laborat;
O blandum diffunde jubar, tenebriſque fugatis
Pande oculis meliora; hinc Te modulamine multo,
Te citharâ celebrabo; hinc lingua animata recenti
Lætitiâ, effuſo referet tua munera cantu.
Sin placet, his curis functo, ut nova vita ſuperſit,
Expectentque aliæ ſedes, da firma dolori
Pectora ut opponam, ſuperemque adverſa ferendo.
Arcanaſque vias quanquam explorare negabis
Interius, penituſque aditus inviſere ſacros;
Da tamen, ut fervens pietate, humilique dolores
Spe minuens, ſupplex venerabile Numen adorem:
Imperio cedam Omnipotenti, & laudibus æquis
Juſtitiæ meritos ſolvam tibi gratus honores.

Vix

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Vix ea finieram: cœlo nox ingruit atra;
Intonat; ingenti nutant delubra fragore;
Alta quies ſubit, & tacitæ caliginis horror
Inſinuat ſacrum interius per corda pavorem.
Nec mora; ſe erumpit multo fulgore coruſcans
Clara Dies; ultro conceptis ignibus ardent
Robora, & involvunt ſubitis altaria flammis.
Dives, opimus odor (qualem neque balſama ſpirant
Thuriferis *Arabum* terris, neque blanda *Sabææ*
Labra roſæ) latè diffunditur aëra circum;
Irriguumque ſolum cœleſti rore madeſcit.
Quin melos ætherium (quod fruſtra æquare canendo
Jeſſides certet, *Miriæ* vel tympana) miris
Pertentat numeris trepidantes ſuaviter aures,
Et ferit attonitos nimiâ dulcedine ſenſus.
En! oculos quæ Forma rapit? Quæ tanta repente
Lux animam invadit? cœlo delapſus aperto
En! ſacer ardenti radiorum indutus amictu

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Nuntius accedit; roſeoque hæc ore profatur:

Deſine, Mortalis, jam tandem deſine finem
Quærere curarum, ſpatiumque optare dolori.
Spes age pone leves, ventiſque remitte: rebelles
Quin potiùs reprime Affectus, mentemque paratam
Erige; nec vanæ vexent tibi pectora curæ
Obdurata malis, longoque aſſueta dolori.
Membra gravi fractus ſenio aſſiduoque labore,
Pronus in occaſum verges trepidantibus annis:
Et moriens varios (legatum heu triſte!) tumultus,
Sollicito generi, liteſque & bella relinques
Aſpera, ad extremos olim mittenda nepotes.
Quiſque ſuos luctus miſero patrimonia nato
Debita concedet Pater, infelicior hæres
Quæ capiet cumulata, & adhuc cumulanda relinquet.

Oſſa ſimul tumulo dederis tua; Spes tibi ſola
Quæ ſuperoſt, Natus, jam vix diademate cinctus
Judæo, imperii ſtimulante libidine ſacrâ

(Heu

(Heu quam prona animos dominantûm inflare libido!)
Sancta Patris ſpernet monita, & præſtantius armis
Præſidium, populi demens contemnet amorem,
Suadente heu! Juvenum turbâ: mox victus atroci
Terga dabit genti, nomenque inſigne *Jacobi*
Deteret; imperium opprobrio turpabit iniquo,
Et nubem famæ patrioque obducet honori.
Quin ſerta indecori penitus delapſa videbit
Vertice, quæ magno meruit ſudore recepta
Acer Avus, multoque ardens è pulvere duxit.
Civiles nec Marte potens ſedare tumultus,
Nec prece, victores pariter victoſque pavebit,
Utrinque attonitus; ſolos neque degener hoſtes
Horreſcit; *Judæ* ſimul arma incerta timebit:
Occumbens tandem fato languentia ſternet
Corpora *Jordani* ad fluctus, lugubre tumentes
Cognatorum armis, & fratrum ſanguine rubros.

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Annorum hinc lentè procedet flebilis Ordo,
Diris horrentûm tenebris luctuque nigrantûm
Perpetuo; lacrymoſa onerabunt tempora longæ
Bellorum ſeries & multa doloris Imago.
Quinetiam in geminas diviſo flumine partes
Diffluet Imperium: laxos age funde dolori
Toto corde ſinus; ſævis Gens barbara ludet
Opprobriis; dejecta gravi *Judæa* pudore
Victa jacebit humi, ſolis ſpectanda ruinis.

Altera adhuc ſupereſt viſenda *Ægyptia* Tellus,
Altera vinc'la manent; uret graviore flagello
Aſperior Dominus: paſſura atrocius olim
Mœſta jugum ſoboles patriis decedet ab oris,
Opprobrioque gemens majore, *Euphratis* ad undam
Niliacos iterum renovabit perdita luctus.

Sublimes templorum apices, qui cuſpide tangunt
Sydera, venturi confusâ clade Nepotes
Disjectos latè aſpicient; mœſtique ſtupebunt

Immane

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Immane excidium & vaſtæ veſtigia molis.
Illa etiam Imperii venerabilis altaque Sedes,
Quâ vos fulſuros ſera uſque ad ſæcula natos
Creditis, hinc longè hoſtiles ducetur in oras,
Victoriſque ſuperbi ornabit capta triumphos.
Quin ſacras dextra effrænis populabitur aras,
Et vaſa ipſa DEO templiſque dicata Tyrannus
Efferus indecori violabit ſquallida vino;
Sacrilegoſque ſales inter luſuſque profanos
Exultans, vetito ſe proluet impius auro.
Sæc'la quaterdena aſſiduo revolubile curſu
Tempus aget; varias fato verſante ſubibunt
Regna vices; alios dum Gens infauſta dolores
Volvet adhuc, aliaſque geret lacerata catenas;
Demiſſiſque oculis & mœſto languida vultu
Lapſa gemet recolens, & adhuc ventura timebit.
Hoſtili *Judæa* ſolo, *Babylonis* ad undas,
Langueſcens luctu, lacrymiſque immerſa ſedebit;

Plectraque

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Plectraque vicinis pendebunt muta ſalictis.
Nec jam molle melos tentabit lingua; choreas
Nec poterunt agiles membra exercere, labori
Membra diu aſſueta, & tacitæ ſtudioſa quietis.
Lucenti undarum in ſpeculo nimiumque fideli
Sponſa repercuſſos formidans ſqualida vultus
Horreſcit: conjux languentis in ore maritæ
Proſpiciet ſobolis maciem luctuſque futuræ;
Aſperaque, amplexus vexantia, vincla queretur.
Lugebunt neglecta diu ſolennia Sacra
Turba Sacerdotum, percuſſi triſtia palmis
Pectora; feſtorumque oblivia longa dierum
Plorantes, ſolvent lugubribus ora querelis.
Quin lacrymas, gemino quaſi fonte, effundere poſſe
Solliciti optabunt Vates, fletuſque ciere
Perpetuos; noctis ſuper alta ſilentia fauces
Horreſcent barathrorum atras diraſque procellas;
Et ſubito excuſſis flammarum turbine ſomnis,

Attoniti

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Attoniti referent trepidanti mane popello
Myſtica ſigna dolorum, & atroces Numinis iras.
Interea miſeranda Cohors, poſcente Tyranno
Feſtivos citharæ numeros & amabile carmen,
Uſque adeo (referent) proles captiva *Jacobi*
Gaudebit? dudum ſiluerunt pendula plectra,
Ora melos ſiluere oblita! Ut carmina Regi
Hoſtili, patriâque procul tellure, canemus?
Noſne jugo oppreſſos graviori, flagra timentes
Aſpera; & ad nutum ſævi trepidare magiſtri
Aſſuetos, humileſque trementia flectere genua;
Nos, ſordes hominum, noſne efferet alma voluptas;
Languenteſve animos dulcis tentabit Imago?
Heu longæ tandem poſt tædia tarda diei
Cum nox lenta venit; votorum hoc ſumma, labores.
Exuere ingratos paulùm, feſſiſque ſoporem
Indulgere brevem trepida inter ſomnia mœrebris,
Donec atrox redeat redeunti ſole Tyrannus.

Luctibus

Luctibus assueti meditemur gaudia? luctus
Perpetuos renovare jubet Natura; videtur
Hoc nobis Rationis opus. Nonne improba primùm
Stultitiæ vano manavit fonte Voluptas?
Certè immaturo præceps Insania partu
Protulit effræneſque jocos risusque profanos.
Hæc Series curarum, hic fati flebilis Ordo
Teque Tuosque manet; titulis Insignis, & idem,
O *Solomon*, Miser ante alios! quin parce querelis,
Nec leges metire Dei Rationis ocello:
Ah distat nimium nimiumque effulget Imago!
Ille nihil sinet intactum, nil linquet inausum,
Fatorum qui cæca resolvere jura laborat.
Mitte adeo scrutari, animum compesce superbum!
Nempe Deo Pulvis Rationem opponet ineptam!
Sublimi Deus arbitrio regit omnia; vestrum est
Cuncta pati, vitæque datos evolvere cursus.
Crede nefas, quodcunque Dei inviolable tendit
Imperium

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Imperium contra; Virtuti Ea conſona ſola,
Quæ magni arbitrio reſpondent æqua JEHOVÆ.
Ne tamen immodico vincantur pondere ſenſus,
Neu penitus ſpes fracta cadat; ſolatia luctûs
Accipe, quæ ſpondet vobis, Qui fallere neſcit,
Nec falli potis eſt.——Veniet labentibus annis
Grata Dies, cum Terra malis *Judæa* fugatis
Lætior, hoſtiles ſolvet ſecura catenas:
Attollens capita alta indigno è pulvere *Sion*
Audiet antiquas veneranda per atria leges:
Templa iterum aëriâ ferientia cuſpide nubes
Fulgebunt ſplendore novo; Sedeſque verendi
Promiſſa Imperii montes ſuper ardua ſurget
Vertice ſublimi, & latis dominabitur arvis.
Quin Tibi præclarâ de ſtirpe orietur, amicum
Auxilium terris cœlo laturus ab alto,
Victorum inſignis *Victor*, Regumque potens *Rex*.
ILLE Hominum curas emolliet: ILLE dolores

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Affectuſque animi effrænes moderabitur: Illo
Auſpice ridebit Pax alma, & flumine pleno
Gaudia manabunt lætum diffuſa per orbem.
Hoc Tibi ſcire ſatis: Superis nec panditur ultrà.
Quin age jam *Solomon*, reliquæ ad ſtadia ultima vitæ
Perge memor veſtri, patrii neque degener hæres
Nominis; i conſtans, firma erige pectora, fortis,
Strenuus; Affectus cohibe, Virtutibus omnes
Pande ſinus, Tibi Cenſor atrox, aliiſque benignus;
Supra alios tantùm evectus pietatis honore,
Quantùm opibus tituliſque nites. En arripe tecum
Hoc breve præceptum, & memori ſub pectore ſerva:
Te Juſtum atque Humilem præſta.—Quæ deinde locutus
Nuntius, in cœlum reduci ſe ſuſtulit alâ.
Pronus Ego in terrâ variiſque impulſibus actus,
Huc illuc varias volvens ſub pectore curas
Sollicitus,

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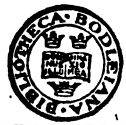
Sollicitus, tandem mœſtos ad ſydera vultus
Tollebam ſupplex, humilique hæc voce precabar:
O Rex Omnipotens, Pater optime, Conſilii Fons!
O ſolus Qui cuncta creas, nutuque creata
Dirigis, ardenti lucis quà cinctus amictu
Arce ſedes rutilâ; Cujus ſacra ora tueri
Non Homini datur! O Terris Cœloque ſupreme!
Tu mihi, quodcunq; eſt Noſtri, Tu vitam animamq;
Concilias: Tu flecte manu quacunque potenti
Veſtrum Opus! O monitus tandem meliora, fidelis
Permaneam, magnique ſequar mandata Parentis!



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PRIOR's EPIGRAM, beginning, *When* CHLOE's *Picture was to* VENUS *shown, &c.*

I.

ARTE CHLOEN mirâ depictam in fluminis undâ,
Arte tuâ pictam vidit, *Hoarde*, VENUS;
Æmula & impatiens avidis Dea vidit ocellis,
Dum formam & faciem credidit esse suam.

II.

Et quò me pictor undam, inquit, viserat audax,
Quò me defessam grata recepit aqua?
Risit Amor; ne tam fallat gratissimus Error,
Mater, ait; faciem hanc jactat amata CHLOE.

For his TOMBSTONE, *To Me 'twas given to die, &c.*

MORS mihi, Vita tibi datur: O Discrimina parva!
Hinc Æquum & Justum disce timere DEUM.

FINIS.

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VERSES

SENT TO

Mr *PRIOR.*

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TO

MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq;

ON HIS

CARMEN SÆCULARE. 1700.

BY

JAMES MARSHALL, Esq;

THE first great Man, who made the world his own,
Enjoy'd it's treasures; mounted ev'ry throne;
He for a HOMER would have giv'n it All:
And, without Him, contemn'd the conquer'd ball:
Envy'd ACHILLES, as the happier man,
Whose noble praise in HOMER's numbers ran.

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The mighty hero whom You celebrate,
WILLIAM, the wiſe, the bold, the fortunate,
Does old and modern Demi-Gods out-do,
He rules the world, and has a HOMER too.
Rules it, but not by violence, nor force;
Chains, howſoever gilded, are a curſe:
His pow'rful empire on mens minds is lay'd;
By force of reaſon is his ſcepter ſway'd:
All nations have for their own ſakes obey'd.
On his great ſoul depended mankind's doom:
He firſt reſolv'd, then knew what was to come.
His riſing beams rejoic'd the trembling ſight:
His noon reſtor'd an univerſal light.
Empires and States ador'd the mounting Star,
His motion bold, but ſure and regular;
Directed ſtill by an aſcendant ſenſe,
Which, ſure, comes neareſt to omniſcience.

E'en

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E'en They who did His mighty courſe oppoſe,
Were conſcious that in vain they were His foes:
His pow'rful genius o'er their counſels reign'd;
And even the very hoſtile Gods were gain'd.

The World ſubmits; He's Arbitrer of All:
The Univerſe is One States-General;
Where He, the guardian of their liberties,
The Soul of All, ſtill governs the decrees.
From pole to pole his counſels paſs for laws;
And mankind truſt him with their common cauſe.
Thus He, and He alone, has let Us ſee
A real Univerſal Monarchy:

Alone He moves all ſublunary things;
Is God's Vicegerent, as the King of Kings;
A theme becoming your immortal ſtrings.

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In all you ſung before, the tuneful ſtrains
Were eccho'd thro' the pleas'd admiring plains:
Seſſions of Poets did approve your lays;
Contending Wits united in your praiſe:
But here, inſpir'd with a more noble flame;
Full of the God, and of your greater theme;
At once you give and get immortal fame.
Here, floods of ſenſe from the whole mountain run:
Here you have PINDAR, here yourſelf out-done.
To the nice height the noble Work you raiſe;
And, without fiction, give the greateſt praiſe:
Surprize, yet ſoftly charm, by every part,
And give new rules in HORACE's great Art:
A model, to adjuſt poetic rage;
Correct the former, teach the coming age.
Here's no rude ore; no fits of heat and cold:
Here all is nature, yet all's beaten gold.

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No forc'd, myſterious, ſoarings in the clouds:
No mud, no foam, no noiſe, in your deep floods.
With ſuch true ſpirit your great numbers run,
As light'ning bold, but equal as the ſun;
Gentle, tho' ſtrong; and high, yet ſtill in ſight;
Rapid, yet pure, and eaſy as the light:
Heav'n has reſerv'd for You and WILLIAM's time,
The divine ſecret of the true *Sublime*.

Go on great Herald of the greateſt King:
To Him, and to yourſelf, new glories bring;
New with each day of the new age You ſing.
And as You ſerve the State and Him ſo well,
With ſpotleſs honour, and with wiſeſt Zeal;
Still ſhow the world that thoſe a prince's name
Who beſt can ſerve, are fitteſt to proclaim;
Thus Love like Your's, and Love ſo greatly plac'd,
Is more than PHOEBUS in the ſwelling breaſt;

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And that in ſome the bounteous Gods unite
The greateſt Merit, and the greateſt Wit.

How I rejoice to ſee Your ſwelling name!
And that for ever you're ſecure of fame;
So that hereafter even ſhou'd there be
Spots in your numbers, the world wou'd not ſee.
Love and eſteem have laid th' immortal plan;
All praiſe the Poet, where all love the Man.
And ſure, as long as faithful virtue draws
The public voice, and merit brings applauſe,
While all that's kind or juſt deſerves our love,
Your ſacred Name will everlaſting prove.

O Gods! that ſo refin'd a ſoul as this
Dwells in ſo nice and thin a ſhell as his!
If Heav'n to ardent wiſhes wou'd be kind,
If zeal, and gratitude, and love combin'd,

Cou'd

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Cou'd move the FATES; and if my ſacrifice,
And thouſands more, cou'd be a proper price
For health and years to This beloved Man,
No Patriarch-Life ſo many ages ran:
At leaſt mankind ſhou'd him poſſeſs ſo long
'Till he had ſtrung another age's ſong.

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TO

MATTHEW PRIOR, Eſq;

On his excellent

CARMEN SÆCULARE.

By A. T.

Scholar of St JOHN's College, *Cambridge.*

I.

WHEN PRIOR's Muſe prepares to ſing
Some God, or Godlike Hero's praiſe,
She ſoars aloft, and on her airy wing,
High as their high deſerts their fame doth raiſe.

II.

Thus WILLIAM's glory ſcales the ſky,
Thro' rolling ages to remain;
Which neither braſs nor marble can obtain,
Rais'd thus above the reach of vulgar deſtiny.

Whither

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III.

Whither would the Muſe aſpire?
Unable thou to ſoar his Muſes flight.——
Better on earth ſit humble and admire,
Tho' high ſhe keeps within the ken of ſight.

IV.

How juſtly due to WILLIAM's name
Is all the glory of the Roman pride!
Greater than theirs how great his Fame,
When his no ſullen ſpots can hide!

V.

Forgetful now of humbler themes ſhe flies
Above the Roman eagle's tow'ring height,
Purſuing WILLIAM's glory thro' the ſkies;
And nought eſcapes her ſharper ſight.

She

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VI.

She ſees what Godlike pow'rs combine
To make her hero's birth divine;
Sees one unhappy of the STUART race,
Laments his faults, and covers his diſgrace.

VII.

And when on England's grief ſhe caſts her eye
The pious Muſe mourns inwardly:
Then WILLIAM ſees in all his turns and cares,
Happy in peace, and brave in wars:

VIII.

Good to his own, to other nations juſt,
Whom all religions court, all factions truſt:
Sees him 'twixt different nations hold the ſcales,
And as he wills the juſter ſide prevails.——
Whate'er

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Whate'er ſhe ſees in lofty ſtrains doth ſing,
And leaves the Hero perfect in the King.

IX.

Much we commend the Poet's ſkill,
That ſo exalted ſings a theme ſublime;
But more his art to cover fatal ill——
Such ſhades make WILLIAM's glory brighter ſhine.

X.

O! long as breath inſpires this fleeting frame,
Be my example PRIOR's grateful name:
Tho' not a DORSET ſhed his rays on me,
Happy am I, if but inſpir'd by Thee.

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TO
Mr *PRIOR*,
ON
His excellent Poems.
1709. *

LET Britain now at laſt no more complain
Of Muſes flagging in an humble ſtrain,
Nor ſay the ſoul of Poetry's retir'd,
And none ſince VIRGIL ought to be admir'd.
Critics may doubt, as Stoics do of pain,
But let them read thy verſe, and doubt again;
Nature and ſenſe will force th' unwilling ſound,
No Stoic doubted, when he felt the wound.

In

* The Firſt Collection Mr PRIOR made was in One Vol. 8°.

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In Thee old HORACE we again admire,
His eaſy ſoftneſs, and his rapid fire,
His ſounding trumpet, and complaining lyre.
Thy CLOE does more bright than his appear,
Juſter her features, more divine her air,
And longer ſhall endure the matchleſs Fair.
HOWARD eſcap'd while he her Picture drew,
But all are wounded as ſhe's drawn by you;
E'en the cold Breaſts, which no impreſſion take,
Muſt love the picture for the painter's ſake.
Others, mere Poets, paint a diſtant fight,
Their ſtrokes are ſometimes wrong, and ſometimes right;
You feel the war, and write with CUPID's Dart
What VENUS dictates to your ſwelling heart.
Who can thy HENRY, and thy EMMA read,
Nor at the Lover's moving conflict bleed?

Three

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Three hundred years the ſtory liv'd before,
Your noble dreſs ſhall ſtill increaſe the ſtore,
And make it live above three hundred more.

Rough was the language, and uncouth the ſtile,
You ſmooth the numbers, and the roughneſs file:
Finiſh'd and touch'd by your refining hands,
The NUTBROWN MAID in double luſtre ſtands.
So an old piece o'erſpread with eating ruſt,
Buried in aſhes and polluting duſt,
In ſome dark hole for many ages lies
Unſeen, or ſeen contemn'd by vulgar eyes,
Till ſome great Artiſt wipes the cloud away,
Brightens the piece with a diviner ray,
The face and form reſtor'd, improv'd the lines,
Admir'd in courts and palaces it ſhines.

O wond'rous Bard! thou doſt my fancy raiſe,
I love each verſe, and I each verſe would praiſe;
Thou

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Thou great VERTUMNUS, who doſt Nature range,
Changing thy ſhape, ſtill pleaſing in the change;
Here, dreſs'd in ſhining armour you appear,
And there, a ſilken flowing mantle wear;
Here, thy own PHOEBUS on OLYMPUS crown'd,
And there, a ſhepherd in ADMETUS' ground,
So like, the Gods and Goddeſſes might make,
As in thy CLOE, ſo in THEE miſtake.
O wond'rous Bard! in whom collected ſhine
The ſcatter'd Graces of the tuneful NINE,
So oft we view in One diviner face
The diff'rent beauties of a lovely race.
One Poet has One Subject handled well,
But who before in All Things could excel?
Where did ſuch humour, wit, and mirth prevail
In the ſmooth tattle of a merry TALE?
HORACE this fancy firſt in numbers deckt,
And made his MICE of EPICURUS' ſect,

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Not with the like ſucceſs in all He drew,
But left perfection to be reach'd by You.

But nobler objects entertain my view,
I ſee the tracks where THEBAN-PINDAR flew,
The LATIN-Bard beholds th' ambitious height,
Changes his form, and wings him for the flight,
Undamp'd by earthly ſteam, or cloudy ſhow'r,
To Heav'n the noble Pair ſublimely tow'r.
But who is He? what Third of BRITISH-clime
Before in genius, as behind in time,
Whoſe pinions ſtretch a more than equal length,
Of greater ſwiftneſs, and of greater ſtrength?
The mighty PRIOR, He.——But I offend——
Swiftly my Muſe the precipice deſcend,
Nor tell how WILLIAM's, and how MARLBRO's name
Excel or THERON's, or AUGUSTUS' fame;

Dare

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Dare not thoſe acts by thy low verſe profane,
Sacred alone to His immortal ſtrain.
Enough for Thee with pardon to retire,
And Bard and Heroes equally admire.

G. SEWELL. *

Ætat. 18.

* This ingenious Poet and Phyſician, was educated at *Eton*, and went from thence to St PETER's College in *Cambridge*. He was the Author of ſeveral excellent Pieces in Verſe and Proſe; and of the Tragedy of Sir WALTER RALEGH. He practiced at *Hampſtead*, where he died in the Year 1726, and lies there interred without any Memorial.

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TO

Mr PRIOR,

FROM

A LADY Unknown. *

THE NYMPH whoſe Virgin-heart thy
charms have taught
To cheriſh LOVE, with ſecret wiſhes fraught,
Reſerv'd at firſt, endeavours to conceal
What She had rather die than not reveal,
No fears the Love-ſick-Maid can long reſtrain,
None read Thy verſe, or hear Thee ſpeak in vain.
Thy melting Numbers, and polite Addreſs,
In ev'ry FAIR raiſe paſſion to exceſs.

In

* ANNE, Counteſs of *Winchelſea*.

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In either ſex You never fail, we find,
To cultivate the heart, or charm the mind,
In raptures loſt I fear not your diſdain,
But own I languiſh to poſſeſs your vein.
As a fond bird, pleas'd with the teacher's note,
Expends his life to raiſe his mimic throat,
His little art, exerting all he can,
Charm'd with the tune, to imitate the man:
Rudely he chants, yet labours not in vain,
By wild eſſays juſt ſo much ſong to gain,
As tempts his maſter to renew the ſtrain.
Such is my verſe, with equal zeal I burn,
Too happy, ſhou'd I meet the ſame return.

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AN EPISTLE TO Mr *PRIOR*, ON THE NEW EDITION, OF HIS WORKS, IN FOLIO. 1718.

WHILST HARLEY with more near approaches bleſt,
Enjoys Thy genius as He ſhares Thy breaſt,
Can view Thy ſoul when freely breaking forth,
In all the changes of it's native worth,

Can

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Can hear Thy wit, as from Thy ſelf it flows,
And ſee the Poet live whoſe works He knows,
So that whene'er He reads Thy public ſong,
His thoughts with pleaſure dwell upon Thy tongue.
For as Thy lines do various paſſions raiſe,
Thy vital image in His fancy plays,
He feels a warmth pecul'arly confin'd,
To thoſe who have acceſs to read Thy mind,
When gen'rous friendſhip does with mirth conſpire
To animate Thy ſenſe, and light Thy fire.

I at a diſtance do Thy labours ſcan,
And only in the Muſe conceive the Man;
I trace the Author in His matchleſs lays,
Thoſe monuments of everlaſting praiſe.
Laſt His bright image in a fainter mold,
And darkly in that glaſs His face behold.

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Pardon, great PRIOR, if my artleſs draught
Reach not perfection, it is only thought;
A painter oft attempts a face unſeen,
And ſtrikes the canvas with a fancy'd mien,
The fame of beauty makes his colours flow,
And I wou'd fain deſcribe That worth, methinks,
I know.

Firſt then Thy eaſy flowing meaſures prove
A temper ſmooth, and ſweetly fram'd for Love;
They ſhew a tender heart, and gentle mind,
Fill'd with good-nature, generous and kind;
Soft as a feather pluck'd from VENUS' Dove,
Soft as the wings that bear the God of Love,
So well You write Your wounds from CUPID's dart,
In eloquence of Love ſo void of art,
Your lines beguile ME, and I loſe MY heart.

A ſilent

A ſilent paſſion glides into My breaſt,
I make Your Caſe my own, and think I'm bleſt;
O! wou'd the Unkind Fair conſent to read,
Wou'd She ſubmit to hear Her Lover plead,
In ſpight of all Her Pride, and all Her Charms,
She'd bend Her ſtubborn Neck into Thy Arms.
CLOE wou'd ſoon relent, and tamely chuſe,
To be a captive to Thy pow'rful Muſe,
Thy Verſe a ſubtil poiſon wou'd inſtil,
By art unſeen, and unſuſpected kill:
Such ſoft attacks Her Weakneſs wou'd betray,
And force a heart of flint to melt away.
We read how ORPHEUS rouz'd the ſleeping ſtone,
Did ſoften ſullen rocks, and melt them down:
How wildeſt woods did form a comely train,
Obey His pipe, and dance along the plain:
How ſavage beaſts by magic numbers charm'd
Of all their native fierceneſs were diſarm'd:

The

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The Lion and the Bear at once became
Forgetful of their rage, and gentle as the Lamb.
And what is Muſic but the Poet's rime,
Wak'd into tune, and manag'd into time,
Verſe is but harmony in ſilence bound,
And Poetry is known to ſpeak in ſound.

Next when I read what You inſcribe a Tale,
There I find pleaſing mirth and wit prevail,
The ſtory runs in ſuch familiar ſtrains,
With ſo much humour, and ſo little pains,
That I'm inclin'd to think 'tis only Proſe,
And that in tuneful rime Thy language flows:
Poems, like theſe, diſcloſe a chearful mind,
And mark out One whom Nature hath deſign'd
A fine companion, and delightful friend.
The nobleſt Lord with Fortune's ſmiles careſt,
Who ſhines in ſtate, and is with plenty bleſt,

Wou'd

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Wou'd He improve His Wit, His Taſte refine,
Sweeten His Life, with pleaſure drink His Wine,
His vacant hours agreeably beguile,
And in the miſery of grandeur ſmile,
He'd take Thee to His Breaſt, and gladly join
In cloſeſt amity His Soul to Thine.
Thence by a kind conveyance He'd receive
What neither pomp, nor wealth, nor pow'r can give:
For what is luxury, and what is Pow'r,
What are the bleſſings of a Golden-ſhow'r,
Without thoſe purer bleſſings, which we find
Riſe from Diſcourſe, and entertain the mind.
The great MÆCENAS, who had all the ſtate
That Rome and princely favour cou'd create,
Yet often to His HORACE wou'd retire,
Quit CÆSAR's court to hear the Poet's lyre.
And if the ſage PYTHAGORAS ſpoke true,
The ſoul of FLACCUS tranſmigrates in You:

HORACE

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HORACE and PRIOR diſtant ages knew,
Yet Both One ſpirit and One genius ſhew.
The Muſes ſure did o'er Their Birth preſide,
And Nature's hand in Their Production guide,
Did Their firſt rudiments of life inſpire,
With equal ſweetneſs mixt with equal fire. *

Now I ſhou'd riſe to a more lofty theme,
From Love and Mirth aſcend to the Sublime,
Did not Thy PAULO ſtill retard my flight,
And make me hover there with fond delight.
PAULO! a piece inimitably fine,
Juſt is the thought, and eaſy is the line,
Humour and wit in pureſt form appear
At once to mend the heart and charm the ear.
Wives are there taught what does a wife become,
Not to be chaſte abroad and lewd at home,

For

* HORACE and PRIOR both died at the ſame Age 57.

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For public virtue is an empty name,
Unleſs the private conduct be the ſame.
An outward form is but a ſham diſguiſe,
To cover hidden vice from mortal eyes,
True modeſty is that which is unſeen,
A ſecret ſpring of purity within.
So a falſe coiner when his metal's baſe
Does on it's ſurface ſtamp the royal face,
Borrows the image of the current coin,
To cheat the world and cover his deſign;
A gilded outſide makes the forg'ry paſs,
And what we take for gold is only braſs.

Well haſt Thou ſung Our wiſe Creator's praiſe,
And told His mighty works in lofty lays,
There we are taught to tremble at His name,
And to approach with awe ſo great a theme.

Surely

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Surely Thy Muſe has ſomething of divine
That durſt ſo ſoon ſet bounds to reaſon's line:
That does the proud philoſopher controul,
And check the ſcemes of His aſpiring ſoul:
That cou'd deſcribe with ſuch a maſter ſkill,
How All Things roſe from the Almighty's will:
How various worlds may fill the boundleſs ſpace,
Tho' man cannot define their form or place:
How all our thoughts are impotent and lame,
When we preſume to gueſs at Nature's frame;
And the ſame youth with more conſummate art
Is afterwards purſu'd in ev'ry part.
When SOLOMON from holy-writ You bring,
A great Philoſopher and potent King:
One who had All that Nature cou'd beſtow,
And All that cou'd from Fortune's bounty flow,
Of Beauty, Knowledge, and of Empire too.

One

One who we read was eminently wiſe,
And ſaw beyond the reach of mortal eyes;
Whoſe wiſdom did not from inſtruction grow,
Nor did it move as human learning flow,
But was at once infus'd into His Soul,
By beams of heav'nly light that fill'd the whole.
And yet when Nature's-Garden You diſplay,
And the vaſt compaſs of the world ſurvey,
How ſhort is all that Knowledge, and how blind
The vain ambition of a feeble mind.
Nor let the daring libertine confide
In what his boaſted pleaſure can provide,
For SOLOMON can tell that *This is Vain*,
And that the higheſt pleaſure's Gilded Pain.

If ABRA, whom the ſtrongeſt paſſion warm'd,
Who was with all the pow'r of Beauty arm'd,

Who

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Who knew to make addreſs with ſofteſt art,
And with moſt ſubtile ſkill to touch the heart.
If This fair concubine, and Hundreds more
Whom that great monarch had laid up in ſtore,
Cou'd not give quiet to His reſtleſs mind,
Where can the libertine then quiet find,
Falſe is that happineſs which ſprings from luſt,
Various as wind, and volatile as duſt.

Call now the Monarchs who divide the globe,
And are diſtinguiſh'd by the purple robe,
Bid Them behold Thy SOLOMON, and own,
That Happineſs is not the Jewel of a Crown.
Shew Them an inſtance there of Sov'raign ſway,
Whom great and mighty nations did obey:
Who cou'd the wildeſt luxury ſupply,
By pillaging the Earth, the Sea, the Sky.

Who

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Who ſhone in all the glitt'ring pomp and pride
Of thoſe who o'er the necks of ſubjects ride,
Saw millions trembling with a ſervile awe,
And tamely from His will receive the law;
He let them ſee how impotent was pow'r,
To ſhed pure bleſſing on a ſingle hour:
How richeſt crowns with a falſe luſtre glare,
And do not yield us glory but a ſnare:
How for the ſurface only they're deſign'd
To grace the body, not compoſe the mind.
But I forbear, for why ſhou'd I abuſe
Thy noble genius, and deform thy Muſe:
A partial tranſcript is a public fraud,
It robs true worth, and ſends it poor abroad,
It does Thy Senſe imperfectly convey,
And only ſtammers what it means to ſay.
So a fine face no painter can deſign
By the rude traces of a naked line,

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The colours only can perfection give,
Expreſs the air, and make the canvas live.

Go on, great PRIOR, the ſame ſteps purſue,
Much to Thy ſelf, and to the world is due,
Reſume Thy Pen, and hang not up Thy Lyre, *
Since Thou haſt ſtill the ſame poetic fire:
For many ſubjects ſtill remain unſung
Among the great, the wiſe, the fair, the young,
Which to Thy Muſe peculiarly belong.
APOLLO freely will Thy Harp reſtore,
Write while Love laſts, and we will aſk no more.

* This, and the following Verſes, allude to the FRONTISPIECE and MOTTO prefixed to Mr PRIOR's Poems, *viz.*

Nunc Arma defunctumque bello
Barbiton hic Paries habebit.

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TO

THE HONOURABLE

MATTHEW PRIOR, Eſq;

AS Bards of old in nobler lays cou'd ſing,
Refreſh'd with ſtreams from Heliconia's ſpring,
So my ignobler Muſe attempts to ſpeak,
But finds Her fancy flag, Her flights too weak:
At length with longing haſte She doth repair,
To bright Parnaſſus'-hill to breathe that air,
Where ev'ry ſtrain is ſweet, and ev'ry thought is clear.

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Lo! there APOLLO ſits in awful ſtate,
Around His Throne the humble Muſes wait,
Attentive to receive his ſage command,
Behind the God I ſaw another band,
The looks of ſome beſpoke their eloquence,
Of others, penury, and want of ſenſe,
I choſe the middle place, and bleſt my fate,
To be a gueſt at ſuch a grand debate.
After our homage paid, APOLLO roſe,
And did in Godlike terms his mind diſcloſe,
Ye tuneful Nine, in pleaſing ſongs no more,
Me as Your Maſter, nor Your God adore,
For loftier ſtrains prepare the golden lyre,
Prepare a greater Patron to admire,
A Patron truly wiſe, and juſtly great,
Friend to the Muſes, and ſupport to ſtate.

Thus

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Thus ſpoke APOLLO; when the trembling Nine
In mournful accents their ſad loſs repine,
The poets ſigh'd, the poetaſters griev'd,
Theſe were with gold, and thoſe with ſenſe reliev'd.
When the reſigning oracle withdrew,
A brighter object ſoon approach'd our view,
APOLLO's crown adorn'd His learned head,
Around His brows the graceful bays were ſpread,
His mien confirm'd all that the God had ſaid.
But as He ſpeaks the Muſes all rejoice,
To hear APOLLO's ſenſe in PRIOR's voice;
This glorious change gave life to ev'ry bard,
And only PRIOR's worthier name was heard;
While the reſigning God ſhares equal praiſe
Who proves His wiſdom, when He yields the bays.
Go on, bright PHOEBUS, let Thy nobler Muſe
In ev'ry Bard more glorious thoughts infuſe,

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Let Zephyr bear Thy fame with winged ſpeed,
Where'er MINERVA rears Her awful head.
The verdant bays ſhall flouriſh on Thy brow,
And ev'ry poet juſtly ſtoop to You,]
Envy ſhall kneel at Your refulgent throne,
Review Your actions, and Your learning own,
Like MARS You vanquiſh, with poetic arm,
Your wiſdom, like APOLLO's, is a charm.
Great PRIOR's thought each ſubject ſtill refines,
And ANNA's duſt ſmell ſweeter from his lines,
Lines which improve HORACE's noble theme,
The Poet lives in You, and You in Him.
Your Muſe can melt the moſt obdurate hearts,
And in the lover's breaſt new flames impart,
You are a juſt exception to Our fate,
A Poet wealthy, eminent, and great.
And You, great Sir, who far above the reſt,
With Riches, wiſdom, are ſo amply bleſt,

How

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How can my Muſe Her juſter tribute pay,
Than where the Patron bears ſuch mighty ſway?
The off'ring's double do not both refuſe,
Accept the Pauper, tho' you ſcorn the Muſe.

Cecini humillimeque obtuli,

GEO. WALDRON.

Olim Coll. REG. *Oxon,* 1718.

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Nov. 14. 1719. *

TO

Mr *PRIOR*,

FROM

St *JOHN*'s.

BY

Mr *J. NEWCOME*,

Fellow of that College.

RECEIVE, Great BARD, thanks from
the meaneſt Muſe,
(As GODS accept the virtues they infuſe,)
For HARLEY's Favour, and for HARRIET's Grace,
By THEE become familiar to This Place;

For

* Five Days before the Date of Theſe Verſes, on the 9th of *November* 1719, Mr PRIOR had complimented Lady HARLEY in a beautiful COPY of VERSES ſpoken to HER in the LIBRARY of St JOHN's College, *Cambridge*; which he publiſhed ſingly that Year, and they are now reprinted, in the Third Volume of his POEMS, 12°. pag. 48.

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For ſuch juſt honour's here to HARRIET giv'n,
As needs muſt pleaſe ev'n MARGARET in Heav'n.

What learned FISHER was to RICHMOND's
ſpouſe,
Be THOU to HARRIET and Her happy houſe;
Direct the ſtreams of CHARITY immenſe,
That MARG'RET's plants may feel it's influence.

To FEMALE-VIRTUE, and to LOVE-DIVINE,
St JOHN's ſtands ſacred by the ROYAL-LINE.
THOU, in obedience to the STATUTES, bow;
And on ſo fair foundations act Thy pious vow.

In arts and arms, MINERVA's equal care,
Thy MUSE adorns the HEROES and the FAIR.
Once more reſume Thy potent Lyre, and end
The wond'rous ſcene! Religion's laſting Friend.

So

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So THOU the WISEST MAN may'ſt imitate,
And build our TEMPLE equal to our STATE.

Ramparts and towns AMPHION's verſe could raiſe;
To build the HOUSE of GOD be PRIOR's praiſe.

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SPOKEN BY

Mr HENRY VILLIERS,

AT THE

ELECTION at *Weſtminſter*, 1719.

DAN PRIOR ut cecinit JOANNES atque JOANNA

Ingenio modico ſimplicitate pari.
Fœlix ſponſa viro fœlix uxore maritus,
Cœnat uterque—ſimul dormit uterque ſimul.
Non ſpecioſa nimis non eſt nimis areta ſupellex,
Nec locuples nec egens ille vel illa fuit.
Mollia ſecuræ peragebant otia vitæ,
Seu res ſuccedat publica, ſive cadat.
Par nimium fœlix! tranquillæ gaudia vitæ
Non habuit Cæſar talia, nullus habet.

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HÆ TIBI SINT ARTES.

O PRIOR, O cujus lætor cognomine, Muſa
Quam mea nunc Muſam vellet adeſſĕ
Tuam:
Tu qui primas eras pacem componere miſſus
Qui digne hanc caneres carmine Solus eris.

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TO

Mr *PRIOR*,

On the BOOK of

ECCLESIASTES,

AND

His Own POEM,

CALLED

SOLOMON,

JANUARY 20, 1719-20.

OFT have I thought, Great BARD, in my poor cell,
(Where I, and care, and contemplation dwell)
How vaſtly far All preaching is outdone,
(Excepting That of God's eternal Son)
In This One Sermon of Wiſe SOLOMON!

For

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For whether we His beauteous method view,
Or reas'nings, to His text ſo cloſe and true;
Each verſe the other makes more heav'nly ſtrong,
And gains freſh wonder as we read along!
So, when I ſaw your Book—This is not PRIOR
I raviſh'd ſaid, but He, whoſe Hebrew lyre
Before ſo often ſet my ſoul on fire!
Or if it muſt be His———
Among old Rabbins hitherto conceal'd,
To him ſome Friend this treaſure hath reveal'd;
And He tranſlating what the Preacher taught,
His Own wou'd have the lovely matter thought,
No—there I err—for ſure that gentle ſwain,
To purchaſe Fame, wou'd ſuch mean arts diſdain.
Chuſing His theme then muſt the reaſon be,
Why thus he charms, and hence I find that He,
Who wou'd above himſelf, like PRIOR ſing,
Muſt to a ſacred ſubject tune the ſtring.

Then

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Then o'er the ſhell as His quick finger flies,
New Graces ſhall at ev'ry touch ſurprize,
And Judgment, grown maturer, greatly riſe.

FRANCIS PECK, *M. A.*

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TO THE AUTHOR OF SOLOMON.

HAIL honour'd BARD, the wonder of our Iſle,
On Thee APOLLO and the MUSES ſmile,
Conſeſt Their darling, and Thy country's pride,
By Envy's Self This truth is not deny'd.
Thy happy Muſe and ſweet recording ſtrings
Can beſt reſound the Godlike acts of Kings *:
In

* CARMEN SECULARE, printed in 1700, in Praiſe of King WILLIAM.

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In PINDAR's lofty ſtrains can beſt declare
Their battles, conqueſts, toils, and ſaving care,
In peace how mild, how terrible in war!
Thus WILLIAM, mighty WILLIAM, She began,
Traced Him from active Youth to finiſh'd Man;
She only cou'd aſcend the wond'rous height,
And ſet each action in it's proper light,
The Boyne and Namur's haughty towers recite:
His glorious life She made Her ſwelling theme,
And in immortal verſe preſerv'd His endleſs fame.

* Again She ſpreads Her wings, and takes Her way,
Tow'ring does ANNA's glories all diſplay,
Bright as the beams which yield the riſing day:
In melting accents does Her wonders ſing,
How flowing bleſſings from each action ſpring.

* Letter to BOILEAU on the Victory at *Bleinheim*.

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How juſt She governs, and how well She reigns,
And as She dictates ſtill kind Heav'n ordains:
How great and good, how ready to oppoſe
Her glorious arms againſt tyrannic foes,
And ſhield the lab'ring Empire from impending woes.

Fearleſs of Earth, of Air, of Seas, or Skies,
Thy Muſe does like the famous Mantuan's * riſe,
Nor ſtops Her courſe, but ſtill purſues Her flight,
To diſtant regions thro' ætherial light;
Deſcends a while on Bleinheim's hoſtile plain,
Beholds the battle, trophies, numbers ſlain,
And upward ſprings, deſcribes the glitt'ring ſcene.
How LEWIS loſt what BOILEAU ne'er can tell,
How MARLBRO' conquer'd, and how TALLARD fell;

To

* VIRGIL.

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To grace the triumphs of the victor's cauſe,
Who wins Our hearts, and merits Our applauſe,
And frees the joyful world from arbitrary laws.

Now SOLOMON the Wiſe Your harp has ſtrung,
In ſweeter ſounds ſure none e'er better ſung,
Illuſtrious SOLOMON, great Iſrael's King,
Inſpires Your Muſe in heav'nly notes to ſing.
In You the tuneful DRYDEN will ſurvive,
In You the Majeſty of Verſe ſhall live,
And flouriſh green, nor ever ſhall decay,
Whilſt PHOEBUS rules, and runs his deſtin'd way
Take then the bays from DRYDEN's ſacred tomb,
And bleſs the preſent age and that to come:
With laſting numbers, never dying ſtrains,
Peculiar to Your Self without extreams,
Like DENHAM's Thames, deep, gentle, clear, and free,
Rolling in ſilver ſtreams with conſtant harmony.

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Whate'er You ſung before gain'd juſt applauſe,
And this New Work new admiration draws,
Contending Poets all approve Your lays,
And all unite in Your deſerving praiſe.
Matchleſs Your genius takes it's noble flight,
And ſoars ſublime perceptible to ſight;
Each word's a ſentence, and each poliſh'd line,
Adorns and makes our Engliſh language ſhine,
The WISE MAN's Wiſdom's neareſt to Divine.

Here, noble Monarch, here Your Self's outdone,
(He, holy DAVID's; You, APOLLO's Son)
Here we behold Him ſeated on His throne,
With all His luſtre, all His glory on,
Admir'd, rever'd, and mighty in renown.
Maſter of all indulgent Heav'n cou'd give,
Bleſt with whate'er He aſk'd, or cou'd receive,
To make His glory laſt, his name for ever live.

Amidſt

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Amidſt theſe lines with pleaſure we may ſee
The Weſtern Queen with ſplendid majeſty,
Greater than SOLOMON if greater e'er cou'd be.

Here Knowledge ſhines in a poetic dreſs,
And boundleſs Pleaſure amply You rehearſe,
Great POWER laſt You copiouſly define,
In ev'ry ſubject Art and Nature join; ——
Concluding with the Preacher, *All is Vain*,
This life a maze of anxious woes and pain,
Where nought but follies and vexations reign.
Unmix'd no happineſs can well be found,
Altho' with Power, Knowledge, Pleaſure crown'd,
For intervals of Grief and Joy alternately go round.

O ſtill go on and let Your Muſe aſpire,
Full of the God that does Your breaſt inſpire,
New themes explore, and touch the trembling lyre.

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O charm again the pleas'd and liſt'ning throng,
Who dwell upon the muſic of Your tongue,
And let unrivall'd numbers ſtill compleat the ſong.

Thus paſſing on the fleeting hours of life,
Secur'd from buſy ills and noiſy ſtrife,
Retir'd from flatt'ring courts, and free at eaſe,
In books delighting, and in friends that pleaſe,
Enjoy the bleſſings of a Halcyon peace.

Pardon, great Sir, the Muſe that dare addreſs
Accept my honeſt heart, tho' mean my verſe,
Commending is Her aim, but She's too weak,
Yet pleaſing raptures thus from Her will break.
Thus She attempts Her humble voice to raiſe,
To ſing the Man She loves, the Man She'd praiſe;
But O Thy merits are beyond Her ſtrain,
Deſerve a noble Muſe, a loftier Pen.

Had

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Had She but Art and Skill to paint like Thee,
Laſting, like Thine, Her colours then ſhou'd be,
Each touch each line ſhou'd ev'ry vice controul,
Delight the mind, and captivate the ſoul.
Her pencil ſhou'd with pleaſing truth impart
Thy floods of fancy, thy tranſcending art,
Shou'd all around Thy juſt deſerts proclaim,
In golden characters record thy name,
And place the foremoſt in the rolls of Fame.
Diſtinguiſh'd lawrels ſhou'd Thy temples crown,
For ever flouriſhing as Thy renown,
Thy innate virtues She ſhou'd too diſplay
In all Their luſtre all Their bright array.
All all Thy acts of Friendſhip ſhou'd appear,
The ſpeaking canvas ſhew them fair and clear,
Thy gen'rous goodneſs ſhou'd be ſtill confeſt,
By Men rever'd, and by kind Heaven bleſt:

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Thus Her unerring Piece She ſhou'd compleat,
And like Thy Self deſcribe Thee truly Great.
But doom'd to grov'lling earth She can no more,
Nature is wanting, artleſs is Her pow'r:
Nor dare ſhe riſe, too piercing is the light,
Fearful to periſh in a loftier flight,
And ſink like ICARUS in ſhades of night.
Each coming day ſhall it's New pleaſure bring,
And yield New matter for Your Muſe to ſing:
Promulge then, Sir, the product of Your Mind,
With ſolid Judgment bleſt and ſenſe refin'd,
So ſhall Your ſprightly Wit be ever unconfin'd.
So ſhall Your Works eternalize Your Fame,
And lateſt Ages own great PRIOR's Name.

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WRITTEN under the PICTURE
OF THE
Honourable Mr *PRIOR*,
JULY 21, 1720.
His BIRTH-DAY.

I.

MARO and HORACE equally Divine
Ariſe in Thee, great BARD, Their lays are Thine,
Their heav'nly lays in Thee collected ſhine.

II.

PARNASSUS' bright abode! that ſacred choir,
Reſounds Thy praiſe, APOLLO ſtrikes the lyre,
In ſtrains divine They chant Thee, fav'rite Son,
On Thee they dwell, on Thee our SOLOMON,
Renown'd for Treaties made, and Verſe immortal known.

A. DRIFT.

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TO THE
Honourable Mr *PRIOR*,
Presented to Him
On His BIRTH-DAY.

I.

O Dearest Master, Father, Friend,
Gracious receive what DRIFT has penn'd;
O let these lines to Thee impart
The dictates of Thy servant's heart.

II.

This happy Day he does implore
That Thou wilt read One paper more,
Which in a faithful state contains
Thy ADRIAN's losses and His gains.

This

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III.

This done His Mind will be at reſt,
Who of mankind loves Thee the beſt,
Thus let His fortune fall or riſe,
In Thee he Lives, without Thee Dies. *

* With theſe Verſes, Mr DRIFT delivered to Mr PRIOR his Annual Accompt.

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ON A REPORT OF Mr *PRIOR*'s DEATH.

I.

WIT, Senſe, and Learning, maſſacred of late,
By Bards, who pour like Goths and Vandals, in
A cry for vengeance reach'd the Thund'rer's ſeat,
And vengeance juſt was ripen'd for the ſin.

II.

When lo! MAT. PRIOR, ſtarting from the crowd,
Cry'd, "Sov'raign JOVE, a-while Thy thunder ceaſe,"——
JOVE ſmiled ſerene, and an aerial cloud
Took MATTHEW hence, to mediate a peace.

Be

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III.

Be huſh, ye mungrel brood, till His return;
Nor, raſhly-rimeing ſay, "The Poet's dead:"
What tho' he were? It is not Your's to mourn,
Who ne'er in Verſe can un-inſpir'd ſucceed.

IV.

When PRIOR bids the BRITISH-Iſles adieu,
A CONGREVE, POPE, or GAY, ſhall weep His praiſe:
They, only ſkill'd, their abſent Brother knew,
Nor will the public reliſh meaner lays.

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ON
Seeing the FUNERAL
OF
Mr *PRIOR*,
IN
WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

TO ſee this ſolemn ſcene, this pomp of woe;
In mournful order and proceſſion go;
Crouds fill this awful dome, this gloomy place,
And penſive ſorrow ſits on ev'ry face.
COWLEY and laurell'd DRYDEN ſeem'd to ſmile,
To ſee great PRIOR bury'd in Their Iſle;
Greatly rejoic'd each venerable buſt,
To ſee Him mingled with poetic duſt.

The

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The choir in anthems Chanted o'er his urn,
But all ſpectators round his grave did Mourn;
My flowing tears did then their tribute pay,
To think He'd moulder into common clay,
O ſacred Mould! thy WORKS will e'er be read,
And PRIOR's Name will Live, tho' PRIOR's dead.

A. DRIFT.

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TRANSLATIONS,

FROM

TIBULLUS and *OVID.*

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THE
FOURTH ELEGY
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
TIBULLUS.

I See the Fetters I am doom'd to wear,
And ſee the Nymph for whom I thoſe muſt bear.
Freedom farewel! O how it galls my heart
To ſay farewel, and that we now muſt part!
Why muſt a Lover's bondage be ſo hard,
Who ſerves a Nymph that never will reward?

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A Nymph to love, who ne'er will eaſe my pains,
Or free me from this clogging weight of chains?
Yet undeſerving, or deſerving, I
Struck by her eyes, in flames conſuming die.
Nymph, pity him, who does ſo fiercely burn,
Extinguiſh mine, or Fire for Fire return.
O! rather than endure ſuch miſery,
What wou'd I not perform, or chuſe to be,
Much rather wou'd I be a ſtone, and lie
Expos'd to all the anger of the ſky;
Or elſe ſome rock, which in the wat'ry plains
The winter ſhocks of wave and wind ſuſtains,
For now alas! how tedious is the light,
Yet much more irkſome is deſpairing night:
For ah! what can delight when pains increaſe,
And warring paſſions rob the ſoul of peace.
Soft verſe no more can eaſe diſtracted grief;
It's God by neither art can bring relief;

Nor

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Nor tender words the greedy Maid can move,
Gold is the charm in Her which raiſes Love.
Fond, idle Muſe be gone! you ſing in vain,
Since thus you cannot eaſe a Lover's pain.
For that alone I only begg'd your aid;
I for no kindly Inſpiration pray'd,
That of embattled legions I might write,
Or paint the various horrors of a fight;
Or that I might deſcribe the changing moon,
Or travel thro' the zodiac with the ſun.
Love was my aim, Love made me try your art,
In hopes of vanquiſhing NEÆRA's heart.
But ſince whene'er my tender ſong ſhe reads,
The verſe no ſymptoms of a paſſion breeds,
Since no fluſht cheeks or kind diſorder ſhows
She feels that Thing ſhe cares not to diſcloſe;
Since all thy art can't force my Nymph to ſpare
One ſigh, one tear, one look, to cure deſpair;

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Be gone thou uſeleſs, trifling Muſe! no more
Impoſe upon my time as heretofore;
For I unpitty'd at her door muſt lie,
Unleſs by rapine I admittance buy.
With ſacrilegious hands I muſt invade
The Temples of the GODS, to pleaſe the MAID.
But violated VENUS all ſhall pay,
The trophies from her ſhrines I'll bear away,
Since me ſhe forc'd upon this ſacrilegious way.
She made me wear this greedy woman's chain,
Whoſe ſoul is av'rice, and whoſe paſſion gain.
O! may he ne'er without a curſe be nam'd,
Who firſt the gen'rous way of Love defam'd;
Who firſt for hearts did ſordid traffic hold,
And taught the Nymph to barter Love for gold.
He was the cauſe, hence we theſe plagues endure,
Hence baying dogs and locks the door ſecure.

But

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But bring the gold at which her charms ſhe rates,
And then no ratt'ling chains ſecure the gates;
No ſtop you meet, at gold all open flies,
And the ſtill maſtiff in his kennel lies.
Pity! that Heav'n to this fair frame a mind
Shou'd give to avarice ſo much inclin'd.
And cancell'd beauty with ſo black a ſtain,
O! what attracting charms were made in vain:
Hence wars and quarrels riſe; the Deity
Of Love's from hence defil'd with infamy.
But mayſt thou, Girl, who canſt a market hold,
So poorly for thy charms, and ſell thy ſelf for gold;
Mayſt thou, to warn the reſt of womankind,
Equal to ſuch a ſin a penance find!
May winds and flames thy ill-got treaſure ſhare,
And not one God attend thy mournful pray'r!
May no youth help the raging fire to tame,
But joy to hear thy riches crackle in the flame!

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Nay ſhou'd'ſt thou die, no one wou'd drop a tear,
Or ſtrew a flow'r upon thy wretched bier.
Whereas ſhou'd one, tho' ne'er ſo much decay'd,
Die, who has never known thy guilty trade,
She ſurely wou'd be pitty'd as ſhe lies
Upon the pile, with ſighing breaſts, and weeping eyes.
He who has had her youthful love, wou'd come
And ſcatter ſprigs of cypreſs on her tomb;
Wou'd then deplore her fate in Elegy,
And wiſh that on her limbs the earth may lightly lie.
'Tis truth I ſing; but what does truth avail?
I love, and only can her-way prevail:
At her command all, all, ſhould turn to gold,
Nor houſe, nor houſhold-God, remain unſold.
Take all the drugs that CIRCE ever knew,
Or dire MEDEA; or pois'nous herbs that grew

In

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In fatal Theſſaly's abandon'd fields;
Take that dread lump the new-foal'd courſer yields,
Which from his front the mother-mare divides,
Where on the plains unlicens'd love preſides;
Let all the Philters in one draught be hurl'd,
That all the witches know in all the world;
And let NEÆRA mix them: If the Maid
With one kind look will bid me be o'er-paid,
Will crown my paſt, and ſeal my future truſt,
I'll drink it all, and drink it with a guſt.

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THE THIRD ELEGY OF THE THIRD BOOK OF *TIBULLUS.*

NOT that I may in worldly wealth abound,
Not that my flocks may thrive, or fruitful ground
May load my barns with ſuch prodigious ſtore
Of grain, till fill'd, they can receive no more,
Does daily Incenſe on my altars ſmoke,
Or I ſo often do the Gods invoke.
A greater bleſſing I of Heav'n require,
O may it hear, and grant me my deſire!

'Tis

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'Tis that I may with thee be ever bleſt,
Of a long leaſe of life and love poſſeſt:
'Tis that I ne'er may feel another's charms,
But as I liv'd, ſo die within thy arms.
What tho' my bags ſwell with unnumber'd gold,
What tho', thus rich, I round me do behold
My thouſand-oxen in my thouſand-fields,
Where the fat ſoil both grain and paſture yields,
What tho' my houſe on marble columns ſtand,
(With coſt imported from the Phrygian ſtrand,
Or ſhipp'd from Tænarus, and dearly bought,
Or thine, Caryſtos, curiouſly inwrought)
Grac'd with a gilded roof or golden gate,
With all things elſe becoming regal ſtate;
What tho' on beds of ſofteſt down I lie,
And ſweat beneath the nobleſt Tyrian-dye;
What tho' I have wherewith the croud to move,
Tho' I by condeſcenſion gain their love;

Yet

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Yet oft their love's ſucceeded by their ſpite
Who ſeldom place their wav'ring fancy right:
Yet all this pomp my grief can't countervail;
For leaden care will turn the golden ſcale,
And Fortune with her gifts may take the next fair gale.

So Fate will make me but poſſeſs'd of Thee,
May I be cloſely preſt with poverty!
Without Thee, for thou mak'ſt my wiſhes full,
Courts wou'd diſpleaſe, and pomp wou'd ſeem but dull.

O how that day by me wou'd ſtill be bleſt,
By a white ſtone diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
That gives NEÆRA to this longing breaſt!
But if the GODS deny my Nymph's return,
Reſolv'd that I her abſence here ſhall mourn,
For all the Pray'rs I make, and Incenſe burn;

Not

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Not all the wealth this mighty globe contains,
Nor all which in the ocean yet remains,
Can me delight; for they are glitt'ring joys,
And tinſel ware to love's ſubſtantial toys;
Counters and gewgaws to pleaſe froward boys.
Let others take them; but let me be bleſt,
Ye GODS! with love, with privacy, and reſt.
Propitious JUNO, as my pray'rs aſcend,
Receive them gracious, and thy ſuccour lend!
And thou, bright VENUS, guardian of her charms,
Aſſiſt—reſtore NEÆRA to theſe arms!
But if the FATES, for who can FATE withſtand?
Refuſe this bleſſing to her native land;
If the ſad ſiſters ſpin out all their ſtore,
And leave her life-leſs on a foreign ſhore;
May PLUTO call me to the ſhades below;
To follow her I unreluctant go,
Where lazily along the livid waters flow!

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THE TWELFTH ELEGY OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF *TIBULLUS.*

To His MISTRESS.

NO Woman e'er ſhall draw me from your arms;
I now defy the force of other charms.
My plighted faith ſhall firm remain to you;
I'll to that vow which ſeal'd our loves be true.
You're my delight, 'tis you alone I prize;
All other Maids ſeem odious to my eyes.

O that

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O that none could your charming features ſee,
That none had eyes, none eyes excepting me!
Or that you could your glorious beauty ſhroud,
Retiring, like the ſun, behind a cloud
Of borrow'd uglineſs, to cheat the gaping croud.
Then ſhould I not ſuſpect my charming Maid
Of being falſe, or think my love betray'd.
I no ambition have that prat'ling Fame
My choice approving, ſhould your charms proclaim.
Nor would I envy in a rival race;
I would have none to ſee, that none may praiſe.
He that is wiſe will keep his joys conceal'd;
Joys always leſſen when they are reveal'd.
With Thee I could in barren deſarts dwell;
Nor courts could pleaſe without Thee half ſo well.
With thee I could o'er rocks and mountains ſtray,
Where yet no human feet e'er made a way.

In

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In Thee my cares would ſoften, I ſhould find
Thy arms a balm for my diſtemper'd mind.
Thy pow'rful eyes would in the darkeſt night
Perform a miracle, and make it light.
No other objects I'd deſire to ſee,
But gaze, in deſarts gaze, eternally on Thee.
Should e'en the GODS themſelves ſend from above
New beauties, to ſubdue my faith and love;
Should VENUS try herſelf to make me burn,
She ſhould deſpair, and as ſhe came return.
All this I do by ſacred JUNO ſwear
For Thee—and JUNO duly I revere.
Ah fool! that thus I let you know your pow'r;
I've loſt my freedom from this fatal hour.
You will no pity ſhew, no mercy have,
But act outright the tyrant on your ſlave.
Well, I've betray'd myſelf, and all will own,
I do confeſs I'm yours, and yours alone.

I am

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I am, and ever will Your ſlave remain;
Nor will I ſtrive to break, but hug my chain.
Nor do my flames decreaſe; no, no, I burn,
Tho' my approaching Love you check'd with ſcorn.
Now I the folly of my Tongue ſhall feel,
The fatal ſecret it could not conceal.
But be advis'd, and do not on this ſcore
Shew me leſs favour, or inſult me more,
Leſt I of VENUS ſuccour ſhould implore.
Doubtleſs ſuch cruelty enrag'd to ſee,
YOU ſhe would ſoon dethrone, and ſet up ME.

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OVID's AMOURS.

BOOK III,

ELEGY III,

IMITATED.

CLOE, ſince You a handſome Woman are,
And conſequently frail as You are fair,
Be not to any of my rivals coy,
But all the ſweets of liberty enjoy;
Thro' ev'ry various ſcene of loving rove,
And to the beſt Your youth and charms improve:

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I all this freedom can with eaſe allow;
I meant not to confine You to a vow;
Provided that You act with ſecrecy,
And keep Your jilting tricks conceal'd from Me.
She ſins not to the world who can deny,
And brazen out the rumour with a lye.
'Tis folly, nay, 'tis madneſs, to reveal
That which You can but any way conceal.
You what the world wou'd ne'er ſuſpect proclaim,
And double by Your impudence Your ſhame.
The lewdeſt, bawdy'ſt drab in all the town
Will ſhut the door, before ſhe lays her down.
Is't not enough that Fame proclaims Your guilt,
But You, Your ſelf, muſt tell, You are a jilt?
For your Own-ſake be with Your pleaſures wiſe,
And ſin at leaſt under a chaſt diſguiſe.
Nay, if to Me, Your tricks ſhou'd be betray'd,
Vow they're all falſe, and that the world are mad;

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Bluſh, weep, ſigh, rage, and all Your paſſions vent,
As if You did Your injur'd fame lament;
And I ſhall fondly think You innocent.
When to ſome ſecret grotto You reſort,
That Love will ſuit, conceal the am'rous ſport:
There then unmaſk'd let looſe Your fierce deſire,
Inflame with ev'ry lech'rous trick Your fire,
Thy ſoul in it's own native dreſs expoſe,
And what, without diſguiſe, You are diſcloſe:
Baulk nothing that can add to Your delight,
But vig'rouſly purſue Love's pleaſing fight.
Without a bluſh Your folding arms faſt lock,
That links You cloſer, and improves the ſhock.
Your tongue to His in humid kiſſes dart,
And let each ſingle member have a part.
As ſtill You're acting the ſoft ſcenes of Love,
Your body in a thouſand poſtures move;

Art

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Art does the dry inſipid act advance,
And diff'rent motion does the bliſs inhance.
All dying, am'rous, ſoft, expreſſions uſe,
Your melting looks new vigour will infuſe,
But when You meet Me, do not diſabuſe:
Hide with Thy waving robe the riſing bluſh,
By ſtrong denial all ſuſpicion cruſh,
Till ſcandal's ſelf confirm the gen'ral huſh.
To Me, to all the world Thy truth declare,
That if deceiv'd, unknowing I may err.
My dear credulity O ne'er deſtroy,
That paradiſe of fools let me enjoy.
But why! ah why! ſo often muſt I ſee
The Billet ſent, and brought again to Thee?
Why deep indented, when I come, is ſeen
The couch without, the conſcious bed within;
And ev'ry ſeat a witneſs of Thy ſin?

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Why diſcompos'd the ringlets of Thy hair,
More than with ſleep? Why all Thy boſſom bare,
And all the marks of Love imprinted there?
Loſt reputation tho' You may deſpiſe,
Set not at leaſt Your guilt before my Eyes.
Conſider Me, if not Your ruin'd fame;
To Me 'tis death, to You what is not ſhame.
When You confeſs, I feel the fatal pains,
And the chill'd blood creeps ſlowly thro' my veins.
But ah! in vain Thy falſehood I wou'd hate:
No; I muſt love Thee, faithleſs and ingrate!
Ev'n while I fly from Thy deſtructive charms,
I wiſh my ſelf expiring in thy arms,
O then conceal what I ſhall not enquire!
Did not Thy conduct blow it to a fire,
Each ſpark of jealouſy wou'd ſoon expire.
Nay, wert Thou taken in the guilty act,
And ev'n theſe eyes were witneſs to the fact,

What

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What well I ſaw, as well would'ſt Thou deny,
And ſwear My ſenſe impos'd on Me a lye,
My willing eyes their evidence ſhou'd quit,
And all My ſoul in ſorrow ſhou'd ſubmit.
Prepar'd to yield, how eaſy is thy taſk!
To ſay, 'Tis falſe, is all that I can aſk,
And ſince two words Thy conqueſt may ſecure,
And ſince Thy judge, if not Thy cauſe, is ſure,
At leaſt, be Conſtant in a fix'd Denial;
Thy Truth, my Girl, ſhall never come on Trial.

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TO

MATTHEW PRIOR, *Esq*;

May you enjoy all Manner of Happineſs you can deſire this New Year, and as many more as you can wiſh for.

HALSTEAD, New-Year's-Day, 1719.

TO receive a Letter from the greateſt Man this Age hath produced, (the learned Mr PRIOR) it's a greater Favour than from the greateſt Duke of the *Engliſh* Nation; eſpecially as it takes Notice of two ſuch valuable Friends as Mr WILLIAMSON and Mr SHELTON, being obliged in a particular, friendly Manner to them both.

Without any Reflections *of paying for the Greek* *, *never delivered*; or *returning Merchandize, never in Poſſeſſion*; or *drinking Healths in better Liquor than hot Water.*

Theſe

* Mr PRIOR, when he was about purchaſing *Down-Hall*, enquired of Mr MORLEY, upon his praiſing the Water, whether it was fit for the Goddeſs ΘΕΑ, *i. e.* TEA.

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Theſe Expreſſions ſeem to tell me, my good Friend Mr PRIOR hath not been in good Hands lately, or kept ſuch Company as uſual, which I cannot forbear being concerned for.

The ſerious Part of your Letter confirms my Belief of your being in Earneſt about *Down-Hall*, which I think will pleaſe, if obtained on reaſonable Terms: Our Friend OLIVER MARTON hath been careful of this Affair, and he told me by laſt Poſt I am to meet the Owner, and have the refuſal at my next being in Town, *viz.* the 12th Inſtant. But if any unforeſeen Accident ſhould alter that Day, if you pleaſe to order your Servant to call at *Dover-Street*, on the 9th Evening, you will receive an Account thereof.

I am,

Honoured SIR,

Your obliged and

Moſt ready Servant,

JOHN MORLEY.

DOWN-

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DOWN-HALL well ſeated near a Wood,
It's Situation fine! the Proſpect good,
A purling Stream runs thro' the Ground,
Where Draughts in Plenty may be found:
The Water's good, pleaſant, ſoft, and free,
The beſt I know for making TEA.

P. S. I deſign to wait on my Friend Mr DRIFT, with the *Maxims*, and pay him ready Money for his FRENCH WARES *.

* Mr DRIFT had lent Mr MORLEY, The *Moral Maxims* of ROCHEFOUCAULT, which he intended to keep, and herein promiſes to pay him for.

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N. B. We endeavoured to recover Mr PRIOR's Letter to Mr MORLEY; but find, by the following obliging Anſwer from his SON, that it is not in his Cuſtody.

TO

Mr *J. B.* the Editor of Mr *PRIOR*'s POSTHUMOUS WORKS.

SIR,

YOUR's of the 12th Inſtant I received. I have no LETTER or POEM of Mr PRIOR's, neither have I ever ſeen any ſecond Part of the Ballad of DOWN-HALL; if I had any Thing I could ſerve you in, I ſhould very willingly do it; and when I come to *London*, I ſhall endeavour to wait on you. In the mean Time I remain,

Your humble Servant,

HALSTEAD,
April 16, 1739.

JOHN MORLEY.

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TO

JOHN MORLEY, *Esq;* *

OF

HALSTEAD in *ESSEX*,

ON HIS

BIRTH-DAY.

WHEN MAN's Good-Genius view'd the world around,
Therein so many useless Mortals found,
Big with concern at the unwelcome sight,
Doubled Her speed, and homewards wing'd Her flight;

Nature,

* He was bred a BUTCHER, but by his Industry became the greatest LAND-JOBBER in *England*.

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Nature, who ſent Her, quickly aſk'd to ſee
A true account of Her great embaſſy;
Loth, but oblig'd to tell, She ſhook Her head,
And in bemoaning accents thus She ſaid;
My labour is as fruitleſs as your pains,
I've ſearch'd Below, and find ſuch ſmall remains
Of ſenſe, Men ſay you form'd them without brains.
Nature at This was wrath, and in Her rage,
Vow'd She'd create anew, and mend the AGE.
After a pauſe, reſolv'd to bleſs the earth,
And from Her maſter-piece, gave MORLEY birth;
The gen'rous gift He gratefully improv'd,
Serv'd All mankind, and was by All belov'd;
As years increas'd the Man in knowledge grew,
Excell'd by None, and equall'd but by Few,
Faithful as Wiſe, in ev'ry action True.

Pleas'd

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Pleas'd that Her hopeful offspring thus obeys
Her dictates, Nature gives Him length of days;
And as He waxes old, ſtill mellows not decays.
Such fruit in Nature's garden's ſeldom ſeen,
Mellow when old; full ripe, but never green:
Were All like Him, She need no more create,
But Nature bud, and He inoculate;
And can the happy world ſuch wonders ſee,
And each revolving year not think o' Thee?
Can we review the actions *Thou haſt done*,
And not with grief regret *Thy ſetting-ſun?*
No; with concern and gratitude we'll pray,
Not ev'ry year for life, but ev'ry day.
Live on—and let unnumber'd happy years,
Yet ſwell our joys, and diſſipate our tears;
A brighter ſcene yet never grac'd the ſtage,
O may'ſt Thou ſhine to NESTOR's wond'rous age!

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But—as great Nature's taſk you muſt fulfil,
And the worn-wheel of weary life ſtand ſtill;
Then you like ſeaſon'd corn ſhall fall in peace,
And reap the harveſt of a bleſt increaſe.
Whilſt future ages in a pleaſing ſtrife,
Shall imitate the actions of Thy life;
And who can moſt excel, with Truth ſhall ſay,
This was what MORLEY *practis'd every day.*

GEORGE WALDRON. *

* This Gentleman was deſcended from an ancient Family in *Eſſex*, and educated at *Felſtead*-School, in that County, from whence he went to *Queen*'s-College, *Oxon*. He died in the Year 1730. His WORKS in VERSE and PROSE were publiſhed the Year following, by Subſcription, for the Benefit of his Widow and Orphans, in Folio, at Two Guineas.

F I N I S.

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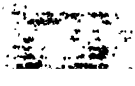

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